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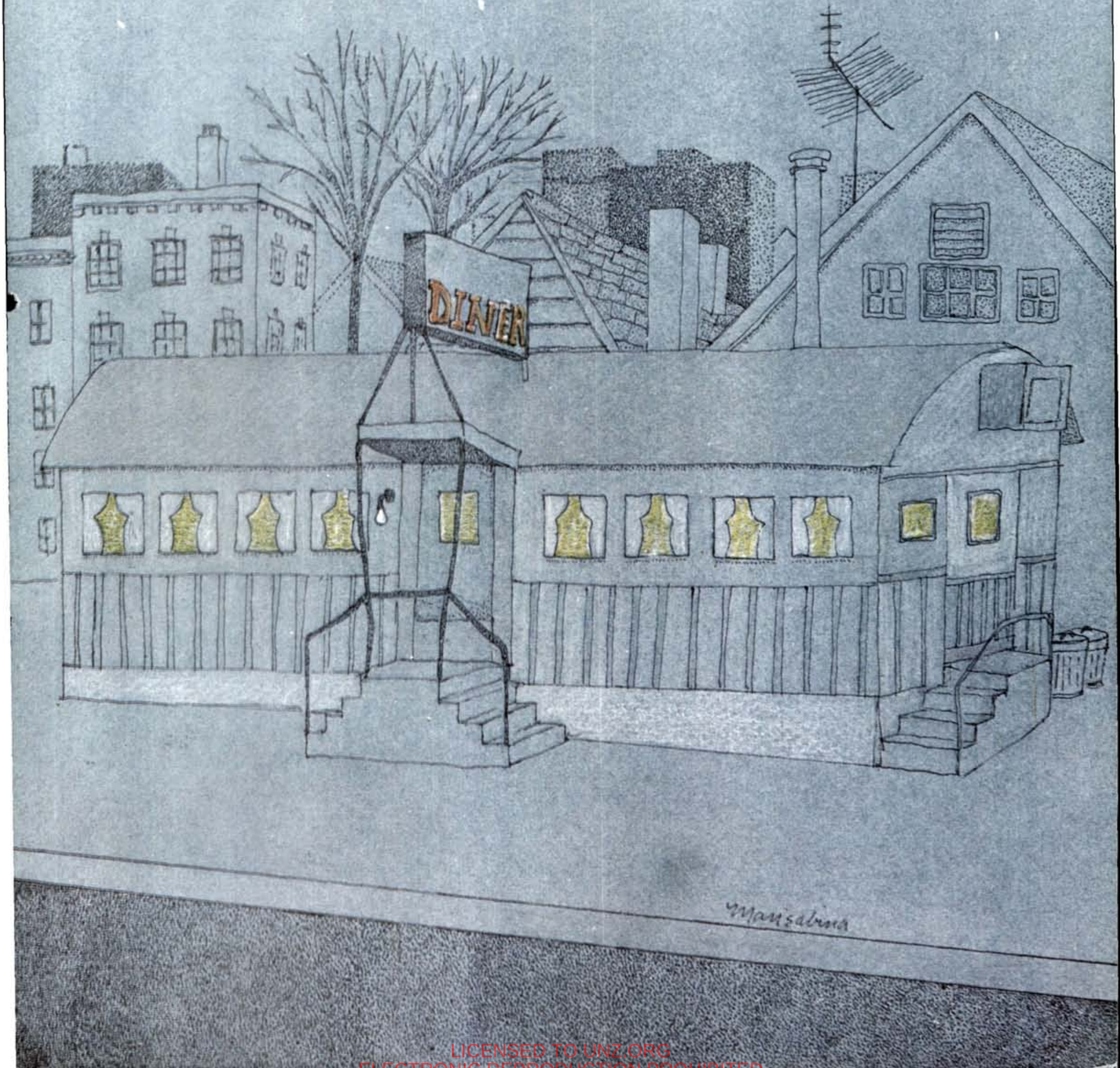

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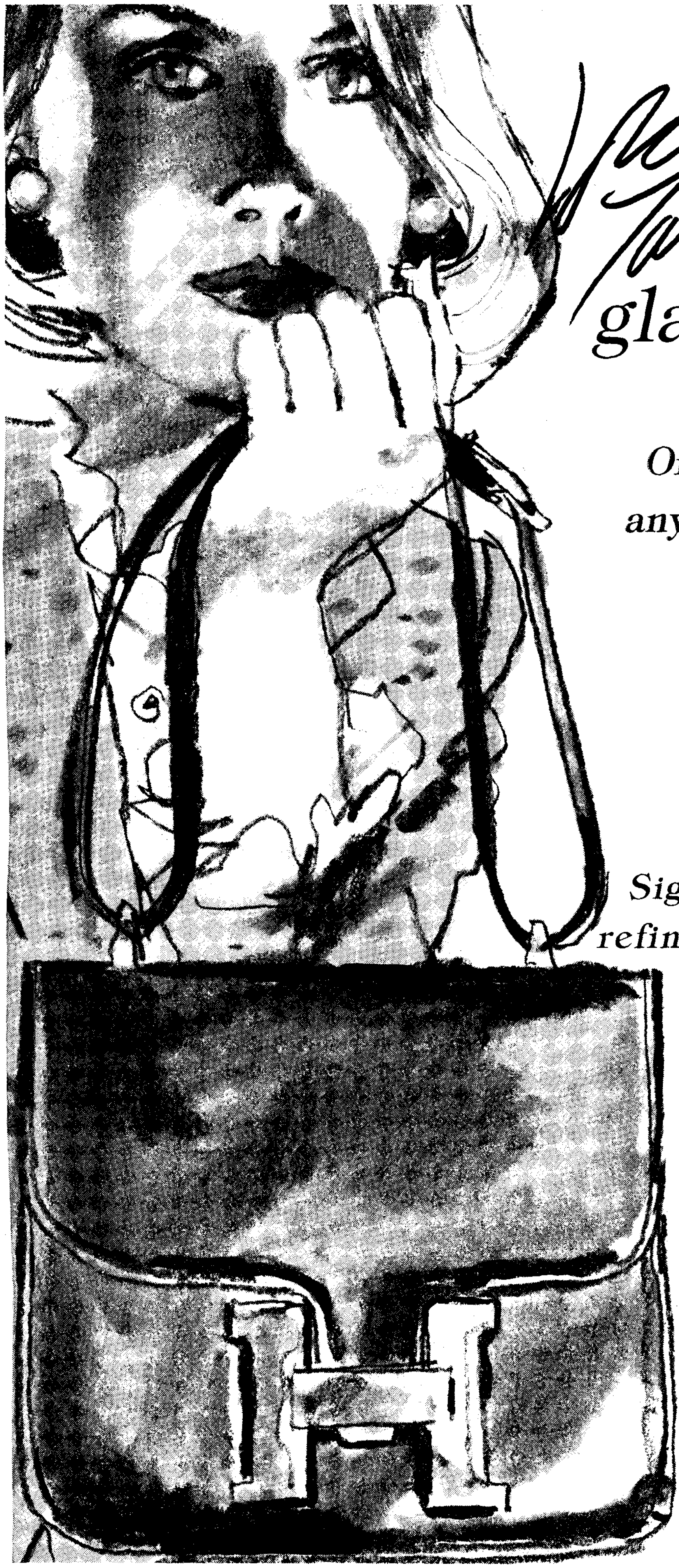

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 22. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—Four married couples collide in and out of bed like electric cars at an amusement park, with much bumpy violence and no harm done to anyone. Mildred Natwick, Robert Coote, and John Lithgow head the cast of Alan Ayckbourn's exceptionally clever play. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 23, at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 24.)

Big Bad Burlesque—A musical entertainment conceived and directed by Don Brockett. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

Circle Repertory Company—Three one-acters by David Mamet, under the collective title REUNION. The title play is about the meeting after twenty-one years of a father and daughter, and it presents Mamet at his absolute best. "The Sanctity of Marriage," the curtain raiser, doesn't come to much, but "Dark Pony," No. 2, is a brief delight. Michael Higgins and Lindsay Crouse are the fine actors, and Mr. Mamet directed. (10/29/79) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Final performances Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 14-15, at 8.)

Crazy Horse—A play by Louis Peterson. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, through Sundays at 7:30.)

The Enchanted Pig—Charles Ludlam's fairy tale for his Ridiculous Theatrical Company is not entirely for children; there are enough references to "King Lear" and "Macbeth" and other classics to keep their escorts alert. Even in its stretches of depressing coyness, one is always aware of an original dramatic imagination at work. Directed by Mr. Ludlam. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Wednesday and Thursday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 5. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

Evita—A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Nov. 18, at 7:30.)

Flying Blind—A play by Bill Morrison. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 14. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 15. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. Directed by Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater—This little musical never attains enough independence from Kurt Vonnegut's novel to make a particularly strong or memorable show, but it has its moments all the same. Alan Menken wrote the larky score, Howard Ashman did the book and lyrics, and, in the title role, Frederick Coffin is exactly right as Mr. Vonnegut's rumpled hero. (10/29/79) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A pleasing assortment of Weill songs, ably presented by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Sundays and Mondays at 8, and Saturdays at 10:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.)

Ladyhouse Blues—Kevin O'Morrison's family portrait—a widow and her four grown daughters in a kitchen in St. Louis in 1919—is composed of many details of character, time, and place. Occasionally, it almost teeters over into sentimentality, but it is saved by the clear, firm performance under Tony Giordano's direction. Jo Henderson, Christine Estabrook, Laurie Kennedy, and Wendy Fulton are the good actresses. (10/29/79) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Last Licks—A three-character play by Frank D. Gilroy, with Ed Flanders, J. T. Walsh, and Susan Kellermann. Directed by Tom Conti. Previews through Monday, Nov. 19. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 20. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Nov. 18: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 21-25: PRINCESS IDA. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of making good in a society they mostly dislike. Brilliant performances by Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline, under the direction of Alan Schneider. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mercier and Camier—An adaptation by Frederick Neumann of Samuel Beckett's book of the same title; with music by Philip Glass. A

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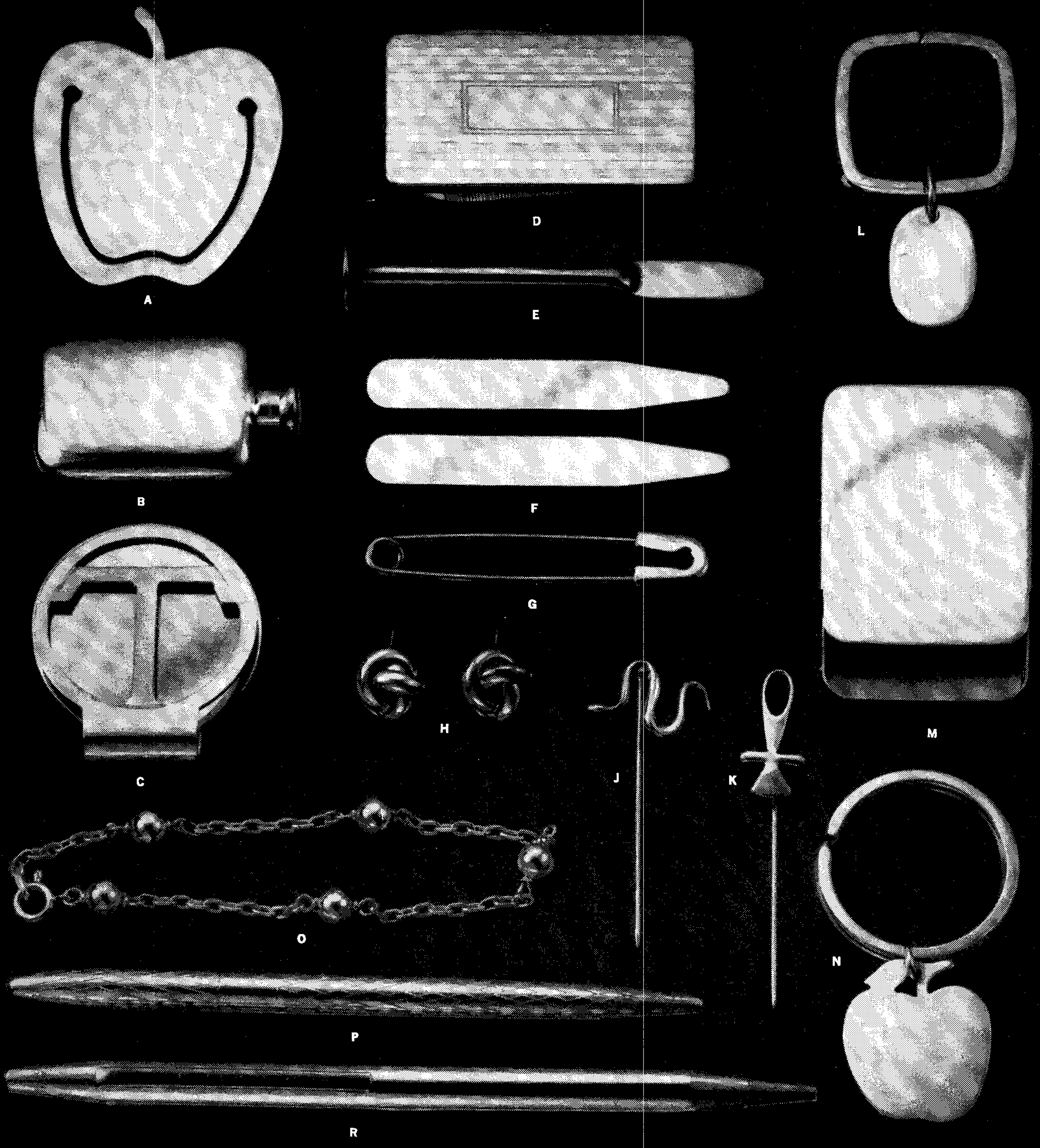

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

presentation of Mabou Mines. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Modigliani—A play by Dennis McIntyre. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Most Happy Fella—Giorgio Tozzi and Sharon Daniels are the ill-matched lovers in this revival of Frank Loesser's musical comedy, first performed back in 1956. Alas, the work shows its age. (10/22/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.)

The 1940's Radio Hour—How things were in a busy radio studio on a certain evening in December, 1942. A good-natured, implausible musical, with a book by Walton Jones (who also directed) and an able cast singing many marvellous old songs. (10/15/79) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he plays a leading role. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Peter Pan—A cheerful revival of a twenty-five-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 3, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

Rebecca–The Rabbi's Daughter—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration by David Ellin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Romantic Comedy—A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Mia Farrow and Anthony Perkins. The author is Bernard Slade. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Skillfully directed by Austin Pendleton, who is appearing as one of the leads until Sunday, Nov. 18. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 23, at 8; Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 23, at 7:30 and 10, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Smart Aleck–Alexander Woollcott at 8:40—An entry in the Humorists Series at American Place. Peter Boyden portrays Mr. Woollcott in a play written and directed by Howard Teichmann (based on his own biography of Woollcott, "Smart Aleck"). (Basement Space, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

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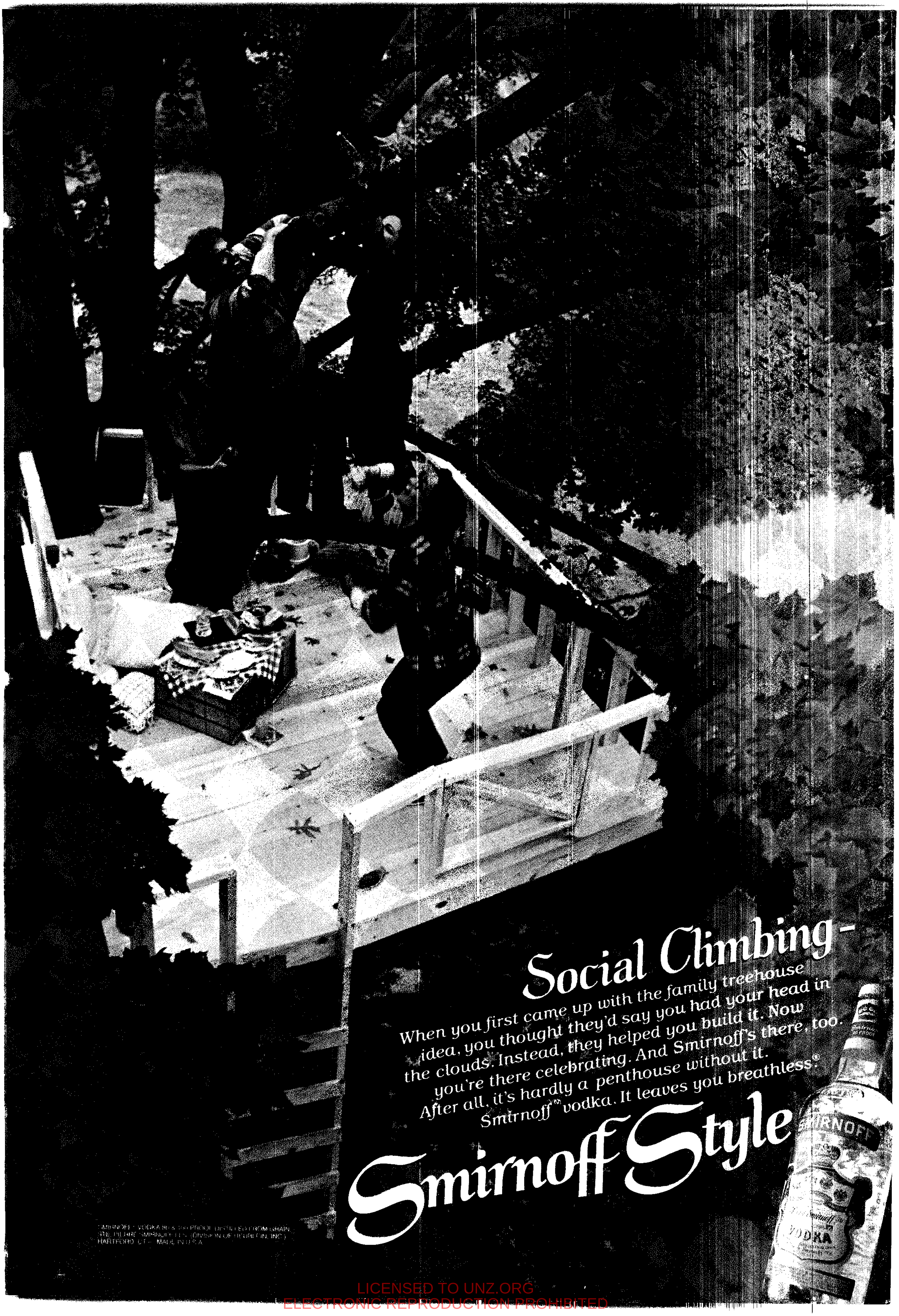
Spell #7—Ntozake Shange's new show—a mosaic of scenes and recitations and music and dancing, set in a bar frequented by black actors and actresses—is a spellbinder indeed. The performances, under Oz Scott's direction, are very good: those of Mary Alice, Reyno, La Tanya Richardson, and Larry Marshall are even better than that. (7/16/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman is consistently delightful, Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

Sugar Babies—The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sweeney Todd—A musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatregoers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)... **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23.)... **CHAPTER TWO**: Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are older than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)... **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Brian Keith his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23.)... **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:30.)... **DRACULA**: The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Jean LeClerc heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 3, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)... **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jack Wetherall is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,128 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sun-



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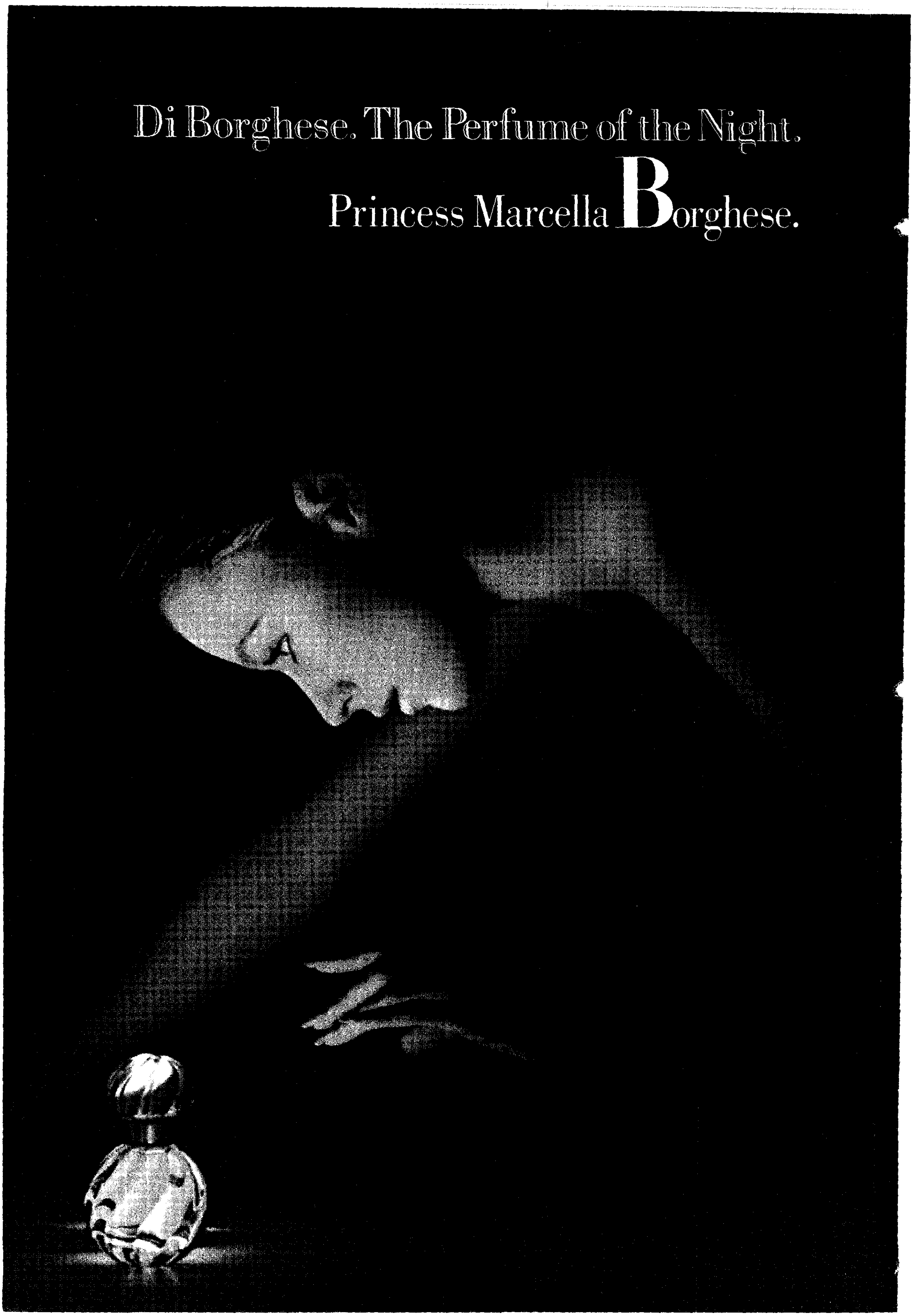
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days at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée, Friday, Nov. 23.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A staged version of Disney's **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS.** No Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Nightly, except Thursday, at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

Circus—The hundred-and-ninth edition of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey wingding. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 21, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 2. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L. I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 7:30; Thursday, Nov. 22, at 11; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, at 11, 3, and 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "La Sonnambula," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Square Dance," "The Cage," "Tzigane," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: "Square Dance," "La Sonnambula," and "The Four Seasons."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Jewels." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720.)... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 18, at 1: "La Source," "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 18, at 7: "La Source," "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "The Four Seasons." ... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Agon," "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "The Four Seasons." ... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "La Sonnambula," and "Agon." ... ¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Chaconne," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Seasons."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2: "Square Dance," "Agon," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Square Dance," "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Chaconne." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

International Ballet of Caracas—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 7:15, and Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8: "The River," "Our Waltzes," and "Rodin Mis en Vie."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Lark Ascending," "Diana and Acteon," "Estudios," and "The River."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 17, at 3; Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2; and Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8: A program of pas de deux by guest artists Leonid Kozlov and Valentina Kozlova.... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 18, at 7: "Lark Ascending," "Lento, a Tempo e Appassionato," "Percussion for Six Men," and "Rodin Mis en Vie."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Estudios," "Gemini," "Lento, a Tempo e Appassionato," "The River," and "For Valentina and Leonid." (The Kozlovs will appear in the last two ballets.)... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 22, and Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2: "Batucada Fantastica," "Estudios," and "Our Waltzes."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 24, at 3: "Our Waltzes," "Percussion for Six Men," and "Rodin Mis en Vie."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 25, at 7: "Estudios," "Gemini," "Lento, a Tempo e Appassionato," and "The River." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Dance Umbrella—A ten-week season by twenty contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, Dec. 9. **NAOMI SORKIN:** Wednesday evening, Nov. 14; Friday evening, Nov. 16; and Sunday evening, Nov. 18.... **ANDY DE GROAT AND DANCERS:** Thursday evening, Nov. 15; Saturday evening, Nov. 17; and Sunday matinée, Nov. 18.... **MARIA BENITEZ-ESTAMPA FLAMENCA:** Tuesday evening, Nov. 20; Thursday evening, Nov. 22; Saturday evening, Nov. 24; and Sunday matinée, Nov. 25.... **EIKO & KOMA:** Wednesday evening, Nov. 21; Friday evening, Nov. 23; and Sunday evening, Nov. 25. (Camera Mart-Stage One, 460 W. 54th St. 581-9386. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Meredith Monk and Company—Performances of a new work, "Recent Ruins," which will end Sunday, Dec. 2. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 675-5000. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 7, and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 15-16, at 8: "Aura" (New York première), "Raymonda Variations," and "Adagio Hammerklavier."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: "Graduation Ball," "Raymonda Variations," and "Casella 1,3,4."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2: "Graduation Ball," "Casella 1,3,4," and "Recital for Cello and Eight Dancers." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Theatre Dance Collection—"Sonata for Three," "Quiet City," "Spectre of the Rose," "Other Selves," and "Chiaroscuro." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 15-17, at 8. For tickets, call 243-4433.)

Ballet Hispanico of New York—A program of traditional dances of Spain, Latin America, and the Caribbean, as well as contemporary jazz-influenced works. A benefit performance. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 362-6710.)

Beverly Brown Dancensemble—A program of works choreographed by Miss Brown. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 17-18, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: The Aztec Two-Step, a folkie duo, Wednesday, Nov. 14; drummer **TONY WILLIAMS** Thursday, Nov. 15; singer-songwriter Garland Jeffreys and comic Richard Belzer Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17; Gotham, a male vocal trio, Sunday and Monday, Nov. 18-19; and guitarist Pat Metheny Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 20-24. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The music is nearly always fine at this often crowded, dark-panelled bar and restaurant. The current piano-bass team is **KENNY BARRON** and **CECIL MC BEE** (through Saturday, Nov. 17). Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by singer **DENISE DELAPENHA** and her trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who plays hot, rhythmic solos on his full-sounding seven-string guitar, leads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** is holding court Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.... **BARBARA CARROLL** plays solo piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant mostly brown in color, clean-lined in design, and a stone's throw from a famous Russian restaurant, one of the best movie-revival houses in the city, and Carnegie Hall. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reënergized New York rock scene. The audiences get preppier and preppier every week. The bands: Startoon and the Ants on Wednesday, Nov. 14. Between Thursday, Nov. 15, and Saturday, Nov. 17, VHF, Steeltips, Bloodless Pharaohs, Neighbors & Allies, Swimming Pool Q's, Octaroons, and Decks will be onstage at one time or another. Music after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large corner club with a past—it has been known as Nick's, Your Father's Mustache, and Alfredo's Settebello. It is now a country-and-Western hangout, though one needn't arrive in a pickup truck in order to be admitted. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE,** who knows ever so many tunes by just about every composer from Harry Ruby to Billy Joel, works in this redesigned corner bar with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON.** Bassist **JACK SIX** will re-

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place Atkinson on Tuesday, Nov. 20. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—In a program that could easily be entitled the "Art of the Blues Lyric," ALBERTA HUNTER hips audiences to such stock-in-trade laments as "I never loved but three men in my life./My father, my brother, and the man that wrecked my life." Miss Hunter performs at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trumpeter DOC CHEATHAM, his clear, easy tone still intact (he's in his mid-seventies), works with a trio during dinner—from six to eleven—Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—HUGH SHANNON, who has been called "the last of the great saloon singers," is installed in the cocktail lounge of a plush Chinese restaurant (no takeout). He can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand from nine-thirty most nights. On Sundays, pianist JOHN BUNCH is in charge of a quintet from eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave. at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled, below-stairs jazz room. The COMMUNICATION JAZZ BAND—bassist RED MITCHELL, pianist TOMMY FLANAGAN, and alto saxophonist JERRY DODGIAN—will play through Saturday, Nov. 17. Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 20-24, pianist JOHN LEWIS will work with bassist RUFUS REID and drummer CONNIE KAY. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays are allotted to ATTILA ZOLLER, a neglected guitarist and one of the best-kept secrets in jazz, and another fine player, pianist DON FRIEDMAN. On Tuesdays, guitarist CHUCK WAYNE leads a trio. Guitarist JOE PUMA works with pianist HOD O'BRIEN, bassist FRANK LUTHER, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays, from five to nine, BROOKS KERR sings and plays piano. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—As soon as one opens the door to this refurbished oaken bar and restaurant, which is in a neighborhood that looks to be in the process of being refurbished itself, one sees an ornate upright Steinway reputed to be over a century old. The pianist one usually sees is DICK WELLSTOOD, the professor of stride piano—he plays stride on "Like Someone in Love" and "You're the Top," and he could probably, if he hasn't already, work his way through an all-stride Stevie Wonder salute. He performs from eight-thirty to one Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Pianist DILL JONES and his trio provide music for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Joe Albany alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Convenient to Avery Fisher Hall, the Metropolitan Opera, and the West Side Y, this second-floor loft space—next door to a jazz-dance studio—used to be a disco as in disco music, but now it's a disco as in new-wave rock. It is also one of the best places to hear new-wave bands performing live. On Wednesday, Nov. 14, Ultravox and Dark Day; on Thursday, Nov. 15, Nervous Rex and Reruns; on Friday, Nov. 16, Nervous Rex and Polyrock; on Saturday, Nov. 17, Urban Verbs and Necessaries; and on Tuesday, Nov. 20, U.K. Subs and Rousers. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Closed Sundays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor, and on the ground floor in the Shandon Tavern. (477-3077)—Music—visiting jazz combos and jam sessions—upstairs from nine-thirty Fridays through Sundays. Music—more visiting jazz combos—downstairs Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten. Upstairs, alto saxophonist CHRIS WOODS heads a quartet on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, singer Jay Clayton and a quintet will be here. Downstairs in the Shandon Tavern, tenor saxophonist HAROLD VICK directs a quartet through Saturday, Nov. 17; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, saxophonist Mike Morgenstern will bring in his band. Closed Wednesday, Nov. 21, and Thanksgiving.

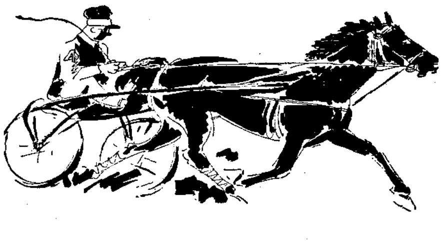
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. ROY ELDRIDGE is supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, MAX KAMINSKY heads the group. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant in which the dining room, where the piano is located, and the bar area are separated by a shoulder-high partition with café curtains. The management thoughtfully has these curtains opened when the music begins, so that everyone can see as well as hear the pianists and bassists. JIMMY ROWLES and STEVE LA SPINA are here through Saturday, Nov. 17, and then BILLY TAYLOR and VICTOR GASKIN return on Tuesday, Nov. 20. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A loud, laid-back (only Texans can be loud and laid back at the same time) bar and restaurant. Here's part of the schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 14, English rock keyboardist Brian Auger; Thursday, Nov. 15, Texas rock-and-roll singer DOUG SAHM; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, Cobble Mountain Band; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 20-21, folksinger Eric Andersen; and Thursday, Nov. 22, folkie and comic Kinky Friedman. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. JOE WILLIAMS is singing here through Saturday, Nov. 17; on Monday, Nov. 19, singer JOHNNY HARTMAN will come in for two weeks. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The lineup: Dead Boys and Cheap Perfume Wednesday, Nov. 14; Senders and Robert Ross Band Thursday, Nov. 15; Bloodless Pharaohs and Voo Doo Shoes Friday, Nov. 16; Brenda & the Realtones and Kieran Liscoe Rhythm Band Saturday, Nov. 17; Blessed and Alan Suicide, in a benefit show, Sunday, Nov. 18; Uncle Son and Jinx Monday, Nov. 19; and Ivan & the Terribles and Annie & the Asexuals Tuesday, Nov. 20. New-wave rock nightly after ten-thirty.



Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (Arthur's), is backed by a string section through Saturday, Nov. 17. Music from nine-fifteen to one. Mondays are "Portrait of the Auteur as a Young Clarinettist" nights (when Woody Allen sits in with a New Orleans-style septet). Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place with a solid jazz-and-soul lineup. Pianist Monty Alexander pilots a foursome Thursdays through Saturdays. Sunday, Nov. 18, will be given over to the MINGUS DYNASTY BAND—trombonist JIMMY KNEPPER, drummer DANNIE RICHMOND, saxophonists BILL SAXTON and JOHN HANDY, pianist DANNY MIXON, trumpeter TED CURSON, and bassist MIKE RICHMOND. Music from ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist BEN ARONOV works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End. Rural bluesmen SONNY TERRY and BROWNIE MCGHEE are onstage through Saturday, Nov. 17; country-rock singer MARSHALL CHAPMAN will appear Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 21-23; and singer-guitarist Michael Johnson will be present on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 24-25. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. SY OLIVER guides a bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-disco-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Andrews Sister Maxene is handling the singing chores here opposite comedian Tim Cahill nightly, except Mondays, at eight-thirty and eleven. Mondays are showcase nights. Dining.

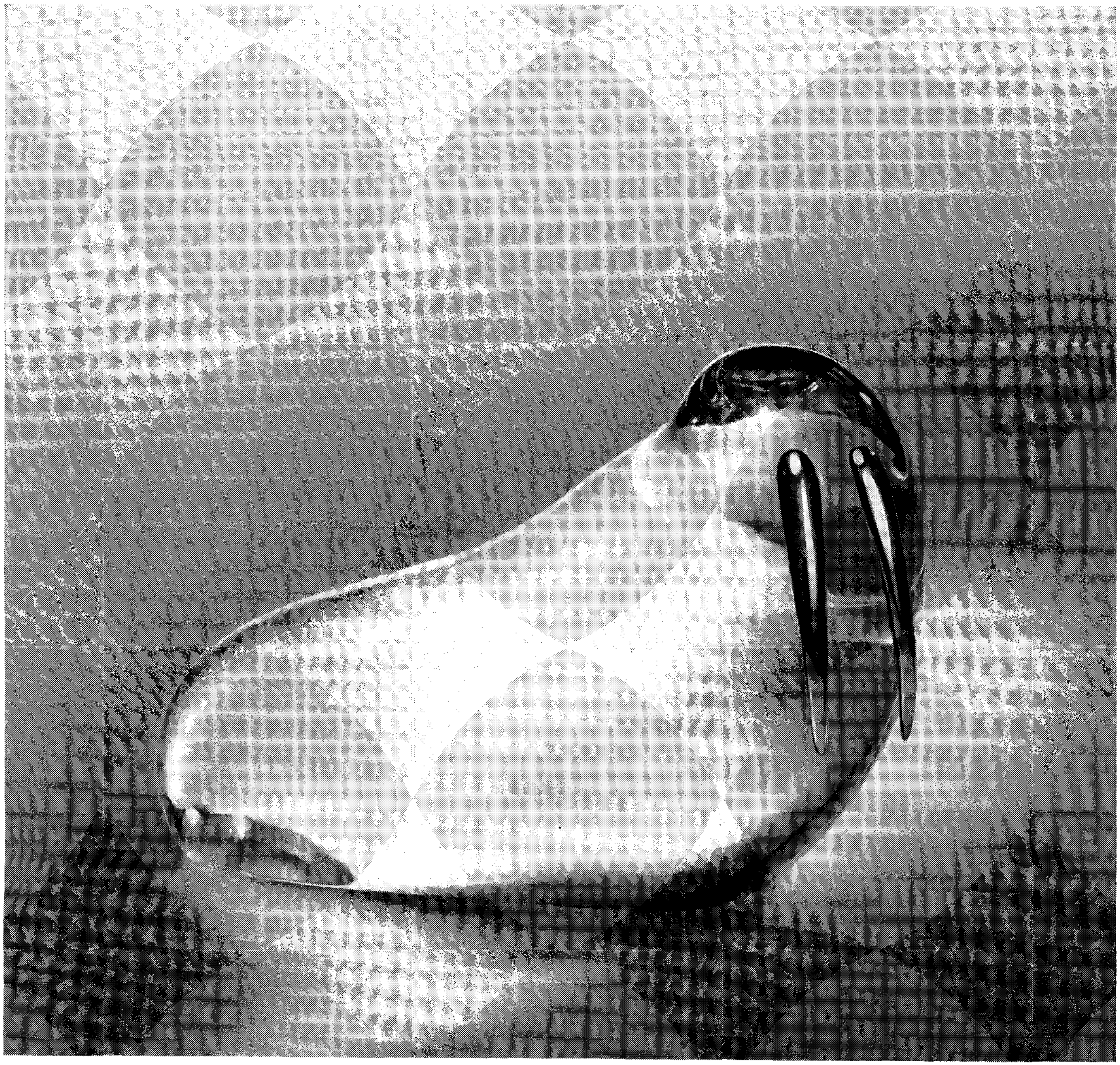
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Harmonica virtuoso LARRY ADLER has moved into the King Cole Room, which is lavishly fitted out with brass railings, Maxfield Parrish paintings, and tiered seating. He performs a program entitled "Broadway, Blues, and Bach" with Hal Schaefer's trio Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz club. Wednesday, Nov. 14, is claimed by tenor saxophonist PAT LA BARBERA and drummer JOE LA BARBERA; Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 15-18, tenor saxophonist GEORGE YOUNG and his quintet, US'N, will play stunningly intricate and exuberant arrangements; the Fabulous Floyd Boys will come in on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 20-21, and Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 22-25, pianist CEDAR WALTON will perform with a quartet. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Trumpeter JONAH JONES and his quartet are currently working in a lounge entitled the French Quarter. Music nightly, except Sundays, after nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 14-17, will belong to tenor saxophonist CLIFFORD JORDAN and his quartet; Sunday and Monday, Nov. 18-19, Herman Foster's foursome will be on hand; and Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 20-24, tenor saxophonist BILLY HARPER will work with his quintet. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-



Walrus • A solid crystal sculpture • Length 7″ • $495.

The Walrus
by Paul Schulze

The Walrus is a member of Steuben's family of animals, fishes, and birds. Paul Schulze is Steuben's director of design.

The sculpture is made from a single gather of molten crystal, shaped entirely by hand by a Steuben craftsman. The glass is brilliant and absolutely flawless. Apart from the two slender tusks, emphasized in sterling silver, unnecessary detail has been eliminated.

While the form is essentially abstract, Schulze has allowed the natural flow of glass to achieve the creature's unmistakable shape. Yet he has left its character to our imagination. Is the Walrus gruff? Or contented? Some people see him taking the sun on a rocky shore, looking about imperiously. Others see an Edwardian patriarch. Whatever his character, he is brought to life by the radiance of the crystal.

See the Walrus at Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. (212) 752-1441. Toll-free except New York State (800) 223-1234. (Send $4.00 for the new 1979-1980 Steuben Glass Catalogue.) Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works, and has been since 1918.

STEUBEN GLASS

9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the Village Vanguard, and with good reason: Drummer **JO JONES, JR.**, and his foursome perform on Wednesday, Nov. 14; Friday through Sunday, Nov. 16-18, will belong to flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL**; and Tuesday, Nov. 20, pianist **RON BURTON** will drop by with his quartet, featuring tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD.** Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The club has been turned into one big long room; the ambience is a lot looser, and the music a lot bluesier. The Chelsea Funk Orchestra will be here on Wednesday, Nov. 14; the bluesy, ragtime, slapstick-rock team of **STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY** is due on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17; and on Monday, Nov. 19, bluesman **ALBERT COLLINS** will be present. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays through Thursdays; at nine, eleven, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. A partial lineup: Jet Set Wednesday, Nov. 14; Elliott Murphy Thursday, Nov. 15; **NRBQ** Saturday, Nov. 17; Compton Maddux Tuesday, Nov. 20; and Mink Saturday, Nov. 24. Music every night but Sunday, after eleven, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the large downstairs room, blues-harp sorcerer **JAMES COTTON** will lead his band on Friday, Nov. 16. Friday, Nov. 23, and Sunday, Nov. 25, will be given over to flutist **HERBIE MANN** and special guests. Shows Fridays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Sundays at ten-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** and his sextet will perform through Sunday, Nov. 18. On Tuesday, Nov. 20, trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER'S** quintet, featuring guitarist **JACK WILKINS**, will move in. On Mondays, drummer **MEL LEWIS** and his **JAZZ ORCHESTRA** forge ahead. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens. Another asset is pianist Sadik Hakim, who is on hand Thursdays through Sundays; pianist Esther Blue works Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** heads a quintet called Two Tenor Boogie through Friday, Nov. 16; on Saturday, Nov. 17, the stage will be turned over to a quartet headed by trumpeter Franc Williams for an eight-night stand. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK—With Dick Capri. (Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 14-16, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 17, at 6:45 and 9:30; and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3 and 7.)

FLEETWOOD MAC—With Danny Douma & Night Eyes. (Madison Square Garden. Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 15-16, at 8.)

DAVID BROMBERG BAND—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.

PLASMATICS—With Mitch Ryder and the Rattlers. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

RICHARD BEIRACH TRIO—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. With the Mingus Dynasty Band on Friday, Nov. 16, at 10:30, and with Baird Hersey's Year of the Ear, on Saturday, Nov. 17, at 10:30.

THE SELDOM SCENE—With the New York All-Stars. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8 and 11.)

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The first in a series of six benefit concerts, this one performed by singer Joe Williams and tenor saxophonists Al Cohn and Billy Mitchell. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

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STEPHANIE MILLS—Metropolitan Opera House. 799-3100. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8.

JEFFERSON STARSHIP and **RORY GALLAGHER**—Palladium. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 20-21, at 8.

JORMA KAUKONEN & WHITE GLAND—With the Henry Paul Band. (Palladium. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

STANLEY TURRENTINE—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.

RAINBOW—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.

NANCY WILSON—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.

MARVIN (HANNIBAL) PETERSON—With Kalaparusha. (Public Theatre. Friday, Nov. 23, at 10:30.)

PETE SEEGER—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8.

WOODSTOCK WORKSHOP ORCHESTRA—With Karl Berger, Ed Blackwell, Lee Konitz, and others. (Public Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 10:30.)

STEVE FORBERT—With Carolyne Mas. (Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

SQUAT THEATRE—Bob Ostertag & Fall Mountain. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 9.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8: Sven-Ake Johansson. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 7:30: Utah Phillips and Hedy West, in a benefit concert. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at midnight; Saturday, Nov. 24, at 9 and midnight; and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3 and 8: Sun Ra and his Cosmo Drama Arkestra and Spacescape. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

GUY BARDONE—Paintings of the Greek island of Patmos, plus still-lifes. Through Dec. 1. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GIFFORD BEAL (1879-1956)—Oils and watercolors representative of a long career, including his familiar circus paintings, landscapes, fishing scenes, and glimpses of the good summer life in Maine. Through Dec. 1. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ARNOLD BELKIN—Classical paintings—Poussin's "Rape of the Sabines" and David's equestrian Napoleon, for instance—reduced to a sort of Cubist-Constructivist mélange. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JOSEPH BEUYS—An installation: objects from a 1974 Beuys performance (felt blanket, etc.), rubble from a recently closed Berlin art gallery, gas lamps hung on small saplings. Through Dec. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays. A larger exhibition of sculptures is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

ILYA GRIGOREVICH CHASHNIK (1902-29)—Paintings, architectural drawings, and porcelain designs by one of the early theorists of the Suprematist group in Russia. Through March 15. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

ROSEMARY COVE—Corten-steel sculptures. Through Nov. 28. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—Nine new paintings, some derived from the human figure, some from landscapes, some straight out of his imagination. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

MICHAEL FILMUS / FAIRFIELD PORTER (1907-75)—Lyrical charcoal-and-pastel landscapes of the Berkshires. / Portraits of fellow-artists, including Jane Wilson, Paul Georges, and an innocent-looking Larry Rivers (done in 1951), and several poets (Ashbery and O'Hara) are among the figure paintings in this exhibition. Through Dec. 1. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

KLAUS FUSSMANN—Watercolors based on landscapes. Through Dec. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—This artist's low-keyed, almost chiaroscuro palette seems to have acquired a touch of color in these new paintings of his favorite themes—the Maine coast, city crowds, enigmatic faces. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

FRIEDRICH HUNDERTWASSER—Strangely colored patterns involving tiny figures, architectural details, and fantasy creatures, all done in a decorative-abstract style by this Austrian artist. Through Dec. 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MARGARET ISRAEL—Paintings with sculptures. Through Dec. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

ROBERT KEYSER—Abstract surrealist watercolors on D'Arches paper. Through Friday, Nov. 16. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

GUSTAV KLIMT (1862-1918)—Thirty drawings, some of them in the loose, delicate style of his prime and some of them student work. Through Dec. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

FERNAND LÉGER (1881-1955)—Bronzes from the fifties. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.). . . ¶ Works on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

JEANNE MILES / EMMET EDWARDS—Mandala paintings. / Watercolors based on landscapes. Through Dec. 1. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

MASAYUKI NAGARE—Abstract stone and metal sculptures, many of them outsize enlargements of *bachi*, a graceful sort of plectrum used for playing the samisen. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOHN OPPER—Paintings in earthy-looking acrylics. Through Wednesday, Nov. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—Small bacchanalian watercolors and drawings, none of them exhibited before. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

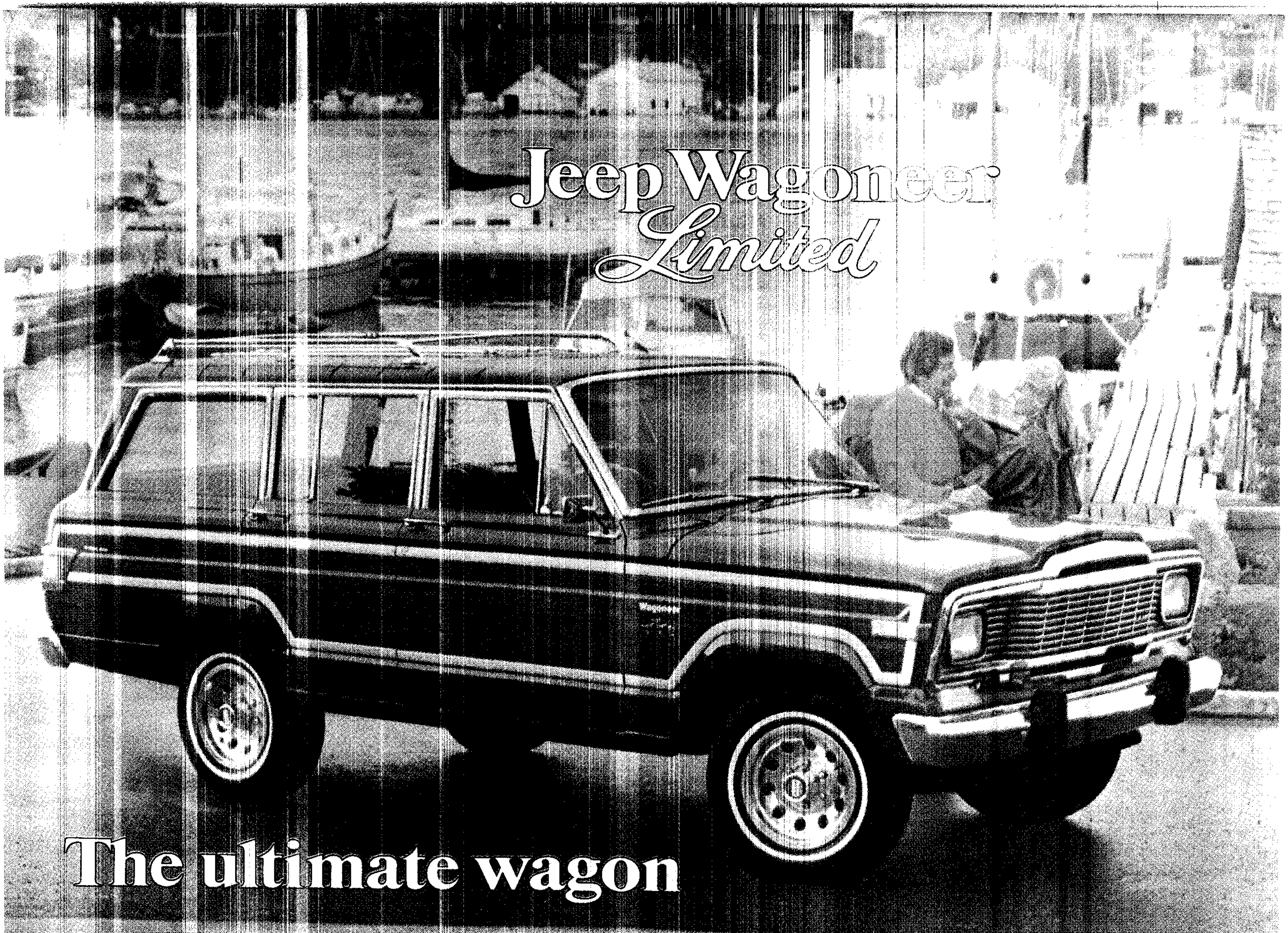
ANNE POOR / THOMAS ANSHUTZ (1851-1912)—Fleet, deftly colored pen-and-ink drawings of landscapes in Anguilla, West Indies, plus delicate flower paintings and one large oil of an industrial scene in Haverstraw. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. / Straightforward, old-fashioned oils by the well-known traditionalist, including four paintings of his favorite model, Rebecca Whelan. Through Dec. 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closes after Wednesday, Nov. 21, for a five-day holiday.)

BRUCE ROBBINS—Sixteen painted pilasters, eighty-eight inches tall, six inches wide, and made of wood and plaster, standing against stark white walls. Through Dec. 8. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

BARBARA SCHWARTZ—Large, convoluted wall pieces made of pulp molded onto wire mesh and then painted, plus a couple of pedestalled bronzes. Through Nov. 28. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

JOAN SEMMEL—A new set of paintings and works on paper depicting the artist's own nude body. Through Nov. 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

AARON SHIKLER—Paintings, pastels, and drawings by an exceptional draftsman. There are sev-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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eral full-length portraits of women, whose gowns are gold-colored collages, and a few landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Susan Smith—A pencil-charcoal-and-acrylic drawing on the gallery wall, patterned after a building on Fifty-third Street. Through Wednesday, Nov. 21. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St.)

Jacques Villon (1875-1963)—Sixty drawings and watercolors covering a fifty-year period in the artist's career. Self-portraits, still-lifes, and horses are among the subjects. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 84th St. Open Mondays.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—A comprehensive showing of small plaster and bronze sculptures and a number of drawings and woodblock prints. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Small-scale works dating from the early sixties to the present, many of them in this artist's cool, erotic manner. Through Dec. 8. (Ehrlich, 28 E. 74th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Twenty-two paintings by eighteen artists (Max Ernst, Chagall, Miró). Modigliani's "Boy with Red Hair" and Monet's "Dahlias" are two of them. Through Nov. 30. (Open Mondays.). . . **KNOEDLER,** 19 E. 70th St.: Five Morris Louis paintings and a David Smith sculpture are among the works selected from a private collection. Through Nov. 28. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings by Calder, Léger, Matisse, Miró, Modigliani, Pascin, and Picasso. Through Dec. 8. . . . **RANDALL,** 823 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Mané-Katz, a Russian-born Expressionist who died in 1962, and by six Israeli artists associated with him. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Open Mondays.). . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Cubism and Related Movements," an assemblage of early-twentieth-century paintings and works on paper by Gris, Malevich, Severini, Moholy-Nagy, and others. Through Dec. 8. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Works by twelve Japanese, including Minoru Niizuma, Toshio Odate, and Fumio Yoshimura. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Douglas Abdell—Solid geometric forms in welded steel and bronze. Through Dec. 1. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30. Three of his painted-steel sculptures have been installed on the center divider of Park Avenue between Seventy-fourth and Seventy-fifth Streets.)

Harold Baumbach—Semi-abstract landscapes, and figures. Through Saturday. Nov. 17. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

Elena Borstein—Air-brushed paintings of building façades seen in the Greek islands. Through Dec. 1. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—One huge (nine-foot-by-six) face, entitled "Mark," painted with startling exactitude, plus smaller portraits in which this artist carries his grid technique of enlargement to new lengths—inked thumbprints, for instance, or daubs of paint forming the "dots" that make up an image. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Max Cole—New abstract paintings. Through Dec. 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Yrjö Edelmann—Trompe-l'oeil oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler / Anthony Caro—Big, new abstract paintings in which streaks of pale color trail across a sombre ground. Through Nov. 28. / New sculptures, several combining steel, cast iron, and wood. Through Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ken Friedman—Sculptures and drawings. Through Dec. 1. (Nobé, 250 W. 57th St.)

Ruth Gikow—Drawings and paintings of street people, theatrical folk, and teen-agers, done with considerable vigor. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robert Graham—Two smaller-than-life nude female figures, done with lapidary precision and cast in bronze, and an unfinished head of the same quality at Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Dec. 4); and two ten-foot bronze columns, each with a figure on the top at Hammarskjöld Plaza, Second Ave. at 47th St. (through Jan. 18).

Cleve Gray—New abstract paintings on paper and on canvas. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Adams Griefen—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Pati Hill / Jaune Quick-To-See-Smith—Photocopies of Wagon-Lit advertisements. / Pastels. Through Dec. 1. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Hiroshige (1797-1858)—A sort of travelogue of old Japan, done in woodcuts colored with vegetable dyes by one of the masters of the genre. Through Dec. 1. (Ronin, 605 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stefan Hirsch (1899-1964)—Factories and mills are the subject of many oils by this pioneer Precisionist painter, who worked in the same vein as Charles Sheeler and Niles Spencer, and around the same time—the early twenties. Through Dec. 8. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Marina Karella—Plastic-resin sculptures of nude figures in bed and partially covered by sheets, plus three white-on-white figure paintings and a couple of bronze pieces. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Gloria Kisch—Sculptures in which seaworn stones, some the size of a potato and some as big as one's head, are perched on slender metal rods in clusters more than five feet high. Through Nov. 29. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—A thirty-year survey of this artist's abstractions, which over the years have acquired a gentle note that alleviates the sharpness of his earlier, rigorously structured work. Through Dec. 6. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Watercolors of sylvan glades populated by stylized and rather sturdy nymphs, all painted in flat washes of color. Through Dec. 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Robert Reid—Semi-abstract landscape paintings and drawings with a small inset in each containing realist renditions of the numeral "2." Through Nov. 29. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Donald Sandstrom—Painted, miniature sculptures of existing Iowa and Illinois farms and crossroads communities, made of wire mesh cut, soldered, and shaped into sort of three-dimensional Grant Wood countrysides. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Snelson—Tension sculptures in steel and aluminum. Through Dec. 1. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alan Sonfist—This artist, who is responsible for returning a quarter acre of New York City to the way it was before the Indians sold it (a tiny forest at LaGuardia Place and Houston Street), shows photographs and drawings of projected parks, a map of the numerous springs on Manhattan, and a sculptural array of core samples taken from the city's bedrock and set out in a hundred-odd ten-foot rows. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William Tillyer—Wall hangings composed of torn wallboard, corrugated cardboard, wire mesh, and acrylic paint, by an English artist. Through Friday, Nov. 16. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

William T. Wiley—Drawings in mixed mediums, some of them immense and densely crowded with the artist's own fetishes—palettes, skylights, yin-yang symbols, human figures, Three Mile Island—and scribbled over here and there with his punning observations about current events. Through Dec. 7. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Alice Aycock—Two sculptures, and drawings. Through Dec. 1. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Paintings on canvas and steel plate. Through Dec. 1. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closes after Wednesday, Nov. 21, for a five-day holiday.)

Deborah Butterfield / Dalia Ramanauskas—Sculptures of life-size horses, some made up of scrap metal and some of sticks and mud; they have a startling reality. / Realistic colored-ink drawings of varicolored stones, sometimes wrapped in brown paper or coarse cloth. . . . ¶ In the front hall, Mattie Berhang has assembled large, striking mobiles made of industrial refuse—steel shavings, punched-out plastics, broken springs—found in alleyways near her home in Long Island City. Through Dec. 1. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Don Eddy—Paintings of shelves of glassware and of silver. Through Dec. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

R. C. Gorman—A dozen abstract paintings that incorporate designs from Indian rugs and pottery. Also drawings and lithographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Bayard, 456 West Broadway.)

Aaronel deRoy Gruber—Kinetic Plexiglas-and-chrome sculptures. Through Dec. 2. (Opening Gallery, 379 West Broadway. Open daily, except Mondays, until 7.)

E. F. Higgins III—Two hundred joking postage stamps, eighteen inches by sixteen, painted in oil. Through Dec. 1. (112 Greene St., a newly done-over exhibition space.)

Robert Kushner / Marianne Stikas—Huge theatrical paintings, done on unstretched cotton, nylon, and vinyl, some of them incorporating Hollywood-Egyptian motifs. / Paintings of tentlike forms done with deliberately childlike resolution. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Gerald Laing—Vaguely Art Deco bronze sculptures of the female figure, and of heads, some of them veiled. Through Dec. 1. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Barry Le Va / Bevan Davies—Drawings for projected installations, based on abstruse mathematical formulas of the artist's devising. / Photographs taken in Scotland, mainly of classical government buildings. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Ray Parker—Big abstract canvases in which a single massive shape is set off by confetti-like strings of paint squeezed onto the canvas directly from the tube. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Liliana Porter—Colored drawings in which a pyramid, a cube, a ball, and a vase are repeatedly examined. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Joanna Pousette-Dart—This artist moved from a relatively dark studio to a sunny one not long ago, and the difference is reflected in these huge new abstract paintings—mostly triptychs—which seem to be as much concerned with light as with color. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Rosalind Shaffer—Life-size figures assembled from painted plywood cutouts. Most are women—taking a bath, swimming, singing into a microphone, at a lunch counter. Through Nov. 28. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Martin Silverman—Tabletop-size bronzes of divers and swimmers. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Theodoros Stamos—Bold color-field paintings in which the artist makes reference to the symbols of antiquity—cuneiform writings, broken columns—that surround him in Greece, where he works half the year. Through Dec. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Joe Stefanelli / Daphne Mumford—Simple architectonic forms bathed in a mysterious yellow glow that bespeaks the artist's studies in Egypt. / Interiors—mostly of doors opening into closets or another room—done in clear watercolors. Through Wednesday, Nov. 21. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Boaz Vaadia—Slabs of bluestone or marble, which used to be lintels or doorsills, trussed up in primitive-looking sledlike constructions. Through Nov. 28. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Composers' Art—A collection of musical scores assembled by John Cage, in which various composers break out of the ordinary alphabet of music and resort to something close to illustrative drawing to get their purpose across. The result has both calligraphic and musical charm, and the show is augmented with unusual scorings, from other collections, by such giants as Haydn, Mozart, and Brahms, as well as latter-day samplings from Gershwin, Sousa, Porter, and Jelly Roll Morton. Through Jan. 26. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Sculpture—Works in steel, paper, wood, and other mediums by eleven contemporary Atlanta artists. Through Nov. 25. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Al Hirschfeld—Recent drawings by the *Times*' theatrical caricaturist. Also, a dozen watercolors on Japanese Kabuki theatre. Through Jan. 5. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays.)

Alfred Kren / Lucio Pozzi—Recent works in which, essentially, the artist puts himself (his body, or parts of it, painted) into a three-dimensional abstract setting and is photographed life size, in color. / A sampling of small abstract works. Through Wednesday, Nov. 21. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

Sylvia Sleigh—Portraits. Through Nov. 27. (Lowenstein Library Gallery, 113 W. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 to 10; Saturdays, 9 to 5.)

Anna Walinska—An exhibit of more than eighty paintings and drawings from the last twenty-five years, all devoted to the Holocaust. Through Dec. 16. (Cathedral Museum of Religious Art, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Fraunces Tavern Museum—A collection of paintings, china, religious items, silverware, and other memorabilia connected with the early Jewish community in New York, shown to inaugurate the museum's new Adeline Moses Loeb Gallery. (Fraunces Tavern, 54 Pearl St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Group Shows—At the **acia**, 28 E. 4th St.: Fourteen artists (Norman Colp, Pat Lasch, and Margaret Miller among them) showing two works apiece: one a new work and one a new work incorporating neon. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **grey art gallery**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: Turn-of-the-century American painters who at one time were allied in outlook with the European Symbolists. Some of the better-known of nearly fifty artists are Elihu Vedder, Edward Steichen, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through Dec. 8. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5. Closes after Wednesday, Nov. 21, for a five-day holiday.) . . . **visual arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Paintings on shaped canvases by Neil Williams, Ellsworth Kelly, Frank Stella, and others. Through Wednesday, Nov. 21. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Henri Cartier-Bresson / Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Works from his entire career assembled by the seventy-one-year-old photographer. / A hundred photographs, mostly of Paris parks and gardens. Through Jan. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

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Bernard Faucon—Photographs of dressed mannequins printed using the Fresson-color process. Through Dec. 1. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Philippe Halsman (1906-79) / **Thomas Schiff**—Contact prints of portraits. / Abstract photographs chiefly. Through Dec. 8. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . ¶ Hastings, 121 E. 24th St., is showing thirty-four finished portraits by Halsman. Through Dec. 1. Open Mondays.

Alen MacWeeney—Photographs of Ireland, including a series of Irish tinkers. Through Wednesday, Nov. 21. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robert Mapplethorpe—Photographs dated 1970 to 1975. Through Dec. 1. (Samuel, 795 Broadway, at 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Eliot Porter—Dye-transfer prints of wildlife. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ An exhibition of Porter's dye-transfer landscapes has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

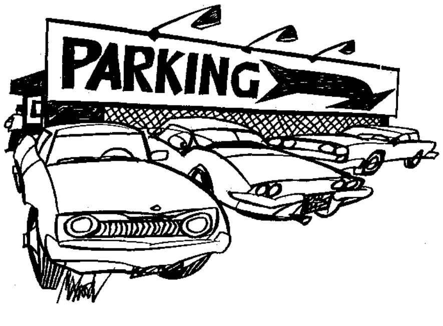
Steve Salmieri and Sydnie Michele—The former photographs Cadillacs in black-and-white, and the latter hand-colors the ensuing work. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael A. Smith—Fifteen 8 x 20 contact prints of the Southwest. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of nearly eighty large-scale canvases by Clyfford Still, representative of the artist's work since 1942. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ "Greek Art of the Aegean Islands," a show of sculptures, vases, jewelry, and wall paintings dating from the Bronze Age to the fifth century. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ A display of Japanese ceramics from the Tanakamaru Collection, which is known for its tea-ceremony wares. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions of twentieth-century art: two galleries of paintings and sculptures, and one of drawings. Some of the artists: Alex Katz, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Murray, Chryssa, Yvonne Jacquette. . . . ¶ Sixty-five seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish drawings from the Lehman Collection, including ten Rembrandts and a Rubens. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Eleven fragments of sculptures from the façade of Notre-Dame Cathedral, in Paris. They disappeared during the French Revolution and were found two years ago underneath a courtyard on the Right Bank. Through Nov. 25. . . . **photography:** Dye transfers by Eliot Porter. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, has drawn on the contents of its own collections for a sweeping survey of the art of the twenties. Among the works: paintings by Magritte and Hopper, architectural models and domestic designs by Breuer and Mies van der Rohe, sculptures by Brancusi and Moholy-Nagy, photographs by Rodchenko and Weston. Starts Saturday, Nov. 17. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)



Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of the works of the German sculptor Joseph Beuys. Mediums include gauze, honey, fat, and felt. One-third of the rotunda, for instance, is occupied by large nonrepresentational pieces of solid cast tallow; in another area is a felt-draped piano. Also drawings. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show is at Ronald Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A show of more than two hundred prints and illustrations by Edward Hopper. Through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Sixteen watercolors by Masami Teraoka, a California artist who uses traditional Japanese art forms to satirize modern life. One series is titled "31 Flavors Invading Japan." Through Jan. 6. . . . **photography:** Prints dated 1900 to 1930, by Berenice Abbott, Paul Strand, Clarence White, and others. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Portraits (in paintings, photographs, and videotapes) of artists by their fellow-artists. Some of the portraitists and their subjects are: Duane Michals of Joseph Cornell and Alice Neel of Robert Smithson. Through Nov. 28. (Open Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 3.) . . . ¶ Note: The opening show of what is called the Downtown Cultural Center, located in the First Precinct Police Station, on Old Slip (across the street from the Whitney Downtown), has works by five artists who live in that area, including Mark di Suvero, with an iron-and-wood sculpture that might have been surgically removed from the nearby docks, and Colette, who hangs cascades of gauzy fabrics on dressmaker forms. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (The hours for this exhibit are Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 2; Saturdays, noon to 4.)

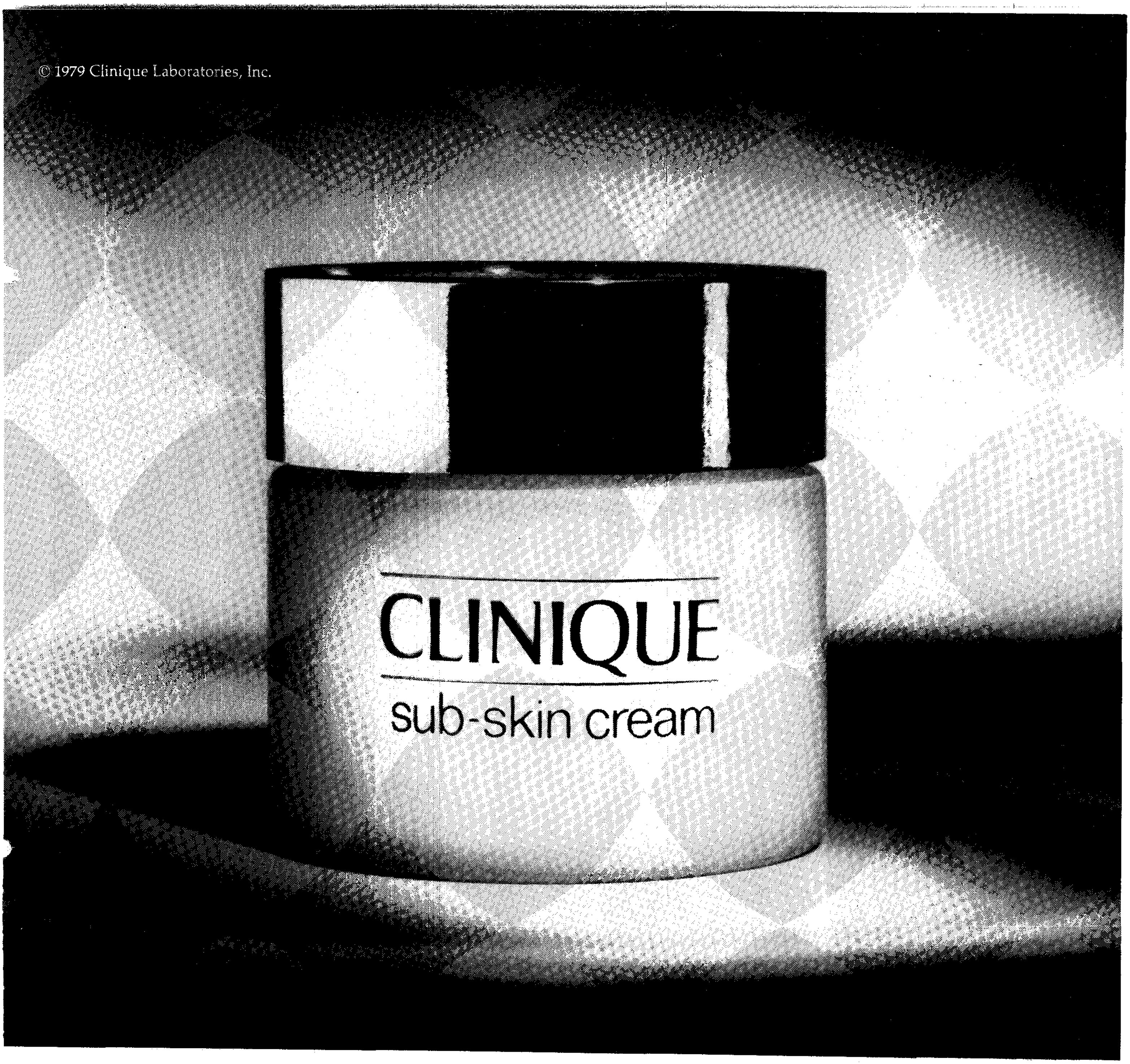
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The American Renaissance 1876-1917," a show of more than three hundred objects by artists, architects, and craftsmen of the period. Through Dec. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. The more than five hundred gold objects include, in addition to ornamental pieces, such utilitarian items as musical instruments, bowls, and flasks. . . . ¶ A show of art and artifacts of the Huichol Indians of Mexico, including costumes, yarn embroideries, and votive objects. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily except Thanksgiving. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary handmade musical instruments, ranging from earnest classical violins to whimsical gourd fiddles. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of more than sixty Japanese Buddhist paintings from Western collections. Through Dec. 9. (Open daily except Thanksgiving. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of sixty-three objects, including bronzes, jades, ceramics, and textiles, on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Thanksgiving. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 5; Tuesdays



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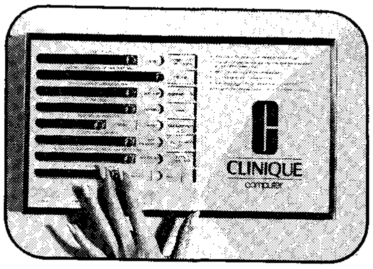

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Man-made and natural objects from twelve Smithsonian institutions form a show whose articles range from coins and stamps to butterflies and beetles. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of fifteen ornate small-scale wood sculptures by Abraham Miller (1881-1973), the craftsman who in 1914 carved the Frick's two decorative chimneypieces. Included are reliefs, figures, handmade tools, and an unfinished pine piece dated 1973. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A show of books, maps, prints, and portraits marking the five-hundredth anniversary of Jean Grolier, the French bibliophile and patron of the arts. Eleven of the bindings are from Jean Grolier's own library. Through Dec. 1. (Open daily except Sundays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works, including drawings and maquettes, by Seymour Lipton, whose abstract sculptures of interwoven organic shapes combine nickel silver and Monel steel. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Architectural drawings, by C.P.H. Gilbert, of the Warburg mansion (which now houses this museum). Also photographs of the building's original Victorian furnishings. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Thanksgiving. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—British literary manuscripts, 800 to 1800, including Pope's "Essay on Man," and Johnson's "Life of Pope." Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ A display of musical manuscripts, including Stravinsky's 1946 version of "Petrushka," Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," and Ravel's Piano Concerto for the Left Hand. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ William Blake's twenty-one watercolor illustrations for the Book of Job and his illustrations for Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Through Dec. 2. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of works made by New York State Shaker communities: furniture, domestic wares, spirit drawings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 21. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show of paintings with New York City themes by Philip Reisman—hot-dog venders, street musicians, tenements. Through Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two shows of figure studies, one of paintings that were donated to the academy by members, including Isabel Bishop, Frank Duveneck, and George Tooker; and the other of drawings from a private collection, by Eastman Johnson, Joseph Stella, and others. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Thirties in England" is the Berg Collection's current exhibition of manuscripts, first editions, letters, pamphlets, and radio transcripts by British authors, including Joyce Cary, Elizabeth Bowen, Noël Coward, and Graham Greene. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A survey of prints by sixty-six black artists. The earliest is dated 1837; among the contemporary artists are Betye Saar, Jacqui Holmes, and Hale Woodruff. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Michael Meyers (reading with audiotapes and slides), Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30; individual shows of works in several mediums by Nicole Gravier, H. Terry Braunstein, and Fernando De Filippi, through Saturday, Nov. 17; single-edition books by Australian artists, through Nov. 27.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Simone Forti & Peter Van Riper (dance and music), Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 15-18, at 8:30; Birgit and Wilhelm Hein (performance with videotapes), Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 19-20, at 8:30; a program of works by six avant-garde German filmmakers, Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8:30; Jeffrey Lohn & Michael Nyman Band (music), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, at 8:30; David Salle (an installation of two painted rice-paper screens), through Saturday, Nov. 24; videotapes by twenty-three Australian artists, through Saturday, Nov. 24.

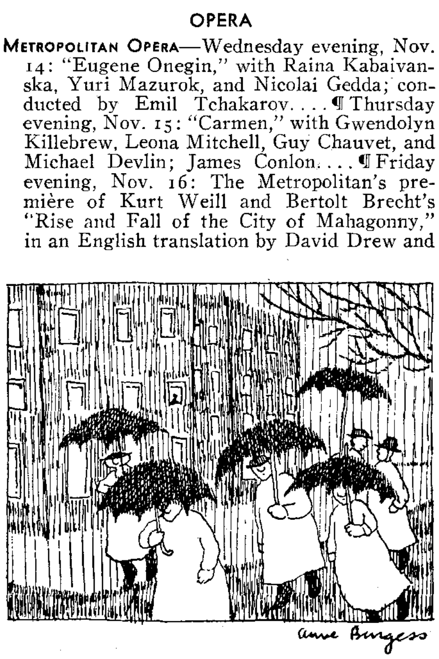
Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—A three-part exhibition, each part related to sound: contemporary musical instruments, scores and notations, and sixteen individual installations (recorded voices, the sound of dripping water); photographs by Judy Linn; a wall drawing and other works by Wolfram Erber. All through Sunday, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 18, from 2 to 6: A film by Bart Robbett, and performance work by Peter Gordon, Scott Johnson, and Frankie Mann.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-6000.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 14: "Eugene Onegin," with Raina Kabaivanska, Yuri Mazurok, and Nicolai Gedda; conducted by Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 15: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and Michael Devlin; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 16: The Metropolitan's première of Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht's "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny," in an English translation by David Drew and Michael Geliot, with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 17: "Eugene Onegin," with Raina Kabaivanska, Yuri Mazurok, and Nicolai Gedda; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 17: "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and Jerome Hines; James Conlon. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 19: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 20: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Leona Mitchell, Richard Kness, and Michael Devlin; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 21: "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, Jerome Hines, and Julien Robbins; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 22: "Eugene Onegin," with Raina Kabaivanska, Yuri Mazurok, and Nicolai Gedda; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 23: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and Michael Devlin; James Conlon. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 24: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 24: "Aida," with Elinor Ross, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, Luigi Roni, and Julien Robbins; James Conlon. (Evenings at 8; on Friday, Nov. 16, at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)



ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8:30, a nonsubscription concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic Pension Fund (with Emil Gilels, piano); Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8; Friday, Nov. 16, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 7:30 (all with Jessye Norman, soprano); and Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8; Friday, Nov. 23, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 7:30 (all with Murray Perahia, piano).

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8: Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Gwyneth Jones, soprano; Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; Jess Thomas, tenor; Gwynne Howell, bass; and the Vienna Opera Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8: Beethoven's Sixth Symphony, and excerpts from the second act of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," with Miss Jones; Mr. Thomas; Nancy Williams, mezzo-soprano; and the chorus.

Dresden State Orchestra—Herbert Blomstedt conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3.)

Moscow Pops—Nicolai Nekrasov conducting a Russian folk orchestra. With soloists from the Bolshoi Opera and the Kiev Ballet. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8. A benefit concert, with Cham-Ber Huang and Larry Adler, harmonica. . . . ¶ Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Haydn-Mozart program, with Jacob Lateiner, piano; Hamao Fujiwara, violin; Alexander Kouguell, cello; Melvin Kaplan, oboe; and Morris Newman, bassoon. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting, with Stephen Taylor, oboe; Rob-

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ert Wolinsky, harpsichord; and others. (Church of St. Luke-in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Murray Perahia, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2.)

Bloomingdale Chamber Orchestra—David Aks conducting a program primarily for children. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 4.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a program of choral chamber music. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of Mozart's C-Minor Mass and Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," with Judith Blegen, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; and Louis Lebherz, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Nov. 19, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Kenneth Cooper—Harpsichord, with Ani Kavafian, violin; Toby Appel, viola; Frederick Zlotkin, cello; Carol Wincenc, flute, and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Timothy Walker—Classical guitarist. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Andreas Klein—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Elena Leonova—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Albert Markov and Oxana Yablonskaya—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Joel Shapiro—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of music from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, performed on baroque instruments. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Tokyo String Quartet—With Julius Levine, bass, and Robert Routch and John Clark, horn. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2.)

Galina Vishnevskaya and Mstislav Rostropovich—Soprano and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Neva Pilgrim—Soprano. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

New York Baroque Ensemble—With Lori Corsin, soprano. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 691-2194.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider and Cornelia Schwartz, violin; Tina Pelikan, viola; Vivian Barton, cello; Linda Strommen, oboe; and Samuel Sanders, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2.)

Ana Maria de Bottazzi—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2:30.)

Liora Hendel—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3.)

William Black—Piano, with Peter Oundjian, violin, and Michele Djokic, cello. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 4. For information about tickets, call 757-8344.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Josef Suk, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Barry Tuckwell, horn; and Richard Goode, Paul Jacobs, and Gilbert Kalish, all piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 19-20, at 7:30.)

Agustin Anievas—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Dickran Atamian—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

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Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Aaron Copland, Tom Johnson, Yehudi Wyner, and others, performed by Robert Miller, Ursula Oppens, and Charles Wuorinen, all piano; Harvey Sollberger, flute; Benjamin Hudson, violin; and others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Marya Martin—Flute, with Michael Houston, piano; Lynn Chang, violin; Daniel Phillips, viola; and Marcy Rosen, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Concert Soloists of Wolf Trap—A program of chamber music, with Gloria Agostini, harp; Charles Curtis, cello; Eliot Fisk, guitar; Gary Schocker, flute; Oscar Shumsky, violin; and Earl Wild, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Theodore Lettvin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Jaime Laredo, violin and viola; Alexander Schneider, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello, and Stephanie Brown, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—With Ruth Laredo, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Jack Winerock—Piano, in a program that includes William Albright's "Chromatic Dances." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 3.)

Seraphim Trio—A newly-formed ensemble—Edward Auer, piano; Edith Peinemann, violin; and Yehuda Hanani, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

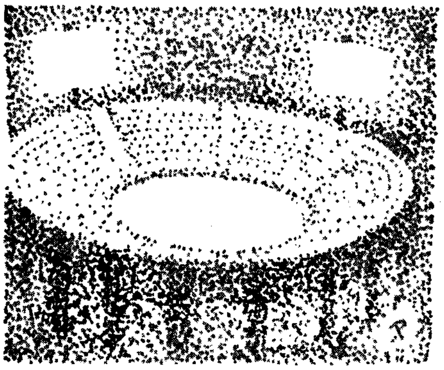
Josef Marx Memorial Concert—Ronald Anderson, trumpet; Maxine Neuman, cello; Harvey Sollberger, flute; and others in a program of music that ranges from the baroque to the contemporary. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Wall-to-Wall Brahms—A free twelve-hour marathon, with, among others, Jaime Laredo, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; Walter Trampler, viola; Richard Goode and Stephanie Brown, piano; the Primavera Quartet; and the Riverdale Quartet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Nov. 24, from 11 to 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:05. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER: Nets vs. Washington, Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Sunday, Nov. 18, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)



College Football—Saturday, Nov. 17: Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Villanova, at New Brunswick, at 1. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Boston College, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 18: Giants vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Tampa Bay. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Chicago Bears, at Chicago.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Wednesday, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Sunday, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Nov. 21. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. The Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 17; the First Flight Handicap, Sunday, Nov. 18; the Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 22; and the Nashua, Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 29. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 31.

Squash Racquets—Boodles Squash Open—Tournament matches, Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 14-15, at 6 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Quarterfinals, Friday, Nov. 16, at 6 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Semifinals, Saturday, Nov. 17, at 5. . . . ¶ Finals, Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3 and 5. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 8.

ET ALIA

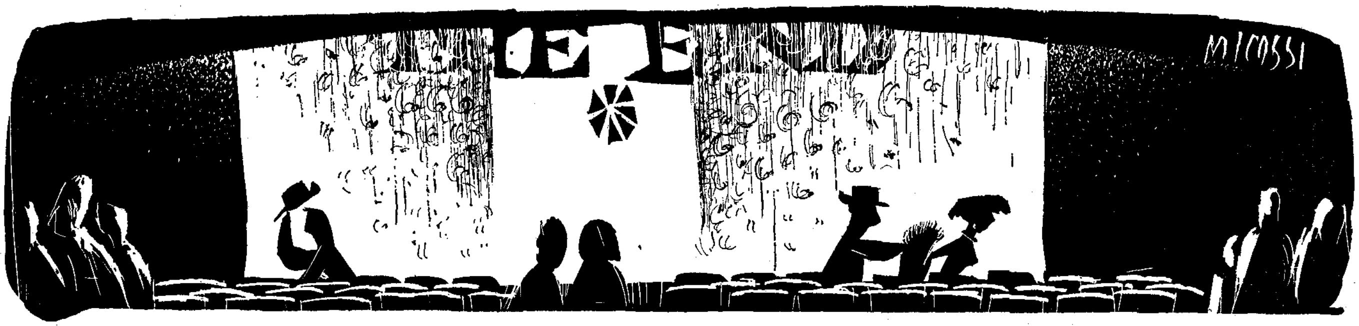
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—Robert Hass and Heather McHugh reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Maureen Howard reading from her own prose. (Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3. No charge beyond the museum's ordinary entrance fee.). . . ¶ Howard Moss, John Ashbery, Mark Strand, Helen Vendler, and others reading from the poetry of the late Elizabeth Bishop. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Chrysanthemum Show—The annual autumn show of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden in the Conservatory, 1000 Washington Ave. Through Sunday, Nov. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, and Old Master prints. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 2: Old Master paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 19, at 2; Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 10:15 and 2; and Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 10:15: Japanese and other Asian works of art. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints and illustrated books. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 2:30, and Saturday, Nov. 17, at 10:30 and 2:30: French and other Continental furniture, sculptures, and objects of art. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 20-21, at 10 and 2: Chinese ceramics, bronzes, jades, and other works of art. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Vanina Vanini." (No performances on Monday, Nov. 19.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Life of Brian."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 15: "Yanks" and "Moment by Moment."
Nov. 16-20: "Halloween" and another feature, to be announced.
From Nov. 21: "The Muppet Movie" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Till Marriage Do Us Part."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Nov. 15: "Running."
From Nov. 16: "Animal House."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Time After Time."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 15: "Yanks."
From Nov. 16: "The Divine Nymph."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"10."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Head Over Heels."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Don Giovanni."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Each Other."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Boardwalk."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Apocalypse Now."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Starting Over."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 15: "Normande."
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through Nov. 20: "Promises in the Dark."
From Nov. 21: "Between Miracles."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Natural Enemies."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Nov. 15: "Running."
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Nov. 15: "The Divine Nymph."
From Nov. 16: "Animal House."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Magician of Lublin."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Nov. 15: "Luna."
From Nov. 16: "The Runner Stumbles."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
". . . And Justice for All."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 15: "Rich Kids."
Nov. 16-22: "Breaking Away."
From Nov. 23: "Rocky II."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Nov. 15: "Yanks."
From Nov. 16: "Till Marriage Do Us Part."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 15: "Halloween."
From Nov. 16: "Animal House."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Quadrophenia."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"10."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "When a Stranger Calls."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 15: "Running."
From Nov. 16: "Time After Time."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Breaking Away."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "10."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 15: "Halloween."
From Nov. 16: "The Onion Field."
Theatre 3: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 15: "Normande."
From Nov. 16: "The Divine Nymph."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Rose."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Nov. 22: A program of Russian films. Call theatre for exact titles and dates.
From Nov. 23: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Luna."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"French Postcards."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Europeans."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Consequence."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Quadrophenia."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 20: "The Ballad of Orin."
From Nov. 21: "Orchestra Rehearsal."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Nov. 15: "Till Marriage Do Us Part."
From Nov. 16: "The Divine Nymph."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Time After Time."
Theatre 2: "10."
Theatre 3: "Breaking Away."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 15: "Yanks." From Nov. 16: "Animal House."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Nov. 22: "Take the Money and Run," "Bananas," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front," "Interiors," "Annie Hall," and "Play It Again, Sam."
From Nov. 23: To be announced.

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Shout."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 15: "Life of Brian" and "Blue Collar."
Nov. 16-20: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan" and "Same Time, Next Year."
From Nov. 21: "The Muppet Movie" and "The World's Greatest Lover."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"10." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Sleeping Beauty."

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 15: "Avalanche Express." From Nov. 16: "When a Stranger Calls." (†)
Theatre 3: "Alien."
Theatre 4: "Breaking Away." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Nov. 15: "When a Stranger Calls." (†)
From Nov. 16: "The Divine Nymph." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Fiddler on the Roof." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Starting Over." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
". . . And Justice for All." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Nov. 15: "Halloween." (†)
From Nov. 16: "Seven Brothers Meet Dracula."

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Apocalypse Now." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Nov. 15: "Running." (†)
From Nov. 16: "Animal House." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Nov. 15: "Suspiria" and "Eyeball."
From Nov. 16: "Halloween." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 14: "Psycho" (1960), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Joseph Cotten, and Victor Buono.
Nov. 15: "Strongman Ferdinand" (1977), in German, directed by Alexander Kluge; and "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), in German, directed by Wim Wenders.
Nov. 16: "Idi Amin Dada" (1974), a documentary, directed by Barbet Schroeder; and "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
Nov. 17: "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.
Nov. 18: "Renaldo & Clara." (†)
Nov. 19: "This Man Must Die" (†) and "The Big Heat." (†)
Nov. 20: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part I"

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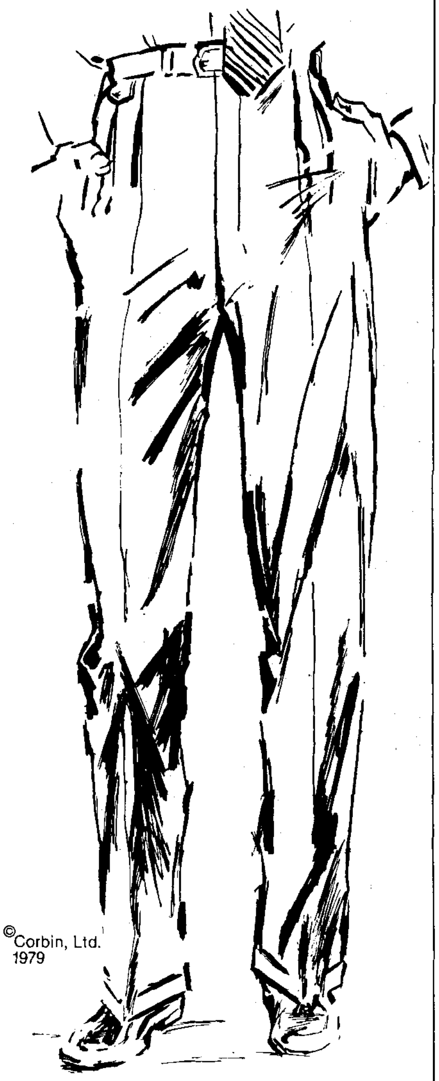

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(1954), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Samurai Assassin" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Toshiro Mifune.

Nov. 21: "Don't Look Now" (1973), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Rosemary's Baby." (†)

Nov. 22: "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

Nov. 23: "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff; and "The Wild One." (†)

Nov. 24: "The Gold Rush" (1925), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale; and "Safety Last" (1923), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, and Bill Strothers.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Nov. 14: "Orphans of the Storm" (1921), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, and Joseph Schildkraut; and "La Marseillaise" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir.

Nov. 15: "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg.

Nov. 16: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Simon of the Desert" (1965), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal.

Nov. 17: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Nov. 18: "Gaslight" (†) and "Sleuth." (†)

Nov. 19: "Madame Dery" (1976), in Hungarian, directed by Gyula Maár; and "Lola Montès." (†)

Nov. 20: "Cleo from 5 to 7" (†); and "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (1977), in French, directed by Agnès Varda.

Nov. 21: "The Three Musketeers" (1921), a silent film, directed by Fred Niblo, with Douglas Fairbanks; and "Ivanhoe." (†)

Nov. 22: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

Nov. 23: "A Nous la Liberté" (†); and "Modern Times" (1936), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman.

Nov. 24: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Loved One" (1965), directed by Tony Richardson, with Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Nov. 15: "The Man in the Glass Booth" (1975), directed by Arthur Hiller, with Maximilian Schell, Lois Nettleton, Lawrence Pressman, and Luther Adler; and "Luther" (1974), directed by Guy Green, with Stacy Keach, Hugh Griffith, and Robert Stephens.

Nov. 16-17: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

Nov. 18-19: "Safety Last" (1923), "The Freshman" (1925), and "Hot Water" (1924), all silent films, with Harold Lloyd.

Nov. 20: "The Deer Hunter" (1978), directed by Michael Cimino, with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale.

Nov. 21-22: "Galileo" (1975), directed by Joseph Losey, with Topol, Georgia Brown, Edward Fox, and John Gielgud; and "The Maids" (1975), directed by Christopher Miles, with Glenda Jackson, Susannah York, and Vivien Merchant.

Nov. 23-24: "Go West" (1941), "The Big Store" (1941), and "At the Circus" (1939), all with the Marx Brothers.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 14: "Séance on a Wet Afternoon" (1964), directed by Bryan Forbes, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough; and "Whistle Down the Wind" (1962), directed by Bryan Forbes, with Hayley Mills and Alan Bates.

Nov. 15-17: "Tom Jones" (1963), directed by Tony Richardson, with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and Edith Evans; and "Billy Liar" (1963), directed by John Schlesinger, with Tom Courtenay and Julie Christie.

Nov. 18-24: "The Thief of Bagdad" (†); and "Four Feathers" (1939), directed by Zoltán Korda, with Ralph Richardson, John Clements, and C. Aubrey Smith.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 14: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov.

Nov. 15: "And Then There Were None" (1945), directed by René Clair, with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward, and Judith Anderson; and "Murder She Said" (1962), directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

Nov. 16-17: "Carrie" (1976), directed by Brian De Palma, with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, Piper Laurie, and Nancy Allen; and "Don't Look Now" (1973), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.

Nov. 18: "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.

Nov. 19: "Floch" (1972) and "The Dreamer" (1970), both directed by Dan Wolman.

Nov. 20: "Unfaithfully Yours" (†); and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (1955), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel.

Nov. 21: "The Little Shop of Horrors" (†); and "Night Tide" (1964), directed by Curtis Harrington, with Dennis Hopper.

Nov. 22: "Intimate Lighting" (†); and "Competition" (1963), a Czech film, directed by Miloš Forman.

Nov. 23-24: "Cat and Mouse" (1978), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Michèle Morgan, Serge Reggiani, and Jean-Pierre Aumont; and "Le Corbeau." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 14: "Strangers in Love" (1932), directed by Lothar Mendes, with Fredric March and Kay Francis; and "Vice Squad" (1931), directed by John Cromwell, with Kay Francis.

Nov. 15: "The Old Maid" (1939), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Jane Bryan, George Brent, and James Stephenson; and "It's Love I'm After" (1937), directed by Archie Mayo, with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland, and Patric Knowles.

Nov. 16-17: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Lauri; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

Nov. 18: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica; and "Miracle in Milan" (1951), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica.

Nov. 19: "Red-Headed Woman" (†) and "Personal Property." (†)

Nov. 20: "Hands Across the Table" (†); and "Topper" (1937), directed by Norman Z. McLeod, with Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Roland Young, and Billie Burke.

Nov. 21: "Terror by Night" (1946) and "The

Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

Nov. 22: "Lili" (1953), directed by Charles Walters, with Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Kurt Kaszner; and "Gigi" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Hermione Gingold, and Isabel Jeans.

Nov. 23-24: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964) and "Help!" (1965), both directed by Richard Lester, with the Beatles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 15 at 2:30: "The Lonely Persons' Club" (1977), directed by Livia Gyarmathy, and "Photography" (1973), directed by Pál Zolnay; both films in Hungarian, with English subtitles.... ¶ Nov. 15 at 6: "Allegro Bardaro" (1979), in Hungarian, directed by Miklós Jancsó; English subtitles.... ¶ Nov. 15 at 8: "A Simple Story" (1975), in Hungarian, directed by Judit Elek; English subtitles.... ¶ Nov. 16 at 2:30: "Gyuri" (1978), in Hungarian, directed by Pál Schiffer; English subtitles.... ¶ Nov. 16 at 6: "Saturday Afternoon" (1926), a silent film, directed by Harry Edwards, with Harry Langdon; and "The Gold Rush" (1925), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Georgia Hale, and Mack Swain.... ¶ Nov. 17 at noon: "Bedknobs and Broomsticks" (1971), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Angela Lansbury, David Tomlinson, and Roddy McDowall.... ¶ Nov. 17 at 2:30: "The Whistling Cobblestone" (1972), in Hungarian, directed by Gyula Gazdag; English subtitles.... ¶ Nov. 17 at 5: "The Stud Farm" (1978), in Hungarian, directed by András Kovács; English subtitles.... ¶ Nov. 18 at noon: "Bedknobs and Broomsticks."... ¶ Nov. 18 at 2:30: "Allegro Barbaro."... ¶ Nov. 18 at 5: "Seas Beneath" (1931), directed by John Ford, with George O'Brien.... ¶ Nov. 19 at noon: "The Sand Castle" (1977), directed by Co Hoedeman; "Face of the Earth" (1976), directed by Bill Mason; "Special Delivery" (1978), directed by John Weldon and Eunice Macauley; and "Canaries to Clydesdales" (1977), directed by Eugene Boyko.... ¶ Nov. 19 at 2:30: "The Stud Farm."... ¶ Nov. 19 at 6: A program of short films by Stan Lawder.... ¶ Nov. 20 at noon: "The Sand Castle," "Face of the Earth," "Special Delivery," and "Canaries to Clydesdales."... ¶ Nov. 20 at 2:30: "Seas Beneath."... ¶ Nov. 20 at 6: "People's Firehouse" (1979), directed by Paul Schneider; "Simpson Street" (1979), directed by Billy Sarokin; and "Collection and Disposal" (1979), directed by Robert K. Machover and Catherine Pozzo di Borgo.... ¶ Nov. 22 at 2:30: "The Whistling Cobblestone."... ¶ Nov. 23 at 2:30: "Snowfall" (1974), in Hungarian, directed by Ferenc Kósa; English subtitles.... ¶ Nov. 23 at 6: "The Balloonatic" (1923), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Edward Cline, with Keaton and Phyllis Haver; and "The General" (1927), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman, with Keaton and Marion Mack.... ¶ Nov. 24 at noon: "Blackbeard's Ghost" (1968), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Peter Ustinov, Dean Jones, and Suzanne Pleshette.... ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:30: "Snowfall."... ¶ Nov. 24 at 5: "Requiem for a Revolutionary" (1976), in Hungarian, directed by Ferenc Grunwalsky; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—Through Nov. 18. A week-long program of films, lectures, and performances on the theme "Researches and Investigations Into Film: Its Origins and the Avant-Garde." Call museum for time schedule and ticket information.... ¶ Starting Nov. 24: A film installation by William Childress. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45.

GOETHE HOUSE, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (744-8310)—Two programs in a series of films made by German directors when they worked in Hollywood. Nov. 17 at 1 and 4: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935), directed by Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle, with James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney.... ¶ Nov. 20 at 6 and 8:30: "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Nov. 15-18: "The Spiders" (1919), a silent German film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Carl de Vogt. Showings Thursday through Sunday at 7:30.... ¶ Starting Nov. 22: "Appalshop: Films from Appalachia," a program of five short films. Showings Thursday through Sunday at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

...AND JUSTICE FOR ALL—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/22/79.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

ANIMAL HOUSE (1978)—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, U. A. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Nov. 16.)

ANNIE HALL (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 14, 16, 18-19, and 21-22.)

A NOUS LA LIBERTÉ (1931)—René Clair's imaginative social satire on the mechanization of modern life begins with a man (Raymond Cordy) who escapes from prison and builds a phonograph-record business with an assembly line that's as regimented as the prison. This factory owner is modelled on Charles Pathé, who said of his phonograph-cinema empire, "Only the armaments industry made profits like ours." The tycoon's pal from his prison days is a soft-hearted "little man" (Henri Marchand)—the underdog embodiment of a free, humanistic spirit. This film is beautifully made. The sets, by Lazare Meerson, are elegantly futuristic; Georges Périnal's cinematography has a simplified, formal perfection; the whole film is paced to Georges Auric's memorable score—one of the earliest (yet best) film scores ever written. The writer-director demonstrates that sound pictures can be as fluid as silents were, and this picture is rightly considered a classic. Yet it isn't as entertaining as his earlier (silent) "The Italian Straw Hat" or his later "Le Million;" Clair's scenario turns a little too carefree and ironic—the film grows dull. "A Nous la Liberté" was obviously the source of some of the ideas in Chaplin's 1936 "Modern Times;" the producing company filed suit against Chaplin for copyright infringement, but Clair had the suit dropped, saying that "all of us flow" from Chaplin, and "I am honored if he was inspired by my film." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 23.)

APOCALYPSE NOW—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Baronet, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

THE BALLAD OF ORIN—With Shima Iwashita, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio 2; through Nov. 20.)

BANANAS (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 15-16 and 18-20.)

BETWEEN MIRACLES—Directed by, and with, Nino Manfredi. In Italian. (Cinema I; starting Nov. 21.)

THE BIG HEAT (1953)—Sidney Boehm's solid, hard-nosed script might have been made into a routine cops-and-robbers thriller, but the director, Fritz Lang, gave it a formalized style and brought off a few stunningly choreographed nasty scenes. The movie is all of a piece; it's designed in light and shadows, and its underworld atmosphere glistens with the possibilities of sadism—this is a definitive *film noir*. Glenn Ford is Dave Bannion, a police lieutenant who ignores the orders of his superiors and investigates a big-time gangster (Alexander Scourby). A bomb is planted in Bannion's car, and his wife (Jocelyn Brando) is blown up. Full of hate, Bannion leaves the department to find revenge. He acquires a helper: one of the gangster's henchmen (Lee Marvin) throws scalding coffee at his mistress, a high-living tough-girl lush (Gloria Grahame), and she wants vengeance, too. The film begins to accumulate corpses and arrests. With Carolyn Jones and Dan Seymour. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 19.)

THE BLACK STALLION—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

BLUE COLLAR (1978)—The phenomenally successful young screenwriter Paul Schrader here made his début as a director, with a script he wrote with his brother Leonard. It's about three Detroit auto workers (Richard Pryor, Yaphet Kotto, and Harvey Keitel) who rob their union headquarters; the destruction of their friendship as a result of the robbery is used to illustrate the you-can't-win thesis. Shot in an ominous, fatalistic style, the film says that the system grinds all workers down, that it destroys their humanity and their hopes. Schrader's jukebox Marxism carries the kind of cynical charge that encourages people in the audience to yell "Right on!" His hostile, melancholy tone unifies this amalgam of pilfered pieces of old pictures and ideologies, but he has imposed his personal depression on characters who, in dramatic terms, haven't earned it. The picture seems dogged, though it is graced with a beautiful performance by Kotto and an unusual one by Pryor, who plays a turncoat. (2/27/78) (Olympia; through Nov. 15.)

BOARDWALK—With Ruth Gordon, Lee Strasberg, and Janet Leigh; directed by Stephen Verona. (Manhattan 2.)

BREAKING AWAY—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscape of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.... ¶ 72nd Street East; Nov. 16-22.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

CLEO FROM 5 TO 7 (1962)—One of the few films directed by a woman in which the viewer can sense a difference. The story is about the moods of a beautiful, chic popular singer (Corinne Marchand) during the two hours she waits to find out if she has cancer. Childish and fearful, she consults her horoscope and goes to a fortune-teller; she buys a hat; she rehearses a song; she cries. And throughout, the director, Agnès Varda, sustains an unsentimental yet subjective tone that is almost unique in the history of movies. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 20.)

The Consequence—With Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald, directed by Wolfgang Petersen. In German. (Cinema 3.)

Le Corbeau (1943)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's gall-and-wormwood thriller about a town terrorized by a series of vicious poison-pen letters that drive various townspeople to crime and suicide. The plot—tracking down the blackmailer—is rather mechanical, but Clouzot can give an audience the cold creeps. At the time, the depravity and political corruption revealed in this slice of provincial life were nastily shocking; there's not a likable person in the entire film, and because it was released during the Occupation it was thought to serve the interests of the Nazis. When France was liberated, both Clouzot and the picture's star, Pierre Fresnay, were accused of unpatriotic activity. With Ginette Leclerc as the lame girl. (Remade in 1951, by Otto Preminger, as "The 13th Letter.") In French. (Thalia; Nov. 23-24.)

The Divine Nymph—With Laura Antonelli, Marcello Mastroianni, and Terence Stamp; directed by Giuseppe Patroni Griffi. (In Italian, with subtitles, at the Gemini 2, through Nov. 15; and at the Eastside Cinema, at the Quad Cinema, and at the Embassy 72nd St., starting Nov. 16. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Forum; starting Nov. 16.)

Don Giovanni—The Mozart opera, with Ruggero Raimondi in the title role, directed by Joseph Losey. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza.)

Each Other—Directed by, and with, Michal Bat-Adam. In French. (Manhattan 1.)

The Europeans—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Paris.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish bestseller. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 14, 16-17, 19, and 21-22.)

Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—This joyously square musical succeeds in telling one of the root stories of American life. Tevye, the *shtetl* dairyman pulling his wagon, is a mythsized version of a limited, slightly stupid Common Man. As his daughters marry and disperse, and the broken family is driven off its land and starts the long trek to America, Tevye's story becomes the story of the Jewish people who came to America at the turn of the century—what they left behind and what they brought with them. The movie offers the pleasures of big, bold strokes; it's American folk opera, commercial style. It's not a celebration of Jewishness; it's a celebration of the sensual pleasures of staying alive and of trying to hang on to a bit of ceremony, too. Isaac Stern plays the theme (as he does in the solo parts throughout the movie) with startling *brio* and attack, and Topol's Tevye has the same vitality and sweetness and gaiety as Stern's music; he's a rough presence, masculine, with burly, raw strength. Directed by Norman Jewison, from Joseph Stein's play, based on Sholom Aleichem's stories. The music is by Jerry Bock, the functional, uninspired lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. With Leonard Frey, Rosalind Harris, Paul Mann, Molly Picon, Neva Small, Michele Marsh, Norma Crane, Paul Michael Glaser, and Raymond Lovelock. The picture was originally run in two parts, with an intermission; for the current reissue, the intermission has been done away with, and, under Jewison's supervision, twenty minutes have been trimmed. (Loews New York 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh—With Julius Erving, Jonathan Winters, and Meadowlark Lemon; directed by Gilbert Moses. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, 86th St. East, and National.)

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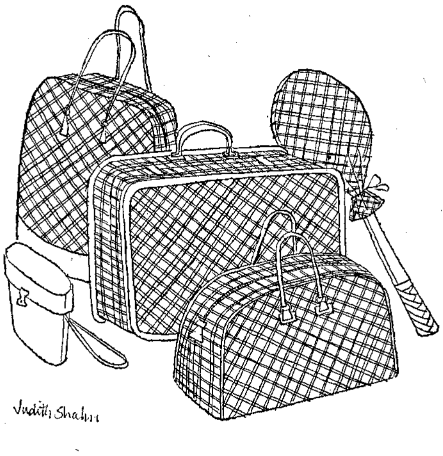
French Postcards—A sloppy, poorly observed, and foolish comedy about some nice enough American students (Blanche Baker, Miles Chapin, and David Marshall Grant) studying for a year in France. (11/5/79) (Little Carnegie.)

The Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 14-16, 18-20, and 22.)

Gaslight (1944)—Enjoyable, expensively produced pseudo-Victorian thriller. Ingrid Bergman, who won an Academy Award for her performance, is the cherubic bride terrorized by the grisly, dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. The Patrick Hamilton stage success was toned up for this version, directed by George Cukor. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, the teen-age Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 18.)

Halloween (1978)—John Carpenter, who made this low-budget scare picture, has a visual sense of menace, but he isn't very gifted with actors, and he doesn't seem to have any feeling at all for motivation or for plot logic. An escaped lunatic wielding a kitchen knife stalks people in a small Midwestern town, and that's about it. There's no indication of why he selects any particular target; he's the bogeyman—pure evil—and he wants to kill. The film is largely just a matter of the camera tracking subjectively, from the mad killer's point of view, leading you to expect something awful to happen. But the camera also tracks subjectively when he isn't around at all; in fact, there's so much subjective tracking you begin to think everybody in the movie has his own camera. Yet a lot of people seem to be convinced that "Halloween" is a classic. Maybe when a horror film is stripped of everything but dumb scariness it satisfies part of the audience in a more basic, childish way than sophisticated horror pictures do. With Donald Pleasence, Jamie Lee Curtis, and P. J. Soles. (2/19/79) (U. A. East, Quad Cinema, and Rivoli; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 16-20. . . . ¶ Victoria; starting Nov. 16.)

Hands Across the Table (1935)—Carole Lombard as a manicurist on the lookout for a wealthy husband meets Fred MacMurray, a fellow who grew up rich but is now broke and intends to marry an heiress. Hardboiled about love, these two hang out together while waiting to land their perspective mates. Hers is to be a kindly millionaire (dreary Ralph Bellamy); his is the pineapple king's daughter (Astrid Allwyn). But what you expect to happen happens. As the manicurist puts it, in blunt, archetypal thirties terms—"Hardboiled Hannah was going to fall in love with a bankroll! You can't run away from love." This isn't one of the first-string slapstick romances of its period, but it's a pretty fair example of the second string. It's too determinedly irreverent. You can see the jokes being set up; when the payoff comes, you're already tired. But MacMurray knows how to read a good line when he gets one, and though he isn't the subtlest of *farceurs*, that works just fine with Lombard because of her gift for uninhibited comedy—as in the scene when she imitates a nasal-voiced telephone operator. Lombard is the rare performer whose enjoyment of her own jokes adds to the audience's pleasures. Mitchell Leisen, directing his first comedy, had Ernst Lubitsch, the production chief at Paramount, guiding him. With William Demarest, Ruth Donnelly, Marie Prevost, and Edward Gargan. From a Viña Delmar story, adapted by Norman Krasna, Vincent Lawrence, and Herbert Fields. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 20.)



Head Over Heels—With John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt, directed by Joan Micklin Silver. (Trans-Lux East.)

Interiors (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." We are inside the skulls of people who look at the world as if it were partitioned off from them—as if they were separated from it by glass, which they are scared of breaking, because their control over themselves is so shaky. With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1; Nov. 14, 17-18, and 20-22.)

Intimate Lighting (1965)—A small but charming and humane comedy about a young couple who visit an old friend of the man's and discover how the two men's paths—once so close—have diverged. Directed by Ivan Passer. In Czech. (Thalia; Nov. 22.)

Ivanhoe (1952)—What a ruckus! Everybody in twelfth-century England is fighting everybody else—lunging at one another with long lances while on horseback, or throwing rocks off the parapets of keeps, or raising and lowering drawbridges over moats and plunging shouting, screaming men into the water below. In between, barbecue pits are made ready for human roasts and stakes are erected for the purpose of burning beautiful young women. The Normans, who have pledged their allegiance to Prince John (Guy Rolfe), are at war with the Saxons, who are committed to Richard the Lion-Hearted (Norman Wooland), and the Saxon hero Wilfred of Ivanhoe (Robert Taylor) is trying to raise the ransom money to free Richard from his foreign captors. Ivanhoe is also attentive to the beautiful blond Rowena (Joan Fontaine) and to the dark, sensitive Jewish outcast Rebecca (Elizabeth Taylor). Elizabeth Taylor, just turned twenty, is so improbably beautiful that Fontaine, ordinarily a great beauty in her own right, seems pallid and smarmy. The big clash between Ivanhoe and the villain (George Sanders) is unaccountably brutal—they go at each other with axes and heavy spiked balls attached to chains. No one could say this isn't a rousing movie. It's also romantic, big, commercial, and slick, in the M-G-M Technicolor grand manner. Directed by Richard Thorpe and made in England, it was shot by Fred A. Young (who was later to do "Lawrence of Arabia"). With Emlyn Williams, Finlay Currie, Felix Aylmer, Basil Sydney, Robert Douglas, Harold Warrender, Sebastian Cabot, and Valentine Dyall. Screenplay by Noel Langley; score by Miklos Rosza. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 21.)

Life of Brian—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the Judean People's Front, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will feel a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (8/27/79) (Art. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Nov. 15.)

The Little Shop of Horrors (1960)—Amateurish yet funny, in a gross way. A simpleton (Jonathan Haze) who works in a florist shop has a prize plant that becomes a voracious, blood-seeking man-eater. It cries, "Feed me! Feed me!" The film is notable for the performance that Jack Nicholson gives in a minor role; as a pain freak who is in ecstasy in a dentist's chair, he shows the comic intensity that later made him a star. Directed by Roger Corman, from a script by Charles B. Griffith. (Thalia; Nov. 21.)

Lola Montès (1955)—This ambitious phantasmagorical treatment of the scandalous life of the nineteenth-century courtesan and dancer Lola Montès is a reflection on the ephemeral nature of fame, beauty, and pleasure. It was the last film completed by Max Ophuls; as he lay dying, his producers were shortening and re-editing his version (it was cut from 140 minutes to 110 to 90) in the hope of recouping their investment, which had been large. (The film was shot in CinemaScope and color and was made on an opulent scale.) But even in a restored form, it's disappointing—poorly acted and too shallow for its melancholy tone and its rich décor and elaborate structure. Lola (Martine Carol), far past her prime, is seen as a tired woman being exhibited and humiliated in a circus in New Orleans; the ringmaster—Peter Ustinov—tells the audience that it will see Lola's life story, and her early conquests and adventures are shown in flashbacks. Regrettably, Martine Carol, who was herself near the end of her life, couldn't manage to look much younger for Lola's radiant early days, and she was too bad a dancer even to play a bad dancer—she was a non-dancer. There is nothing unusual about her Lola—nothing that would explain why men are going mad over her. The center of the movie seems to be missing, and this isn't just the fault of the actress. The swirling, rococo camera movement at the circus suggests that this rather dumpy, little woman has had an extraordinary emotional life, yet nothing seems to be happening in those flashbacks, and Lola loiters so long in Bavaria that one wants to give her carriage a push. What makes this folly so poignant and painful to watch is that its virtuoso director didn't allow himself any middle ground: the film had to be his greatest masterpiece to be any good at all. According to his script girl, he died knowing he had failed. (The film was also one of the worst box-office disasters of its era.) In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 19.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 15-18 and 20-21.)

Luna—A faltering on the part of the admirable Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci, who here brings Jill Clayburgh, as an American opera star, into confrontation with the horribly dreary and painful world of drug addiction; her son (Matthew Barry) sticks a fork in his arm because, we're meant to believe, he's not loved enough. Clayburgh tries to make up this lack by offering to go to bed with him. The film is amazingly silly. (10/8/79) (57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1; through Nov. 15.)

The Magician of Lublin—Based on the Isaac Bashevis Singer novel, with Alan Arkin. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Beekman.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Moment by Moment—With Lily Tomlin and John Travolta; directed by Jane Wagner. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 15.)

The Muppet Movie—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al., travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into show biz and become stars. (7/2/79) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Nov. 21.)

Natural Enemies—With Hal Holbrook, Louise Fletcher, Viveca Lindfors, and José Ferrer; directed by Jeff Kanew. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

Normande—A Canadian film, with Carol Laure, directed by Gilles Carle. In French. (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema; through Nov. 15.)

Nosferatu, the Vampyre—A reprise of the 1922 F. W. Murnau film, by the gifted and prolific Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski exerts his ferocious magnetism as Boss Vampire, and Isabelle Adjani is present as Throat-of-the-Month. There are some fine images, but the film doesn't really add very much to a great tradition. In German. (10/15/79) (Quad Cinema.)

The Onion Field—Joseph Wambaugh's very strong version of his own book, the true story of a sixties Los Angeles cop-killing, with painfully evocative performances by John Savage as the officer who survived a horrifying night in the onion field, and James Woods as the small-time hood who executed Savage's partner. The film's argument is that the law has become, itself, an obstacle to justice, and although this is not wholly proved, a good case is made. (10/1/79) (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 16.)

Orchestra Rehearsal—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (8/27/79) (Cinema Studio 2; starting Nov. 21.)

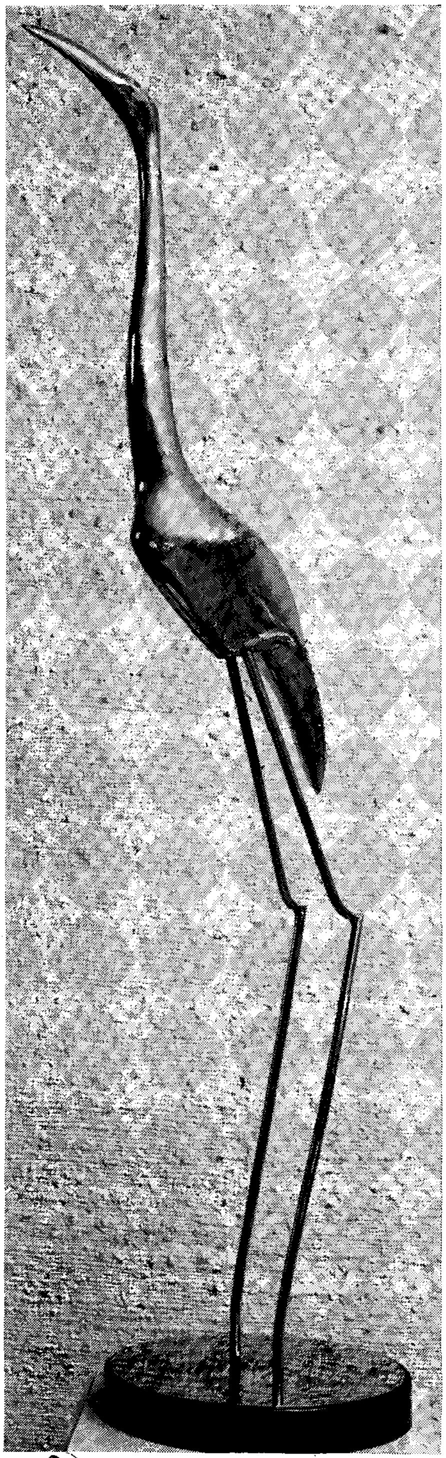
Personal Property (1937)—H. M. Harwood's comedy "The Man in Possession" was pleasant enough in the 1931 movie version, starring Robert Montgomery, but this one, starring Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor, is a dud, despite the efforts of Una O'Connor, Reginald Owen, E. E. Clive, and Cora Witherspoon. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 19.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 14-15, 17, 19, and 21-22.)

Promises in the Dark—If you have the remotest inclination to see a film about a seventeen-year-old girl who dies of cancer, this movie, starring Marsha Mason and Kathleen Beller, is probably the one you ought to see. (11/12/79) (Cinema I; through Nov. 20.)

Red-Headed Woman (1932)—Jean Harlow as a girl who exploits her charms and makes the journey from the wrong side of the tracks to a rich marriage, and then to even richer liaisons. She's a throttler, a scrambler, a kicker—and the picture, written by Anita Loos (based on a novel by Katharine Brush), is tough and funny. Chester Morris is the young man, and Charles Boyer, having just arrived in the U.S., puts in a stunning appearance. Jack Conway directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 19.)

Renaldo & Clara (1978)—Bob Dylan made this three-hour-and-fifty-two-minute film, which was mostly shot during a Bicentennial (1975-76) tour. (The show was called the "Rolling Thunder Revue.") The performance footage is handsomely photographed, but it doesn't



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build up the excitement that one can sometimes feel at a performance film, because the movie keeps cutting away from the stage to cinéma-vérité fantasies of Dylan's life, which occupy more than two-thirds of the running time. Dylan has given himself more tight closeups than any actor can have had in the whole history of movies. (2/13/78) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 18.)

Rich Kids—With Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy, directed by Robert M. Young. (72nd Street East; through Nov. 15.)

Rocky II—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (72nd Street East; starting Nov. 23.)

The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Ziegfeld.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller twinges. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 21.)

The Runner Stumbles—With Dick Van Dyke, Kathleen Quinlan, and Maureen Stapleton; directed by Stanley Kramer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews New York 1; starting Nov. 16.)

Running—A film about a thirty-four-year-old quitter (Michael Douglas), who finds himself, and resumes his responsibilities as husband and father, by running in an Olympic marathon. The story seems constantly on the verge of being persuasive; on account of weaknesses in acting, screenplay, and direction, it never quite is. (11/5/79) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Nov. 15.)

Same Time, Next Year (1978)—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. The gimmick is the way that social changes and fashions in dress and ideas are reflected in these two, and the single joke is that adultery can be regulated and celebrated, just like marriage. Of course it can be, if you remove every ounce of passion and sexual tension from it, which is what the writer, Bernard Slade, and the director, Robert Mulligan, have done. If someone you make the mistake of caring about insists on your going to this movie, take a small flashlight and a book. From Slade's two-character one-set Broadway hit. (12/4/78) (Olympia; Nov. 16-20.)

The Seduction of Joe Tynan—An airless, pious study of political corruption. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Meryl Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Olympia; Nov. 16-20.)

The Shout—With Alan Bates, Susannah York, and John Hurt; directed by Jerzy Skolimowski. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New Yorker 2.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 15-18 and 20-21.)

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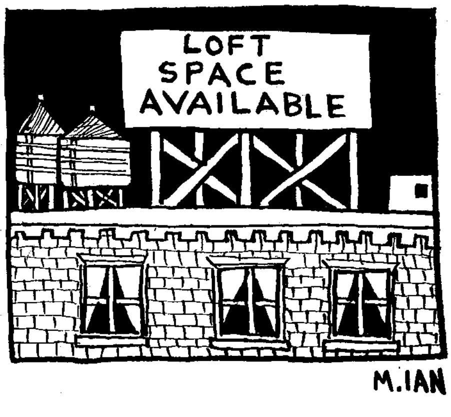
Sleuth (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks that the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 18.)

Starting Over—With Burt Reynolds, Jill Clayburgh, and Candice Bergen; directed by Alan Pakula. (Coronet, and Loews State 1.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 14-15, 17, 19-20, and 22.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Sutton, Loews Ciné, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—Magical Arabian-nights adventures, on enormous, spacious sets and in brilliantly clear Maxfield Parrish colors. The screen seems to be made of velvet. Sabu is the boy thief who befriends Ahmed (John Justin), the prince who has been blinded and has had his kingdom usurped by the evil magician, the Grand Vizier Jaffer (Conrad Veidt). Though Justin is a wan embodiment of virtue, Veidt sparkles with villainy; in his dashing ensembles, he makes superb entrances in the calendar-art vistas that the designer, Vincent Korda, supplied for this essentially cheery Alexander Korda production. Sabu seems most appealing when the wicked Jaffer has turned him into a dog; the dog seems to represent the essence of Sabu, and it even looks like him. Best of all is the deep-rumbling-voiced Rex Ingram as the Djinni of the bottle; this Djinni is not only giant-sized but giant voiced, with a big roaring, threatening laugh and a grin that suggests trouble. (He also has a Southern accent.) Bare except for a loincloth, he has talon fingernails and great quizzical eyebrows, and is bald-headed except for a ponytail. As the heroine, June Duprez—with her pouty mouth and sensual, edgy diction—is an unusual enough choice to catch one's interest. And Miles Malleson does a quirky turn as the Sultan, her toy-loving senile father; Malleson is like a toy himself, and when he becomes enchanted by a mechanical flying horse, he and the machine seem a perfect pair. But as a writer, Malleson, who, along with Lajos Biros, did the script, lacks enchantment; the flashback device at the beginning is unnecessarily complicated, and the dialogue throughout is distressingly ordinary. This adds to the film's other problems—the uneven rhythms and the occasional dead spots, the stagy use of the spectacular sets. Yet considering how many directors took turns on this picture (Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan are all credited, and Zoltán Korda and William Cameron Menzies, who are credited only as associate producers, also had their hands in it, as did Alexander Korda), it's surprising how well it holds together, and how good-natured it is. The Miklos Rozsa score is intrusive and mood-shattering. (Regency; Nov. 18-24.)



This Man Must Die (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father (Michel Duchaussoy) who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son. The opening is powerful, and one looks forward to the storytelling of a celebrated craftsman famous for his perfectly controlled camera movement, but Chabrol's technique sags, and the movie is so hush-hush quiet, so unhurried and unoriginal, that it dies on the screen. As the uncouth villain, Jean Yanne is the only person in the film who has any vitality. From Nicholas Blake's novel "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 19.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Gramercy. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Nov. 16.)

Time After Time—H. G. Wells inadvertently unlooses Jack the Ripper on San Francisco in the twentieth century and then tries to catch up with him to transport him back to the century where he belongs. Wells falls in love with a somewhat liberated young lady of our time. A sweet, inventive romantic comedy, starring Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Nicholas Meyer, who wrote "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." (10/29/79) (34th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; starting Nov. 16.)

Unfaithfully Yours (1948)—One of the most sophisticated slapstick comedies ever made, this classic, written and directed by Preston Sturges, got terrible reviews and failed at the box office. The hero, a symphony conductor (a parody of Sir Thomas Beecham), is played by Rex Harrison, who is at one of his comic peaks. The conductor, convinced that his wife (Linda Darnell) has been unfaithful to him, dispatches her in three different ways—the three ways are set to the music of Rossini, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky. With Edgar Kennedy, Rudy Vallée, Kurt Kreuger, Barbara Lawrence, and Lionel Stander. (Thalia; Nov. 20.)

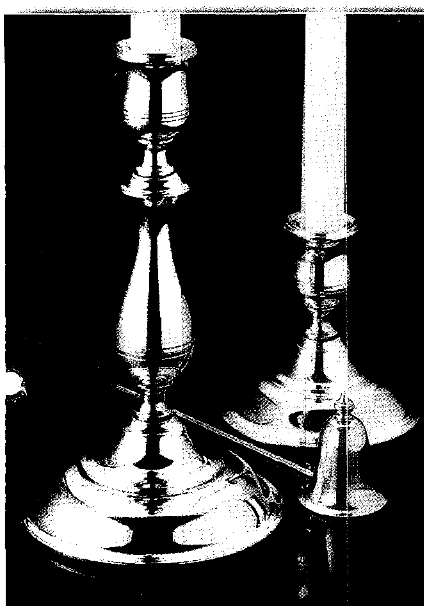
Vanina Vanini (1961)—Directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Nov. 19.)

When a Stranger Calls—With Carol Kane, Charles Durning, and Colleen Dewhurst; directed by Fred Walton. (R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ Forum; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Nov. 16.)

The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 23.)

The World's Greatest Lover (1977)—Gene Wilder's slapstick farce may not be long, but "long" is a relative term, and a half hour of this is eternity enough. It's set in the twenties and has to do with a Milwaukee baker (Wilder) who goes to Hollywood for a screen test, hoping to become a rival to Rudolph Valentino. The picture never rises to sophomoric humor—it's infantile humor, for young, slow kids, who want everything pounded at them. With Carol Kane, Dom DeLuise, and Fritz Feld. Script by Wilder, with a "thank you" credit to Fellini (for the use of part of the plot of "The White Sheik"). (Olympia; starting Nov. 21.)

Yanks—An invasion of England by American troops in the early days of the Second World War. Director John Schlesinger masses his G.I.s in great numbers, and essays three love stories between visitors and hosts, but it's all soft and false—tepid, in fact. Vanessa Redgrave and the talented Lisa Eichhorn are involved. (10/1/79) (St. Marks Cinema, Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 15.)



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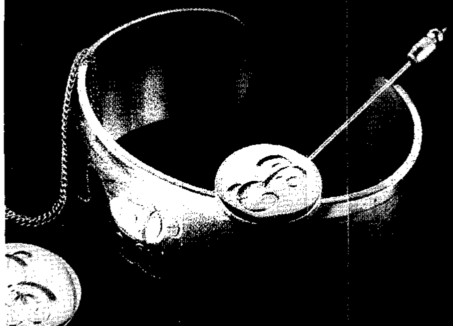

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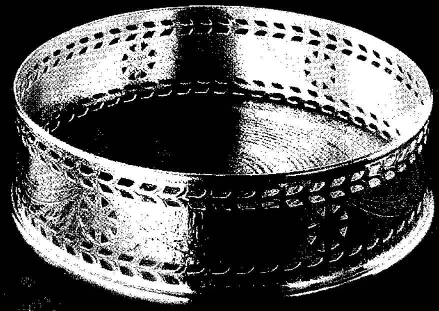

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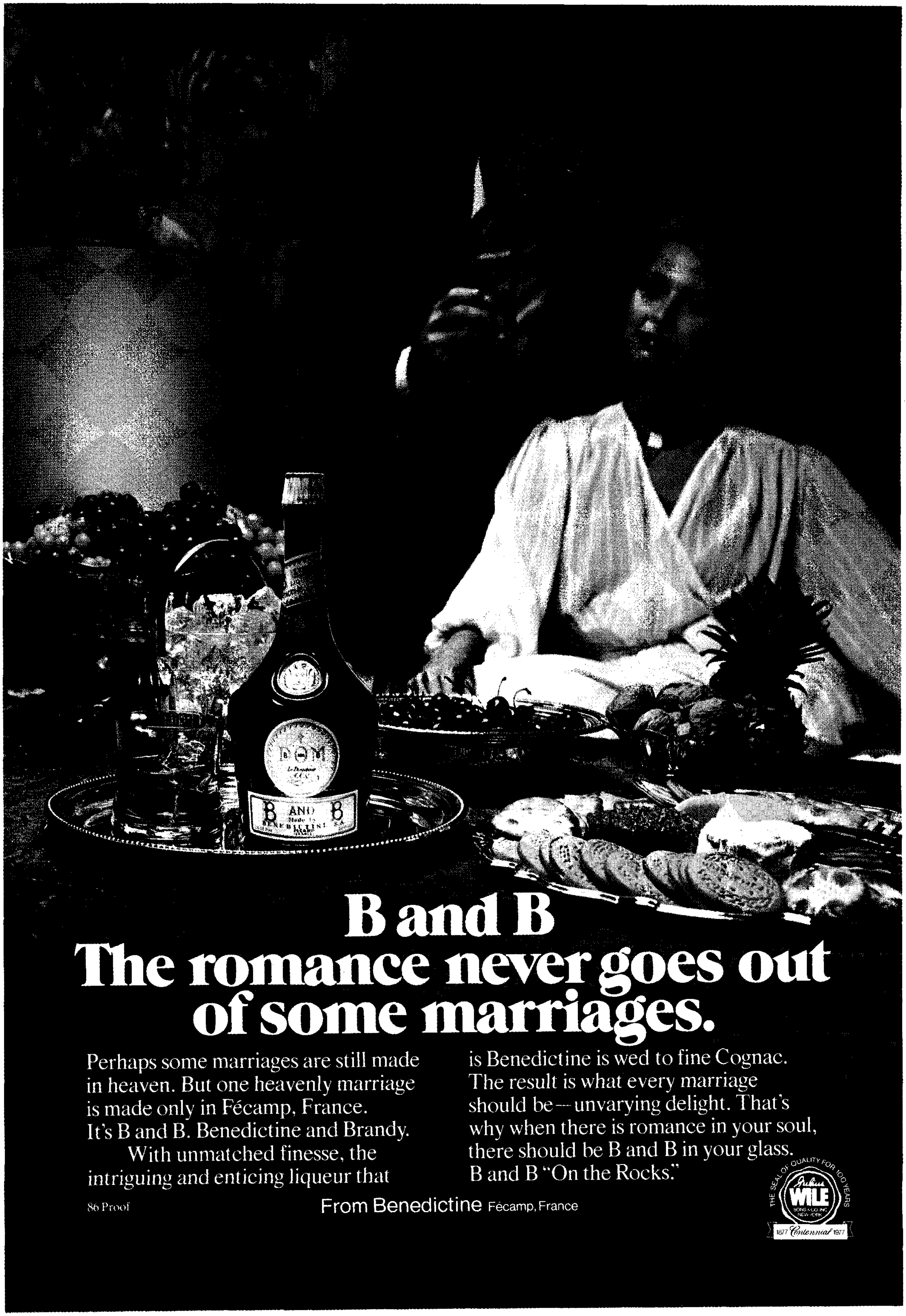

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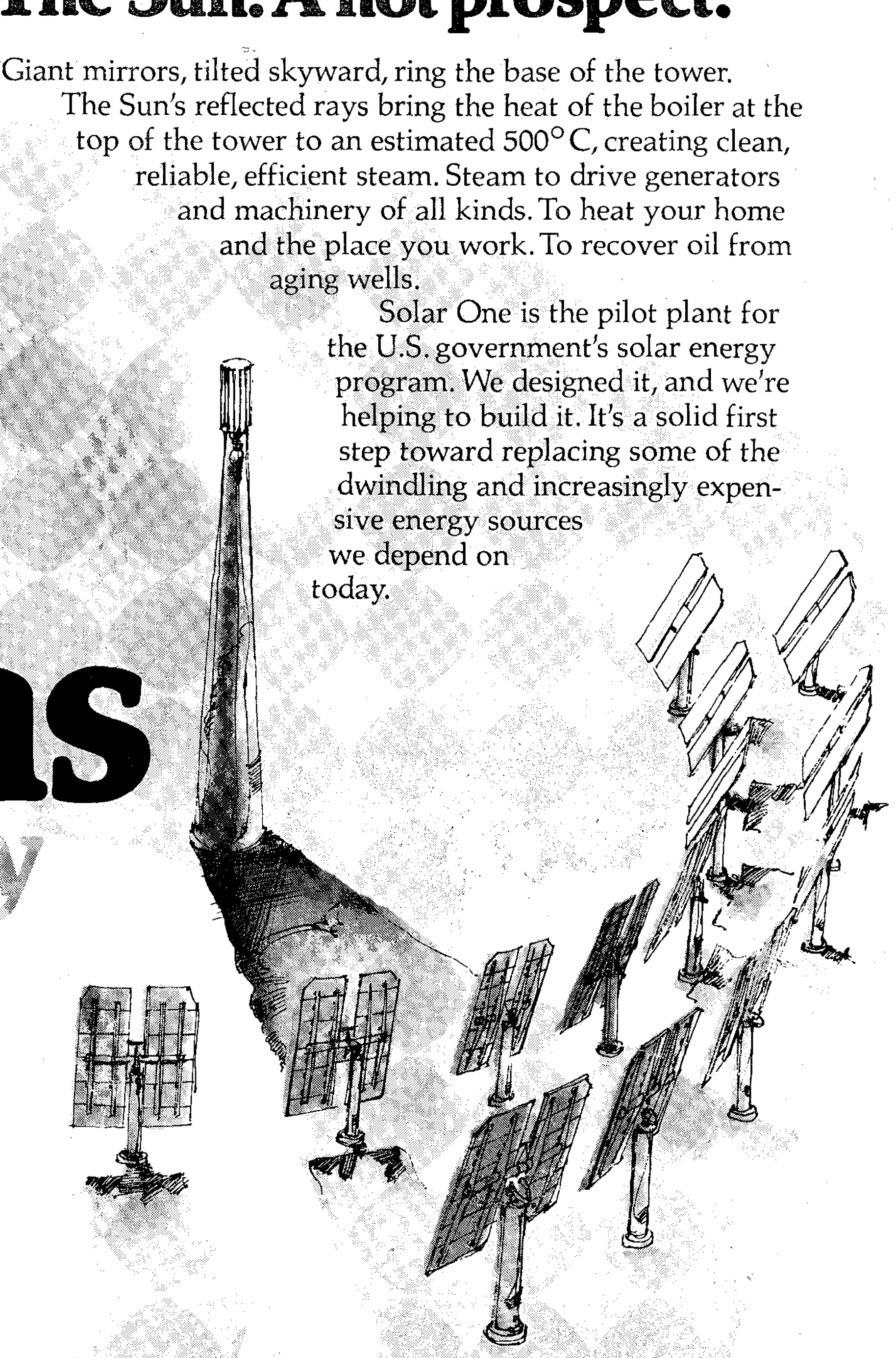

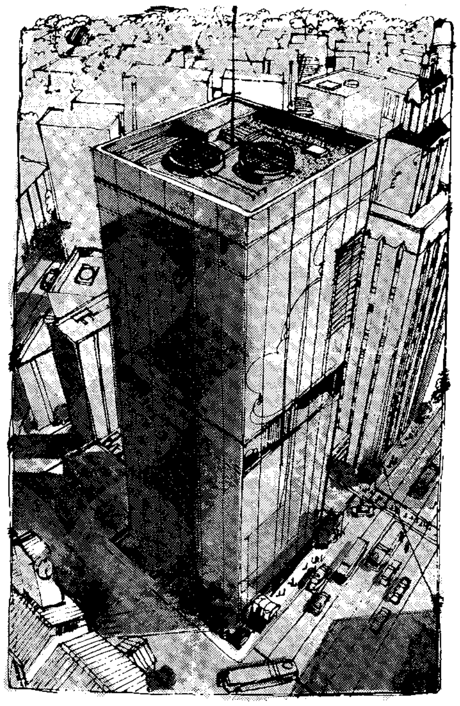

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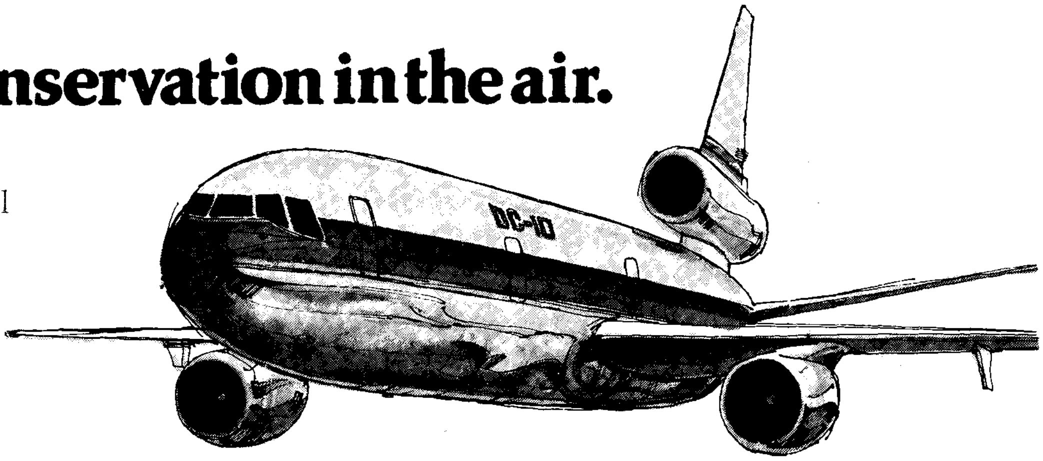

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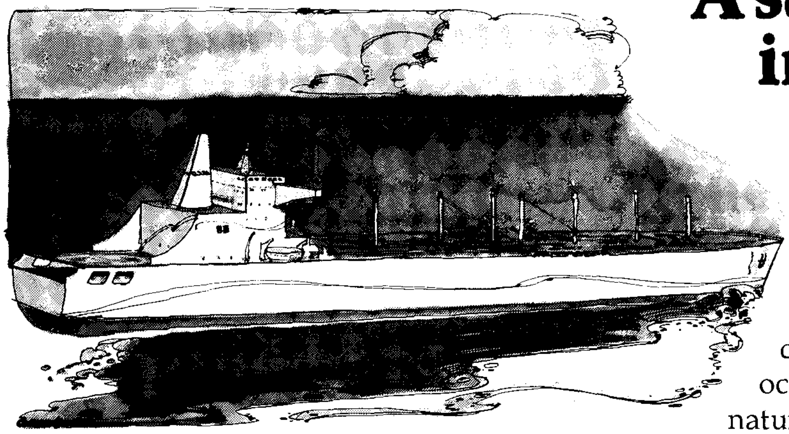

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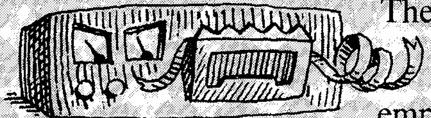

There are probably few places where the phrase "caveat emptor"— let the buyer beware—is more applicable than in high fidelity.

The average consumer walks into a hi-fi store only to be confronted by a morass of receivers, turntables and tape decks, running the gamut from the unaffordable to the unpronounceable. And to make matters worse, the salesman seems to speak some bizarre dialect about megahertz and transient response.

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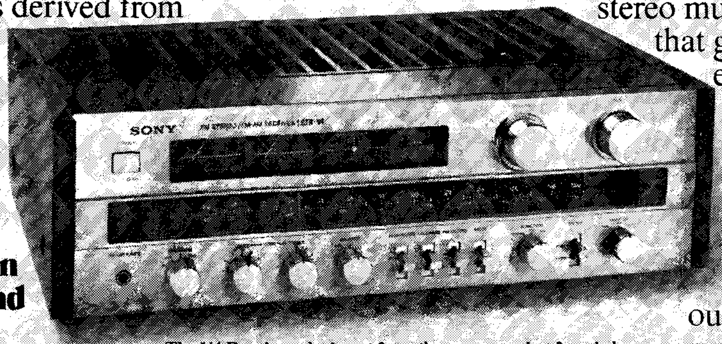

The V4 Receiver: the latest from the company that founded the era of transistorized high fidelity.

In terms of power, for example, the V4 offers ample wattage to fill almost any size living room with clean, clear sound. (55 watts per channel at 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 hertz, with less than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.)

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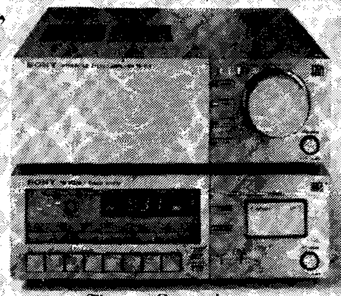

The new Sony micro components: small in everything but performance.

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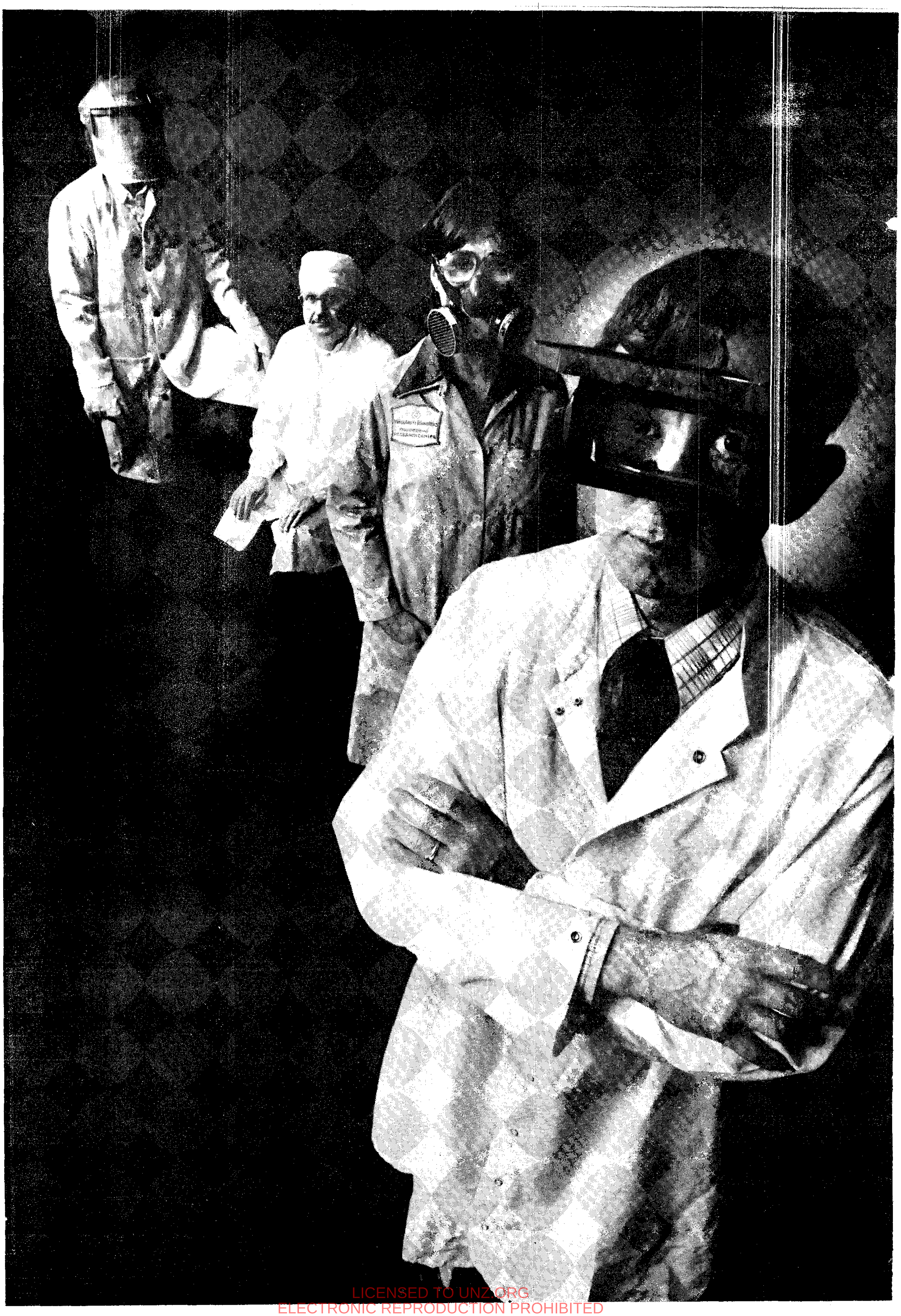

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG woman we know writes:

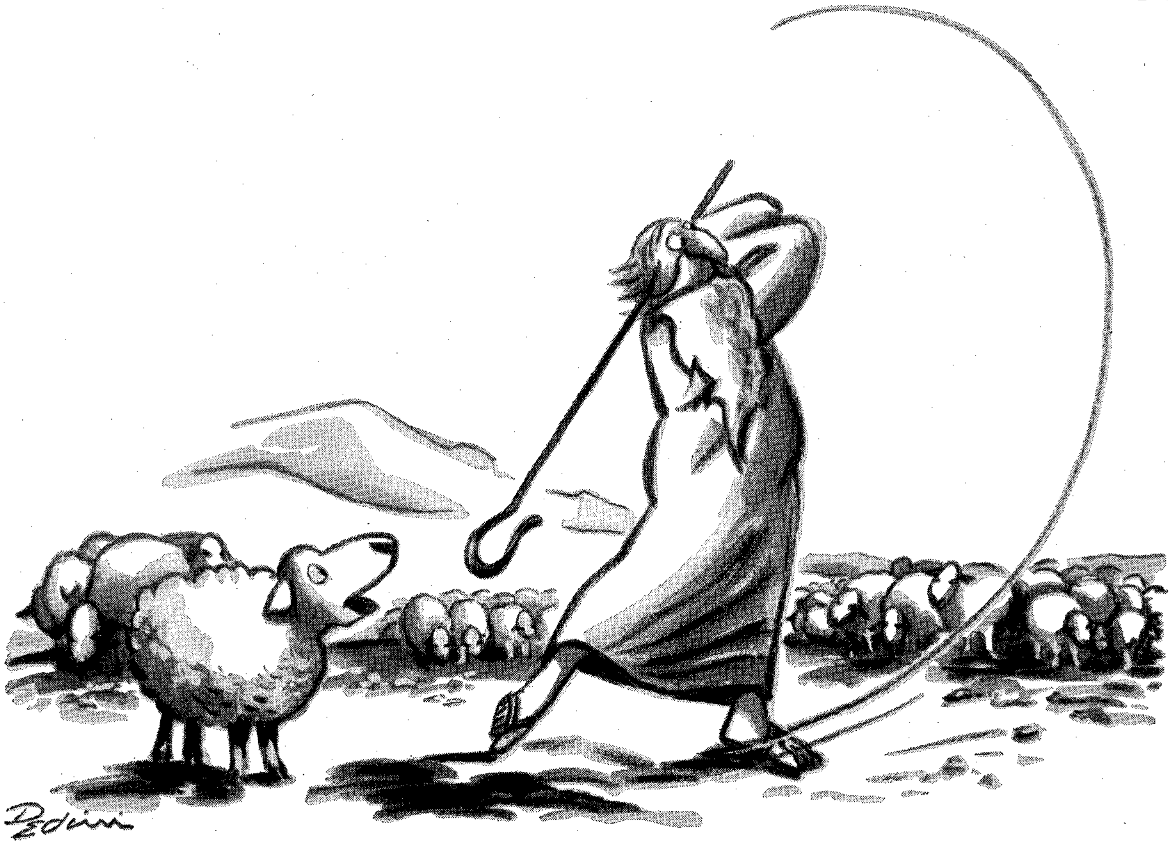
This morning, I was listening to the radio—I mean, I was ironing my shirt and the radio was on—and the disc jockey said that the Beatles were getting back together, that they were going to give a benefit concert for some important cause or other, and how great that would be. He said, "Can you imagine the Beatles back and playing together?" I imagined that, and while I was at it I imagined a number of other things. I imagined that I was in love with the man who discovered the principle of hydrogen bonding and that he was in love with me, too, and that it was all almost wonderful; I imagined that my favorite color was red and that my favorite words were "vivid," "astonishing," "enigmatic," "ennui," and "ululating;" I imagined that even though I hadn't died I was in Heaven; I imagined that all the people I didn't like were gathered up in one big barrel and rolled down from a high mountain into a deep, deep part of the sea; I imagined that all the books on my shelf had long legs and wore flesh-colored panty hose and that their long legs in the flesh-colored panty hose dangled from the bookshelf; I imagined that the trains in the subway had all the comforts of a private DC-9; I imagined that I had the most beautiful face in the whole world and that some men would faint after they got a good, close look at it; I imagined that I had different-colored underwear for every day of the year; I imagined that it was a real pleasure to be with me, because I was so much fun and always knew the right thing to say when the right thing needed to be said; I imagined that I knew by heart all the poems of William Wordsworth; I imagined that it rained only at night, starting just before I fell asleep, so that the sound of the rain would lull me to sleep, and that it stopped raining just before I woke up every morning; I imagined that I could run my tongue across the windowpane and not pick up, perhaps, some deadly germ; I imagined that all the people in the world were colored and that they all liked it a whole lot, because they could wear outlandishly styled clothes in outlandish colors and not feel ridiculous; and then I again imagined the Beatles back and playing together. None of it did a thing for me.

• •

Upside Relief

WEEKDAY mornings, a lot of people who own radio-alarm clocks awaken at the sound of Larry Wachtel's voice. It is a good-humored voice but not a lullaby voice. It sounds more like several taxis stuck in tunnel traffic. It sounds the way Larry Wachtel looks—late forties, dark hair, medium height, stocky build, plenty of smiles. Larry Wachtel broadcasts stock-market commentary on WINS, the all-news-all-the-time radio station. The other announcers on WINS have had their regional dialects flattened and their elocution polished so you can doze right through their accounts of apartment-house blazes and after-hours-club stickups and hockey results, until 7:27 A.M. At that moment, Wachtel, speaking very quickly in a native Brooklynese—a Brooklynese so resilient it has withstood three years' exposure to life in Yonkers and, before that, sixteen years' exposure to life in the Bronx, not to mention nineteen working years on Wall Street—offers one minute and forty-five seconds of fact and opinion about the day ahead in the business world in general and the stock market in particular. Wachtel, who is a first vice-president in the research department of Bache Halsey Stuart Shields, Inc., a brokerage firm, writes all his own material. To accomplish this, he has to wake up awfully early. The least that someone still lying there in bed can do is pay attention. This requires no real effort, because Wachtel is addicted to ear-opening phraseology. He does not hesitate to sound esoteric: he talks of "the OPEC-High Interest Cabal," and he says that "the broad list is severely oversold and is in the framework that normally would allow some upside relief." He waxes inspirational: "We now have the possibility of an orthodox one-third to one-half retracement of the prior one-hundred-point decline, so today let's think follow-through, let's think volume." He stands fearless in the face of the cliché and the mixed metaphor: "When a lot of finance ministers sit around and send ideas up the flagpole, you never know what can develop," and "I believe the market has been put to the test and while the jury is still out I feel the prognosis is favorable." He anthropomorphizes: "I am hopeful that the market will begin to look beyond the short-term pain of higher interest rates to the long-term pleasure of combatting inflation." He loves the stock market.

Occasionally, Wachtel is cryptic. The other day, for instance, he came up with the following: "On the downside, the seven-ninety-to-eight-hundred region represents an area of primary support. We expect the blue-chip index to build its tedious picket fence within that range over the next several



"Pretty good, but you're still slicing. Shorten your backswing and start down with your left hip."

• •

weeks." What he meant by this, apparently, was that he hoped the Dow-Jones Industrials average would not fall below 790. "Every now and then, you've got to reach for them," he told us, in an apologetic tone, when we asked about the picket fence. "My approach has always been that I'm talking to a professional audience—real market watchers. I assume that they know what I mean. Maybe I overdo it."

On this particular day—which happened to be the fiftieth anniversary of Black Tuesday, the climax of the 1929 stock-market collapse—we observed Wachtel doing his early chores. At a quarter to six, a black limousine, driven by a man known as Al, arrived at Wachtel's home in Yonkers for the trip to his office, in lower Manhattan. Along the way, he read fresh copies of the *Times* and the *Wall Street Journal* that had been waiting for him in the back seat. Because it was a Monday, he had brought along sections of the weekend newspapers and the latest issue of *Barron's*, and he read them as well. A few years ago, before the limousine became a fixture in Wachtel's life, he rode the subway to the financial district, often encountering delays that forced him to phone the radio station and do his broadcast from the I.R.T., winging it without a typewritten script. Now, however, there was no bothersome traffic, and the limousine ride took only a half hour. It was such a swift trip that when Wachtel arrived at his office, near City Hall, he had not finished honing his metaphors. Nevertheless, he had a good idea of what he planned to say.

"I'm going with the Great Crash this morning," he said as he rode the elevator to the sixth floor at Bache to check the foreign-currency markets in the institutional-trading department. "You can't avoid talking about the Crash. Last week, I was on the road a few days in Virginia—Norfolk, Hampton. Everybody asked me, 'Is there going to be another Crash?' Today, I think I'll start off with 'Yes, Virginia, your little friends are correct. Fifty years ago today, Wall Street laid a great big egg.' Then I'll tell them that it can't happen again."

When Wachtel had the foreign-currency quotations in hand—the dollar was holding up well against the British pound, the Swiss franc, the Deutsche mark, and the yen—he led us to his office, on the third floor. Inside, electronic ticker screens from the American Stock Exchange and the New York Stock Exchange occupied one wall. They were illuminated but quiet, each bearing a stationary printout, "EZEZEZ EZEZ EZEZEZEZEZEZ," as if the markets were still asleep. The rest of the office, however, looked as if it had already survived a full working day. Wachtel glanced around the room—at yellowed stacks of *Wall Street Journals* on the floor, cabinets stuffed and overflowing with financial periodicals, wire copy spilling off desks—and said, "I know. I've got to clean this place up. We're having some visiting firemen coming in any minute. But I'm a big paper-saver. Now I have to get to work."

He removed the jacket of his suit—a three-piece blue houndstooth check—and hung it over the back of his chair, spread out newspapers on his desk, sat down at his typewriter, and got to work. Twenty minutes later, he yanked a sheet of paper out of the machine and announced, "I'm all done." He invited us to inspect the results. The script led off, as he had promised, with the Great Crash, and averred, "There ain't going to be no depression," then weaved adroitly through "the beleaguered bond market," something called "the Blue Monday syndrome," "international uncertainty in the wake of the violence in South Korea," "the key Saudi benchmark grade," "factory orders, construction spending, and the leading economic indicators," and the blue-chip index's "tedious picket fence," and, at the end, stated, "It's a time for regaining composure and deflecting disaster. Selectivity will continue to hold sway." When we handed the script back, he stepped into another office, phoned an engineer at WINS, cleared his throat twice, said, "Testing one two three four four three two one," read the entire script in one take, hung up, and returned to his office with ten minutes to spare before turning on his transistor radio to hear a playback.

"It always kills me to listen to myself on the radio," he said. "I hear my voice and I think, That can't be me—*I* sound like Ronald Colman. I get calls saying 'You need speech lessons.' I get other calls saying 'I love your voice; you're a New York guy.' I get calls saying 'What stocks do you like?' and 'What stocks do you *really* like?' " He hunched his shoulders and then arched his back, like someone who has just risen from a nap. "I'm glad to be back in the office today. Because I was on the road part of last week, I kind of lost my feel for the market. I need today to get it back. But I have to travel a lot. I give speeches and pep talks at our branch offices. I can't help it. I'm in demand. This afternoon, I'm giving a little presentation up at the Lord & Taylor store in White Plains. You know, they do Chinese cooking one day, the stock market the next. I'm the stock market."

Film

A WOMAN had the eminent international journalist Lowell Thomas on the ropes at a low-proof (white wine, Coke, Fresca) cocktail party in the Schermerhorn Room of the Union Club while people waited for the Dalai Lama, the Tibetan spiritual leader, to arrive and receive a film, made in Tibet in 1942 and 1943 by two members of the Office of Strategic Services, that the Veterans of the O.S.S. wanted to give the holy man as a gesture of friendship on his first visit to America. "As a newscaster, you visited Tibet, didn't you?" the woman was saying. "Well, when they show the film, you'll be one of the few people in the room who will know what Tibet actually looks like. You visited China, too, didn't you? Which did you like better—China or Tibet? Did you find there was freedom of speech in China? Were you able to say what you wanted, or did you have to watch yourself? I bet China was fascinating—"

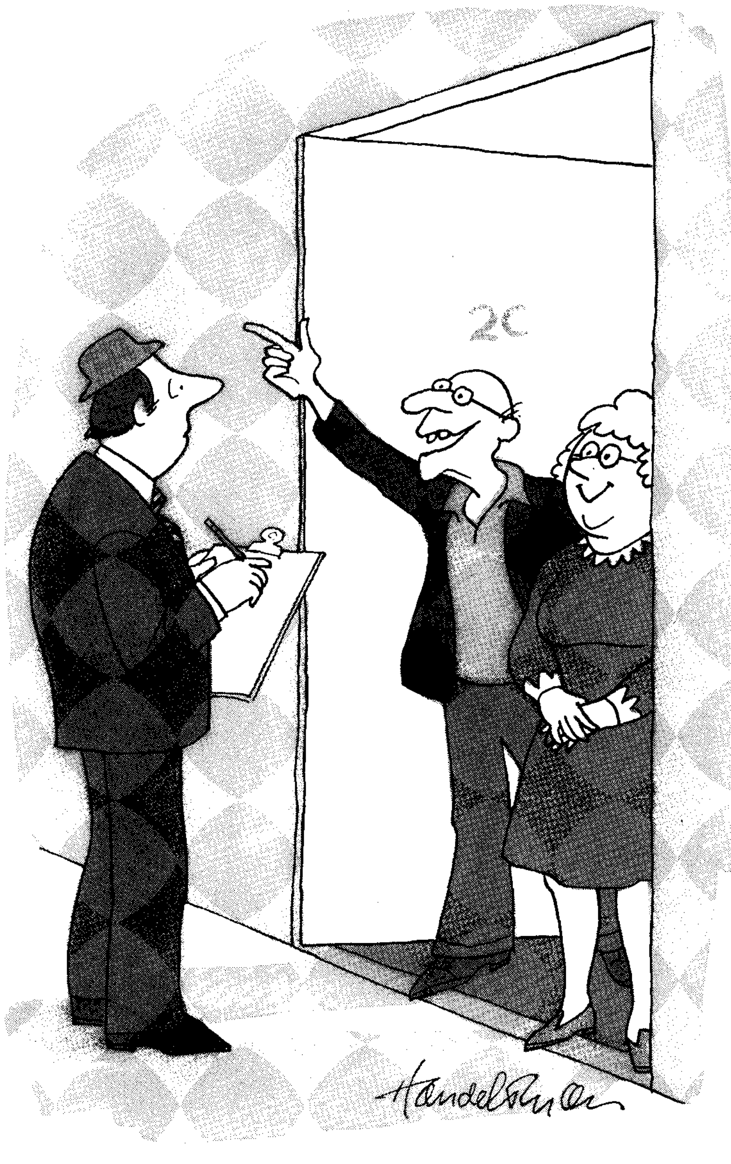
Then, suddenly, a round photographer standing near the door hopped to, and the TV cameramen turned on their lights, and Lowell Thomas headed toward the door, and the people in the room came to attention in a rank, and in walked Tenzin Gyatso, His Holiness the Fourteenth Dalai Lama, who has been recognized as the reincarnation of his predecessor, the Thirteenth Dalai Lama, since he was two years old in the small village of Taktser, in northeastern Tibet, who is called *yeshe norbu* ("the wish-fulfilling gem") and *kundun* ("the presence") by the Tibetan people, and who has been living in exile since the Chinese crushed a rebellion in Tibet in 1959. As he came through the door, he was giving someone an autograph.

Lowell Thomas brought along a man in a brown suit from the crowd. "Your Holiness, I would like to present the famous Dr. Jonas Salk," he said.

The Dalai Lama sat down and watched the film, which was made for strategic purposes by Captain Brooke Dolan, of the O.S.S. Colonel Ilia Tolstoy, grandson of the writer, was the other O.S.S. officer on the Tibetan trek.

"Tibet is a land of mystery and mysticism." Shot of mountains, clouds. "Religion is the dominant influence that controls the people of this vast land. . . . The very existence of the Tibetan depends upon the yak." Shot of yaks. "Tibetans are inherently sociable." Shot of smiling Tibetans. "They have a happy disposition and make friends quickly. . . . Nature presented Tibet with the ideal focal point for Buddhism." Shot of face of Dalai Lama, aged eight. End.

The lights came on, and the Dalai Lama stood up. His head was shaved so that it looked as if his hair had been drawn on his head. He was wearing rectangular metal-rimmed glasses. His red robes reached below his knees. He was wearing red ankle socks and brown oxfords. He said something in Tibetan. "Thank you very much. It was an excellent film," his interpreter said. The Dalai Lama then threw back his robe, looked at a gold watch on his left wrist, and said something else in Tibetan. "Since there's not much time, I think I will excuse myself," his interpreter said.



"Teddy? You bet your boots we're for Teddy. Charge!"

Three Hotels

THE FUTURE: The future is at the Sheraton Centre. Now. Right now. The eighties. It's completely a matter of the eighties. Nothing to do with the seventies, which is what the date is now; nothing to do with the sixties, when the hotel was the Americana Hotel, which was a sister hotel of the Americana Hotel of Bal Harbour, which was one of the big hotels in the fifties. ("In All the Americas . . . In All the World Nothing Like the Americana," etc., etc.) The Sheraton Centre is totally a matter of the eighties. The Sheraton Centre sent out invitations. "The Dawning of a New Decade," they said. Also, "the brilliant Imperial Ballroom, a taste of man's awesome architectural ingenuity in making the impossible a here-and-now reality." Also, "forty members of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Nelson Riddle in a lively score of original music—DAWN '80." This is the future. This is the dawn of the eighties. So contemporary, the eighties. Not like the seventies. All that unsureness. No. It's the future. Invitations. So many in the future. Nelson Riddle. He'll be there. With his famous arrangement of "Lisbon Antigua," for instance. It's all coming up. It's all here right now. Big. Unrolling like a list.

At "Celebration '80, The Dawning of a New Decade," at the Sheraton Centre:

A young man with dark hair and thin arms walked quickly to a table upon which was set out the food of the future—the hors d'oeuvres of the future, the little cocktail hot dogs of the future. He was framed, the table was framed, the hors d'oeuvres were framed by roses.

The young man said to a man behind the table, "Listen, nobody can take the flowers."

The man behind the table, a short man with curly gray hair, said, "I can't stop them."

The young man with dark hair said, "No. No. When they do it, you say 'No.' They can't pull them out. They can't pull out the flowers." The young man with dark hair left.

The shorter man looked up at the flowers: masses of small rosebuds. He served some food. He wore white gloves that were just slightly soiled. "They pull them out. How can I stop them?" he asked us.

This is the future. Silver-gray pillars are part of the future. Pillars like something on a ship. Pillars so large they look like housings—like something invented to cover air-conditioning equipment or security equipment or emergency equipment of use in the future. The Imperial Ballroom of the Sheraton Centre has them now. Already. The silver-gray pillars of the future.

A young woman asked us if there was anything she could help us with. She was in tour sales, she said.

We asked if she knew who had designed the pillars.

"I'm sorry, I don't," she said. "I asked you if there was anything you wanted to know, and now I probably won't be able to tell you anything you want to know." This young woman then turned to someone else.

A gray-haired woman carrying several roses came up and looked straight at us and then went away, saying a few words to herself.

A young man standing next to a pile of crab hors d'oeuvres ate one crab hors d'oeuvre after another. Then he looked straight at us. "Well, at least I'm not taking roses," he said. "Some of those ladies have ten, twenty roses." The young man had a voice that was soft but highly inflected.

Another young man had cameras hanging from his shoulders. He was talking to a man and a woman. The woman was interested in what he was saying. The man wasn't. It seemed that the young man with the cameras had thought up the name of a Broadway show. "Then it was an idea. Now it's a play," he said. The man turned away from him to talk to someone else.

"They never gave me credit. They never gave me a credit line," the young man said to the woman.

The woman tapped the man who had turned away, and brought him around. "They never gave him credit, dear," she said.

The young man said, "Yeah, the end of the story is they never gave me credit."

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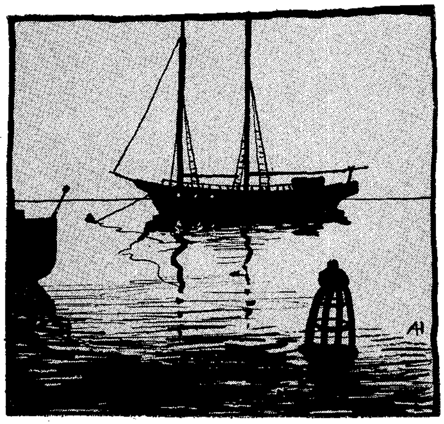
THE PRESENT: At Hurlingham's, a restaurant with a polo motif at the New York Hilton, representatives of the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club—a *new* Polo and Country Club, a Polo and Country Club of this moment (situated on sixteen hundred and fifty acres; offering a splendid array of sports facilities, including the world's most complete polo center and an equestrian complex; complemented by a choice of villas, cottages, and luxurious manors, distinctive residences that offer exceptional value in a setting of aristocratic excellence)—met with others interested in the motif of polo and in elaborations of the motif of polo. At Hurlingham's, the polo motif was carried out in a restrained breakfront filled with books (Hervey Allen, the novels of Frank Stockton, Reader's Digest Condensed Books), in restrained brass light fixtures, in red carpet squares with green leaves and little yellow polo players on them, and in reproductions of paintings by Gainsborough and Reynolds representing the ties of sport to the vanished world of eighteenth-century England. There was a lectern and, behind the lectern, a large painting of a polo player—a painting done in the style of paintings done on television through the agency of a computer.



Some people in the room were in formal clothes, because it was the evening of the opening of the Horse Show and some people were going to the Horse Show, where there was to be an exhibition of polo (sponsored by the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club), which, according to representatives of the Polo and Country Club, would be the first polo played in Manhattan in fifteen years. It was the opinion of many people in the room that polo was "going to happen." It wasn't just representatives of the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club who said this. Other people said it. They said that polo was going to happen.

Jerzy Kosinski, who has written a book with a polo motif, was there (in formal dress), and he was of the opinion that polo was going to happen. Of more interest, he felt, was the fact that polo hadn't happened before. "It's an ultimately American event," he said. "Horses and men. Cowboys. The collision of two teams. Why wouldn't it make it? I have a theory. It is the film lens. The film lens can't cover the field. The saying in polo is that the action is always on the other side of the field. The field is ten times the size of a football field. The lens can't cover the field."

Mr. William Ylvisaker, chairman of the board of Gould, Inc., which is the parent organization of the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club, spoke. He stood in back of the lectern, in front of the large painting of the polo player. He mentioned the sponsored polo events that are scheduled to occur at the Polo and Country Club. Rolex, the world's leader in fine timepieces, will sponsor the Rolex Gold Cup; Cartier, which has long stood for excellence in jewelry, will sponsor the Cartier International Open; and Michelob will sponsor the Michelob World Cup. Gucci and Paine Webber will sponsor tournament days, he said. "It is indicative that if we get these sponsors we will get publicity," he said.

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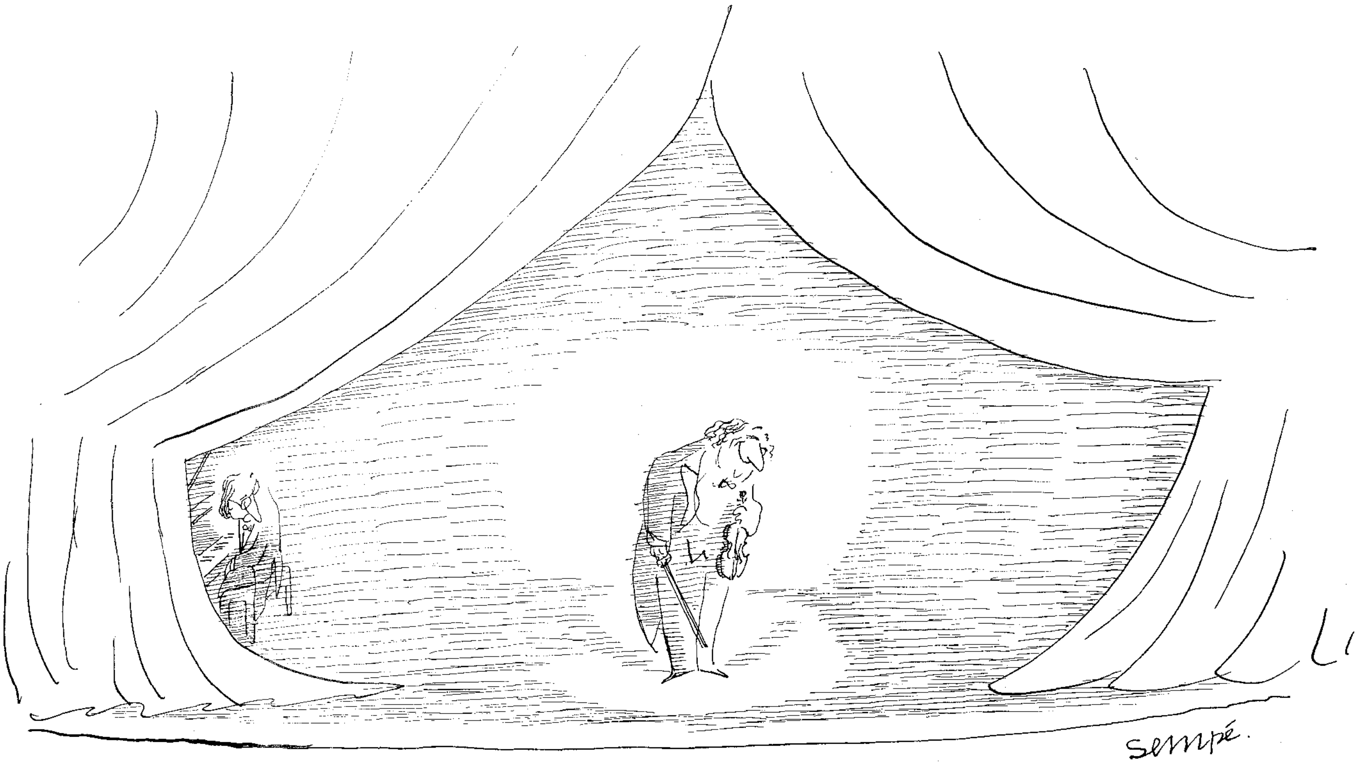
THE PAST: The St. Regis-Sheraton has put up a display in the east end of its lobby. There are pictures of events and people associated with the St. Regis, assembled on big sil-



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ver-colored cardboard panels standing something over seven feet tall. These panels zigzag through the east end of the lobby in the way associated with school exhibits. The Story of Milk. The Oregon Trail. These Indian Artifacts Collected by a Local Resident. The photographs are good, however. There are good pictures of Fifth Avenue, showing the Gotham and the St. Regis as the tallest buildings on the avenue; good pictures of the interior as it was furnished when the hotel opened, in 1904. There is considerable space given to ramifications of the Astor family's association with the hotel. The captions seek to be helpful and *are* helpful. Ingenuous, too, in a way. Pleasing adjectives are sought for everyone. Fernand Petiot, whom Vincent Astor imported from Harry's New York Bar in Paris, is described as a "popular bartender." Ava Astor's second husband is called a "well-known English lord," and then his title is misspelled. A section on the nineteen-fifties is angled in toward the wall, nearly intersecting an ormolu standing clock. In this part of the display, the silver cardboard panels are linked one to another by small silver-colored plastic hinges. From top to bottom on the edge near the ormolu clock are pictures of Ernest and Mary Hemingway (he was the popular novelist), Mr. Petiot, the popular bartender, and then a more purely social group, including Elsa Maxwell, Winston Guest, Jean Howard, Fulton Cutting III, and Mrs. Winston Guest. The picture is unbecoming to Miss Maxwell—especially to one of her arms—and it is becoming, in a way, to Mrs. Guest, who looks bored in a manner that would be interesting to someone glancing in her direction.

Mayor

ONE day recently, at about half past twelve, some people with disparate professional interests gathered at the site of the first City Hall in New York City, on Pearl Street—now a vacant lot—and waited for Mayor Koch, the city's Landmarks Preservation Commissioner, and an archeologist to say a few words about archeology, Old New York, immigrants, the Dutch, the city today, archeologists, the original shoreline of Manhattan, archeological digs in Jerusalem, archeological roots in old Greece, and other things along those lines. The people were there at the request of the Landmarks Preservation Commissioner, a large man with large, very white teeth, which anyone could see when he smiled, and he smiled a lot. The Mayor was late, and these people whom the Landmarks Preservation Commissioner had invited to hear him, the archeologist, and the Mayor speak wandered around almost aimlessly when they weren't signing a piece of paper that said if they fell down and hurt themselves they wouldn't sue anybody. Then the Mayor arrived, and suddenly all these people, with their disparate professional interests, and maybe even disparate personal interests, found a common ground: all attention was now focussed on the Mayor. He walked over to the Landmarks Preservation Commissioner and the archeologist and greeted them. Then, while the Landmarks Preservation Commissioner and the archeologist made their speeches, the Mayor stuck his hands deep in his trouser pockets, glanced up and down, knit his eyebrows, made creases in his forehead, unmade the creases in his forehead, turned to look at what the people behind him were doing, looked up at the blue sky, looked down at his shiny black shoes, rubbed the area above his left cheek and just underneath his lower eyelid with the tip of his left index finger, put his left hand back in his left trouser pocket, pursed his lips, unpursed his lips, rocked his head from side to side, turned again to look at what the men behind him were doing, squinted his eyes, unsquinted his eyes, pressed his lips tightly together, then stretched them out in a Cheshire-cat smile, looked up at some pigeons flying by, took his left hand out of his left trouser pocket again, and rocked his head from side to side again. Later, we asked the Mayor what was going through his mind during the time the Landmarks Preservation Commissioner and the archeologist were making their speeches. Without missing a beat, the Mayor said, "I was thinking how proud I am to be the one-hundred-and-fifth Mayor of the City of New York."

THE U.P.S. MAN

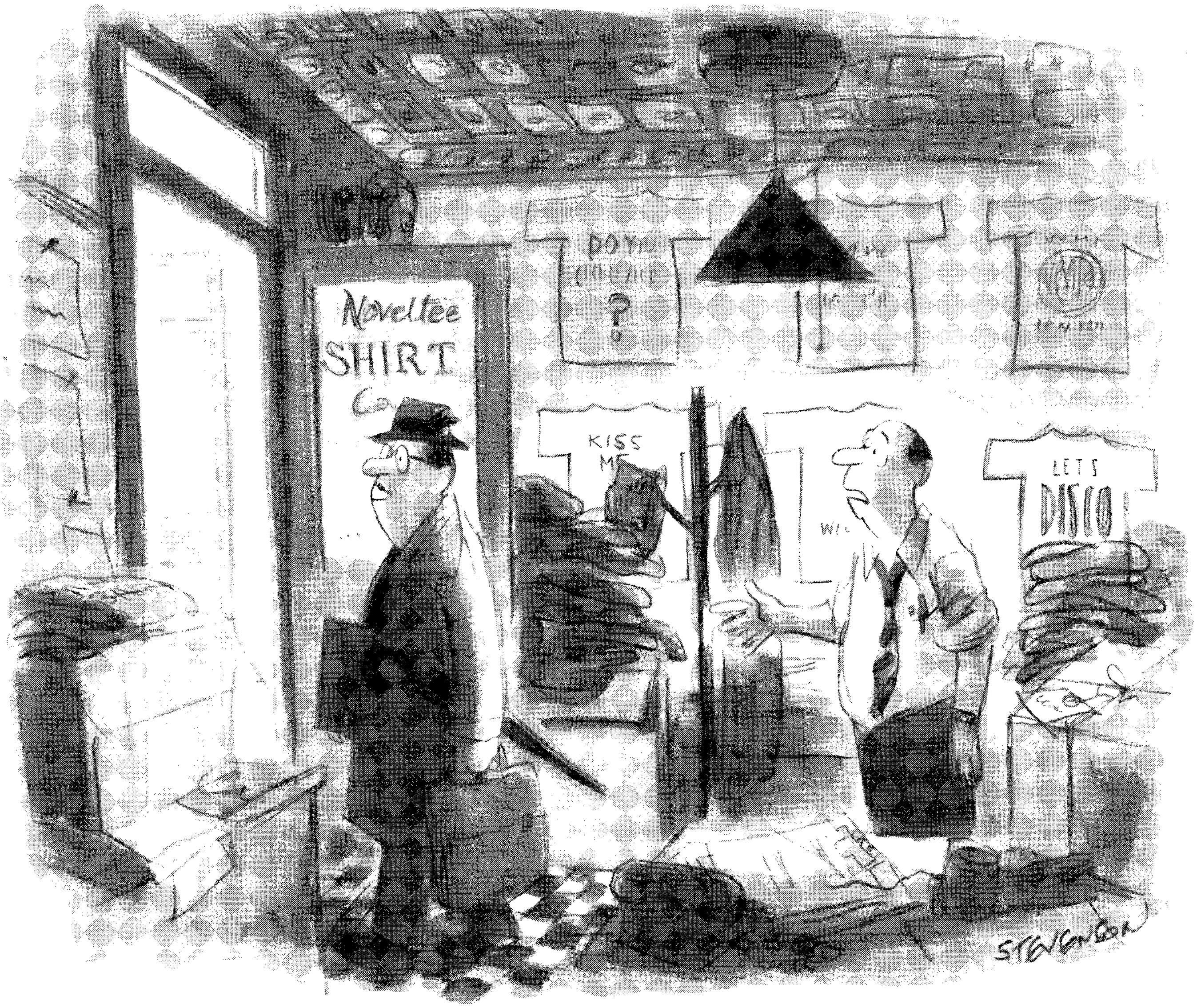
I LIVE in the mountains west of Boulder, Colorado. The road I live on is called Four Mile Canyon, though actually it winds for five miles, not four, from Boulder Canyon (Highway 119), which is the route from Boulder on the plains to Nederland in the mountains. My road cuts right off that about two miles outside of Boulder. Four Mile Canyon has houses on the road, houses off the road, and houses hidden in the trees and perched on rocks, near and far, here and there, though on the other hand compared to most of America the road is sparsely populated, and after five miles it ends and you haven't reached my house yet. After five miles Four Mile's asphalt becomes a fork, dirt both ways. I live to the left, one and a half miles farther along. That is, after one and a half miles with not a dozen houses, you come to a cluster of cabins called Wallstreet. That's where I live. My neighbors are mostly young people, not mountain people, though there are mountain people here and there, and the young people consider themselves mountain people, though they're not. Many of them are not young anymore, either, though they're still "young people," and some of them are young people in the process of turning into mountain people by virtue of continuing to be here, though not turning into the mountain people who came before, who were miners and the rest of that—gold miners, silver miners, and saloonkeepers, loggers and blue-eyed lady alcoholics. Many but not all of the people who live here now came recently from places like Massachusetts and Florida. Many but not all commute for a living to Boulder every day. Some few, however, do not seem to do this, despite the system of our times. People live tucked away in these mountains who do not run downtown to work. But they are people one does not see much. They keep to themselves, chopping wood, drawing water. Except for the U.P.S. man. The U.P.S. man, if you live where I live in these mountains, you see every day.

I GUESS I'd been living here for nearly a year before I became aware of something. I had been a busy and distracted person like everyone else, working in Boulder and not spending day after day up here, but then came the time when I found myself free of the obligation to work in town. Not three weeks passed before I became aware of the U.P.S. man; that is, I had noticed the shiny brown delivery van before, but I had never looked at it. I had never actually seen it. One day, as it passed on the road for the hundredth time, I looked up from the book I was reading and a chill went down my back. I dropped the book and stood up, and soon I was pacing back and forth. I felt nervous and smoked many cigarettes that day. The U.P.S. man shouldn't have been here. There was no way a U.P.S. van could have a daily route on our road. There simply are not enough people on the road to warrant it. After Wallstreet the road, with few houses on it, climbs into the mountains and turns into a jeep trail. It doesn't go anywhere else. But four or five times a week the U.P.S. van drives up and down the road, usually in the morning, and often the driver stops and parks, or gets out and walks around, looking into a mailbox now and then, smoking a Marlboro. Always he is dressed in the dark-brown uniform of the United Parcel Service—a young, athletic-looking man with short blond hair and a blond mustache.

AFTER that day, I looked at the U.P.S. man and his van with interest, to say the least. Not that I had the opportunity to really study him, because I live on the rare straight stretch of an otherwise winding road, and what traffic there is does roll along. Besides, for a while still I had other things to do. I wasn't going to drop everything for a possible premonition, and so I turned it into a joke, actually. When I get right down to it, a man who for reasons known to himself somehow procures a U.P.S. delivery van (a nearly new one, at that) and uniform, or at least a dark-brown flannel shirt and brown pants, and drives up and down our road, day after day—someone like that elicits a nervous kind of laughter. But have I ever so much as checked to see if he wears different pairs of pants of similar color? Have I looked for the famous-make back-pocket label that would betray him, since there is no such label on a United Parcel Service uniform? I haven't even inquired of the United Parcel Service company itself: Are their men issued uniforms, or are they free to wear anything so long as it's dark brown? How can I say I'm seriously investigating the situation when I haven't asked these questions?

But the fact remains. The fact remains. The guy cruises the neighborhood. He drives back and forth, over a section of road

Paysan



"Is that any reason to walk out of the business after twenty years, George: 'There's nothing further to be said on a T-shirt'?"

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not a mile long, disappearing and then reappearing thirty minutes later, and occasionally an hour after that. I've seen him, as I said, get out and check a mailbox, clipboard in hand, then drive fifty yards up the road to chat with a neighbor. I've never yet seen him on a Saturday or Sunday. But I've never yet seen him deliver a package, either. And I've never yet seen him on Four Mile Canyon Road itself, which is a mere mile and a half away. However, the conclusion I'm left with is also a problem. This person is acting out the fantasy of being a U.P.S. man. This person bought the van and acquired the clothing. He decided to face that particular fantasy and make its life his own. Maybe he once worked for the United Parcel Service and things didn't go right for him after that. Maybe he felt he was let go unfairly and is keeping in shape for after a favorable court ruling, when the company will be forced to let him resume his duties. But whatever the explanation, the U.P.S. man does not appear furtive or withdrawn. He waves when we pass each other on the road. He waves and smiles. And my neighbors around here, notoriously self-involved people, will be of no help in clearing up this matter. In fact, I once asked my neighbor immediately to the west, the one who makes guitars and mandolins, who has lived here for eight years—I once asked him about the U.P.S. man. My neighbor immediately to the west, who makes guitars and mandolins, but whom I often see walking the length of Wallstreet early in the morning, shod always in nylon track shoes no matter what the season, and returning in the afternoon exhausted, his hands black with grease as though he had been installing a transmission, but day after day—I asked that neighbor recently, and he grinned and said, "That's the U.P.S. man, right?" He turned and hobbled back up the snow-covered road to his house, and I returned to sit in the doorway of mine, elbow on my knee and chin sunk into my palm, staring reflectively into the pines. The sky often is bright blue here with no clouds whatsoever, but when the strong wind roars down canyons from the snow peaks of the continental divide, the steep hills catch it and the wind lifts snow into the air, until on some days tidal waves of white powder swirl down the slopes, painting out the sky, the trees, and the houses, and on a day in reality possessed of blue skies and brilliant sunlight I look out my window and can't see anything at all.

—MICHAEL BROWNSTEIN

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Pigeons flew from the track up to the roof of the old stands, and horses brayed in the stables, waiting for today to arrive.—*Middletown* (*N.Y.*) *Record.*

With its clucking geese and its nickering pigs.

SPECK'S IDEA

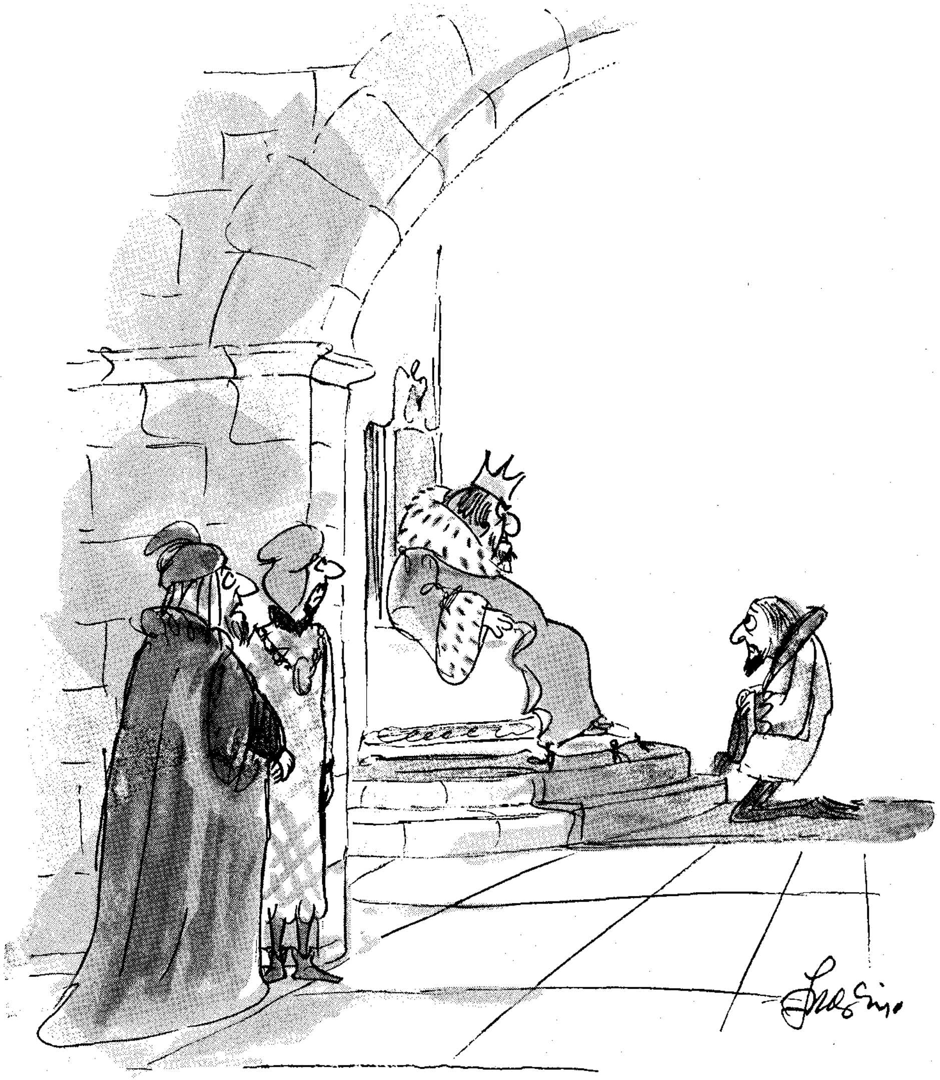
Sandor Speck's first art gallery in Paris was on the Right Bank, near the Church of St. Elisabeth, on a street too narrow for cars. When his block was wiped off the map to make way for a five-story garage, Speck crossed the Seine to the shadow of Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre, where he set up shop in a picturesque slum protected by law from demolition. When this gallery was blown up by Basque separatists, who had mistaken it for a travel agency exploiting the beauty of their coast, he collected his insurance money and moved to the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

Here, at terrifying cost, he rented four excellent rooms—two on the loggia level, and a clean dry basement for framing and storage. The entrance, particularly handsome, was on the street side of an eighteenth-century *hôtel particulier* built around an elegant court now let out as a parking concession. The building had long before been cut up into dirty, decaying apartments, whose spiteful, quarrelsome, and avaricious tenants were forgiven every failing by Speck for the sake of being the Count of this and the Prince of that. Like the flaking shutters, the rotting windowsills, the slops and oil stains in the ruined court, they bore a Proustian seal of distinction, like a warranty, making up for his insanely expensive lease. Though he appreciated style, he craved stability even more. In the Faubourg, he seemed at last likely to find it: not a stone could be removed without the approval of the toughest cultural authorities of the nation. Three Marxist embassies installed in former ducal mansions along the street required the presence of armed policemen the clock around. The only commercial establishments anywhere near Speck's—a restaurant and a bookstore—seemed unlikely targets for firebombs: the first catered to lower-echelon civil servants, the second was painted royal blue, a conservative color he found reassuring. The bookstore's name, Amandine, suggested shelves of calm regional novels and accounts of travel to Imperial Russia signed "A Diplomat." Pasted inside the window, flat on the pane, was an engraving that depicted an old man, bearded and mitred, tearing a small demon limb from limb. The old man looked self-conscious, the imp resigned. He supposed that this image concealed a deep religious meaning, which he did not intend to plumb. If it was holy, it was respectable; as the owner of the gallery across the street, he needed to know nothing more.

Speck was now in the parish of St. Clotilde, near enough to the church for its bells to give him migraine headache. Leaves from the church square blew as far as his door—melancholy reminders of autumn, a season bad for art. (Winter was bad, too, while the first chestnut leaves unfolding heralded the worst season of all. In summer the gallery closed.) In spite of his constant proximity to churches he had remained rational. Generations of highly intellectual Central European agnostics and freethinkers had left in his bones a mistrust of the bogs and quicksands that lie beyond reality perceived. Neither loss nor grief nor guilt nor fear had ever moved him to appeal to the unknown—any unknown, for there were several. Nevertheless, after signing his third lease in seven years, he decided to send Walter, his Swiss assistant, a lapsed Calvinist inching toward Rome, to light a candle at St. Clotilde's. Walter paid for a five-franc taper and set it before St. Joseph, the most reliable intermediary he could find: a wave of post-conciliar puritanism seemed to have broken at St. Clotilde's, sweeping away most of the mute and obliging figures to whom desires and gratitude could be expressed. Walter was willing to start again in some livelier church—Notre Dame de Paris, for instance—but Speck thought enough was enough.

On a damp October evening about a year after this, there could be seen in Speck's window a drawing of a woman drying her feet (Speck permanent collection); a poster announcing the current exhibition, "Paris and Its Influence on the Tirane School, 1931-2;" five catalogues displayed attractively; and the original of the picture on the poster—a shameless copy of Foujita's "Mon Intérieur" reëntitled "Balkan Alarm Clock." In defiance of a government circular reminding Paris galleries about the energy crisis Speck had left the lights on. This was partly to give the lie to competitors who might be putting it about that he was having money troubles. He had set the burglar alarm, bolted the security door, and was now cranking down an openwork iron screen whose Art Nouveau loops and fronds allowed the works inside to be seen but nothing larger than a mouse to

"O.K., O.K.! I admit it. We're lost. Now are you satisfied?"



"When he was a prince, he was charming."

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get in. The faint, floating sadness he always felt while locking up had to do with the time. In his experience, love affairs and marriages perished between seven and eight o'clock, the hour of rain and no taxis. All over Paris couples must be parting forever, leaving like debris along the curbs the shreds of cancelled restaurant dates, useless ballet tickets, hopeless explanations, and scraps of pride; and toward each of these disasters a taxi was pulling in, the only taxi for miles, the light on its roof already dimmed in anticipation to the twin dots that in Paris mean "occupied." But occupied by whom?

"You take it."

"No, you. You're the one in a hurry."

The lover abandoned under a dripping plane tree would feel a damp victory of a kind, awarding himself a first-class trophy for selfless behavior. It would sustain him ten seconds, until the departing one rolled down the taxi window to hurl her last flint: "You Fascist!" Why was this always the final shot, the coup de grâce delivered by women? Speck's wife, Henriette, book critic on an uncompromising political weekly, had said it three times last spring—here, in the street, where Speck stood locking the iron screen into place. He had been uneasily conscious of his wellborn neighbors, hanging out their windows, not missing a thing. Henriette had then gone away in a cab to join her lover, leaving Speck, the gallery, her job—everything that mattered.

He mourned Henriette; he missed her steadying influence. Her mind was like a one-way thoroughfare, narrow and flat, maintained in repair. As he approached the age of forty he felt that his own intellect needed not just a direction but retaining walls. Unless his thoughts were nailed down by gallery business they tended to glide away to the swamps of imagination, behind which stretched the steamier marshland of metaphysics. Confessing this to Henriette was unlikely to bring her back. There had been something brisk and joyous about her going—her hailing of a taxi as though of a friend, her surprised smile as the third "Fascist!" dissolved in the April night like a double stroke from the belfry of St. Clotilde's. He supposed he would never see her again now, except by accident. Perhaps, long after he had forgotten Henriette, he would overhear someone saying in a restaurant, "Do you see that poor mad intellectual talking to herself in the corner? That is Henriette, Sandor Speck's second wife. Of course, she was very different then; Speck kept her in shape."

While awaiting this sop, which he could hardly call consolation, he had Walter and the gallery. Walter had been with him five years—longer than either of his marriages. They had been years of spiritual second-thinking for Walter and of strain and worry for Speck. Walter in search of the Eternal was like one of those solitary skippers who set out to cross an ocean only to capsize when barely out of port. Speck had been obliged to pluck his assistant out of Unitarian waters and set him on the firm shore of the Trinity. He had towed him to Transubstantiation and back; had charted the shoals and perils of careless prayer. His own aversion to superstitious belief made Speck particularly scrupulous; he would not commit himself on Free Will, for instance, uncertain if it was supposed to be an uphill trudge wearing tight boots or a downhill slide sitting on a tea tray. He would lie awake at night planning Walter's dismissal, only to develop a traumatic chest cold if his assistant seemed restless.

"What will the gallery do without you?" he would ask on the very morning he had been meaning to say, "Walter, sit down, please. I've got something to tell you." Walter would remind him about saints and holy men who had done without everything, while Speck would envision the pure hell of having to train someone new.

On a rainy night such as this, the street resembled a set in a French film designed for export, what with the policemen's white rain capes aesthetically gleaming and the lights of the bookstore, the restaurant, and the gallery reflected, quivering, in European-looking puddles. In reality, Speck thought, there was not even hope for a subplot. Henriette had gone forever. Walter's mission could not be photographed. The owner of the restaurant was in his eighties; the waiters were poised on the brink of retirement. As for the

HOTEL SIERRA

The November air
Has curled the new leaves
Of the spider plant, strung
From an L-bent nail
Driven in the warp of the window
Frame. Maybe the woman down
At the desk has a few more opinions:
On the dying plant, or the high
Bruised clouds of the nearing storm,
Or the best road
Along the coast this time of year
To Oregon. This morning, after
You left to photograph
The tide pools at dawn, the waves
In their black-and-white
Froth, I scavenged in your bag
For books, then picked up one
You'd thrown onto the bed, Cocteau,
Your place marked with a snapshot
Of a whale leaping clear of the spray
Tossed by the migrating
Herd—a totem
Of what you've left to dream. Yet,
It's why we've come—*Hotel Sierra*—
To this place without a past for us,
Where, I admit, a dozen years ago
I stayed a night across
The hall. I never asked why, on this
Ocean, a hotel was named for mountains
Miles inland. I spent that cold
Evening playing pinball in some dank
Arcade. Tonight, I'll take you there,
Down by the marina with no sailboats,
By the cannery's half-dozing, crippled
Piers rocking in the high tides and winds,
Where I sat out on the rotted boards,
The fog barely sifting down,
The few lights
Looped over those thin, uneasy poles
Throbbing as the current came and went.
Soon, I could see only two mast lights
Blinking more and more faintly
Toward the horizon. I took
A flask of gin upstairs, just to sit
At the narrow window drinking
Until those low-slung, purposeful
Boats returned. As I
Wait here this morning, for you,
For some fragment of a final scene,
I remember how I made you touch, last
Night in the dark, those
Summer moths embossed upon the faded,
Imperial wallpaper of the room.
Now, as I watch you coming up
The brick-and-stone path to the hotel,
I can hear those loose wood shingles
Of the roof straining in the winds
As the storm closes
Over the shore. I listen as you climb
The stairs, the Nikon buzzing
Like a smoked hive
Each moment as you stop in front of:
A stair-step; a knob of the bannister;
The worn brass "12" nailed
To our door; the ribbons: knots of paint
Peeling off the hall—
You knock open the door with one boot,
Poised, clicking off shot after
Shot as you slide into the cluttered room,
Pivoting: *me; the dull seascape hung*
Above the bed; the Bible I'd tossed
Into the sink; my hands curled on
The chair's arm; the limp spider plant. . . .
Next week, as you step out
Of the darkroom with the glossy proofs,
Those strips of tiny tableaux, the day
And we
Will have become only a few gestures
Placed out of time. But now rain
Slants beyond a black sky, the windows
Tint, opaque with reflected light;
Yet no memory is stilled, held frame
By frame, of this burlesque of you
Undressing. The odd pirouette
As your sweater comes off, at last,
Rain-soaked slacks collapsing on the floor.
Tomorrow, after we leave for good
The long story we've told of each other
So many years not a friend believes it,
After we drive along the shore to Albion
To your cabin set high above the road,
After we drag your suitcases and few boxes
Up to the redwood porch,
After the list of goodbyes and refusals ends,
We'll have nothing to promise. Before I go
You'll describe for me again those sleek
Whales you love, the way they arc elegantly
Through water or your dreams. How, like
Us, they must travel in their own time,
Drawn simply by the seasons, by their lives.

—David St. John

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bookseller, M. Alfred Chassepoule, he seemed to spend most of his time wiping blood off the collected speeches of Mussolini, bandaging customers, and sweeping up glass. The fact was that Amandine's had turned out to have a fixed Right Wing viewpoint, which made it subject to attack by commandos wielding iron bars. Speck, who had chosen the street for its upper-class hush, had grown used to the hoarse imprecation of the Left and shriller keening of the Right; he could tell the sob of an ambulance from the wail of a police van. The commerce of art is without bias: when insurance inspectors came round to ask what Speck might have seen, he invariably replied, "Seen where?," to which Walter, unsolicited, would add, "And I am Swiss."

Since Henriette's departure, Speck often ate his meals in the local restaurant, which catered to his frugal tastes, his vegetarian principles, and his desire to be left in peace. On the way, he would pause outside Amandine's, just enough to mark the halt as a comforting bachelor habit. He would glance over the secondhand books, the yellowing pamphlets, and the overpriced cartoons. The tone of the window display seemed old-fashioned rather than dangerous, though he knew that the slogan crowning the arrangement, "Europe for Europeans," echoed from a dark political valley. But even that

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valley had been full of strife and dissension and muddle, for hadn't the Ur-Fascists, the Italian ones, been in some way against an all-Europe? At least, some of their poets were. But who could take any of that seriously now? Nothing political had ever struck Speck as being above the level of a low-grade comic strip. On the cover of one volume, Uncle Sam shook hands with the Russian Bear over prostrate Europe, depicted as a maiden in a dead faint. A drawing of a spider on a field of banknotes (twelve hundred francs with frame, nine hundred without) jostled the image of a crablike hand clawing away at the map of France. Pasted against the pane, survivor of uncounted assaults, the old man continued to dismember his captive imp. Walter had told Speck he believed the old man to be St. Amand, Apostle of Flanders, Bishop in 430. "Or perhaps," said Walter, after thinking it over, "435." The imp probably stood for Flemish paganism, which the Apostle had been hard put to it to overcome.

From the rainy street Speck could see four or five of Amandine's customers—all men; he had never noticed a woman in the place—standing, reading, books held close to their noses. They had the weak eyes, long chins, and sparse, sparrow-colored hair he associated with low governmental salaries. He imagined them living with grim widowed mothers whose company they avoided after work. He had seen them, or young men like them, staggering out of the store, cut by flying glass, kicked and beaten as they lay stunned on the pavement; his anxious imagination had set them on their feet, booted and belted, the right signal given at last, swarming across to the gallery, determined to make Speck pay for injuries inflicted on them by total strangers. He saw his only early Chagall (quite likely authentic) ripped from its frame; Walter, his poor little spectacles smeared with blood, lambasted with the complete Charles Maurras, fourteen volumes, full morocco; Speck himself, his ears offended by acute Right Wing cries of "Down with foreign art!," attempting a quick counterstroke with "Significant Minor French Realists, Twentieth Century," which was thick enough to stun an ox. Stepping back from the window, Speck saw his own smile reflected. It was pinched and tight, and he looked a good twenty years older than thirty-nine.

HIS restaurant, crammed with civil servants at noon, was now nearly empty. A smell of lunchtime pot roast hung in the air. He made for his own table, from which he could see the comforting lights of the gallery. The waiter, who had finally stopped asking how Henriette was liking Africa, brought his dinner at once, setting out like little votive offerings the raw-carrot salad, the pot-roast vegetables without the meat, the quarter ounce of low-fat cheese, and a small pear. It had long been established that Speck did not wish to be disturbed by the changing of plates. He extracted a yellow pad and three pencils from his briefcase and placed them within the half circle of dishes. Speck was preparing his May-June show.

The right show at the right time: it was trickier than getting married to the right person at any time. For about a year now, Paris critics had been hinting at something missing from the world of art. These hints, poignant and patriotic on the Right, neo-nationalist and pugnacious on the Left, wistful but insistent dead Center, were all in essence saying the same thing: "The time has come." The time had come; the hour had struck; the moment was ripe for a revival of reason, sanity, and taste. Surely there was more to art than this sickness, this transatlantic blight? Fresh winds were needed to sweep the museums and galleries. Two days ago there had been a disturbing article in *Le Monde* (front page, lower middle, turn to page 26) by a man who never took up his pen unless civilization was in danger. Its title, "Redemption Through Art—Last Hope for the West?," had been followed by other disturbing questions: When would the merchants and dealers, compared rather unfairly to the money-changers driven from the temple, face up to their share of responsibility as the tattered century declined? Must the flowering gardens of Western European culture wilt and die along with the decadent political systems, the exhausted parliaments, the shambling elections, the tired liberal impulses? What of the man in the street, too modest and confused to mention his cravings? Was he not gasping for one remedy and one only—artistic renovation? And where was this to come from? "In the words of Shakespr," the article concluded, supposedly in English, "That is the qustn."

As it happened, Speck had the answer: say, a French painter, circa 1864-1949, forgotten now except by a handful of devoted connoisseurs. Populist yet refined, local but universal, he would send rays, beacons, into the thickening night of the West, just as Speck's gallery shone bravely into the dark street. Speck picked up a pencil and jotted rapidly: "Born in France, worked in Paris, went his own way, unmindful of fashion, knowing his hour would strike, his vision be vindicated. Catholical, as this retrospective so eloquently . . ." Just how does "catholical" come in, Speck wondered, forking up raw carrots. Because of ubiquity, the ubiquity of genius? No; not genius—leave that for the critics. His sense of harmony, then—his disration.

Easy, Speck told himself. Easy on the discretion. This isn't interior decoration.

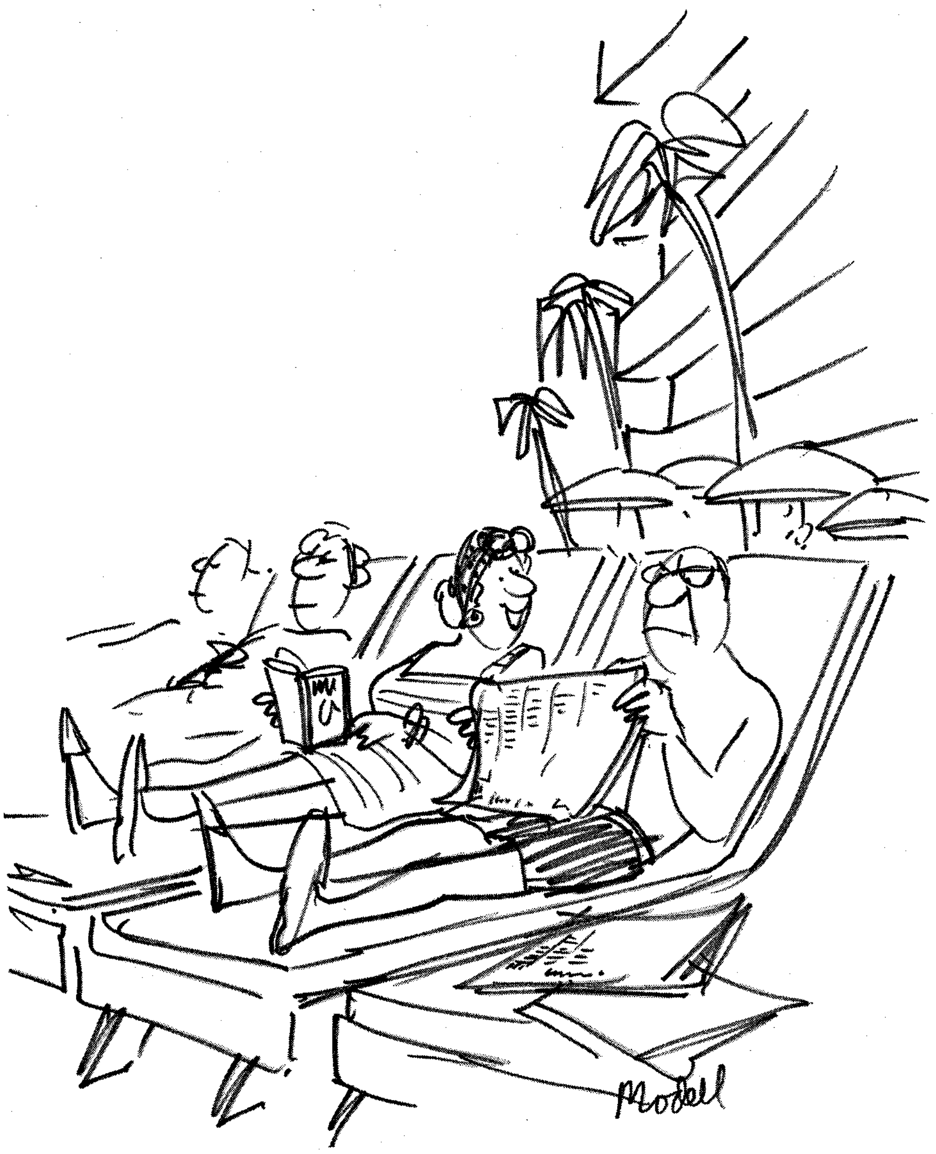
He could see the notices, knew which of the critics would write "At last," and "It has taken Sandor Speck to remind us." Left, Right, and Center would unite on a single theme: how the taste of two full generations had been corrupted by foreign speculation, cosmopolitan decadence, and the cultural imperialism of the Anglo-Saxon hegemony.

"The calm agnostic face," Speck wrote happily, "the quiet Cartesian voice are replaced by the snarl of a nation betrayed (1914), as startling for the viewer as a child's glimpse of a beloved adult in a temper tantrum. The snarl, the grimace vanish (1919) as the serene observer of Universal Will (1929) and of Man's responsibility to himself return. But we are left shaken. We have stopped trusting our feelings. We have been shown not only the smile but the teeth."

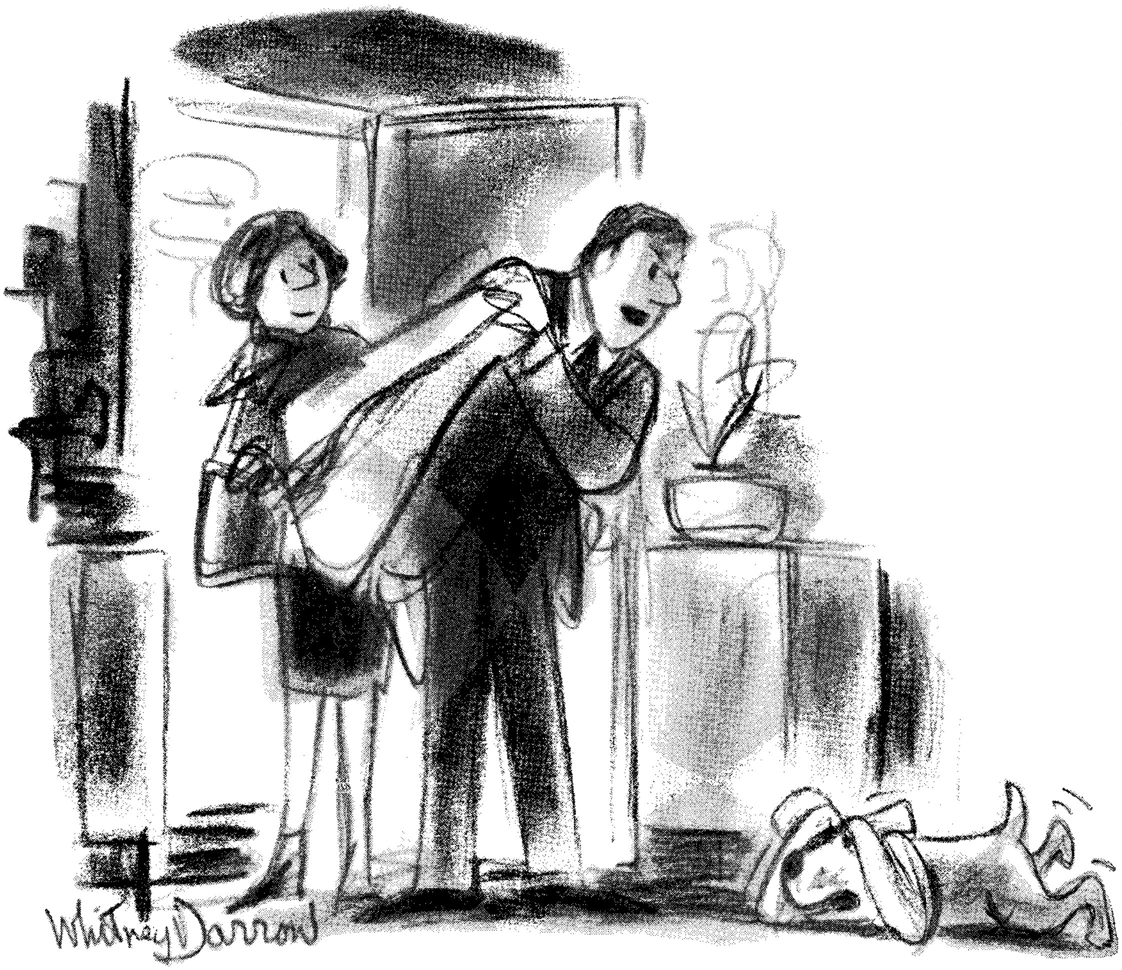
Here Speck drew a wavy line and turned to the biography, which was giving him trouble. On a fresh yellow page he tried again:

1938—Travels to Nice. Sees Mediterranean.
1939—Abandons pacifist principle. Lies about age. Is mobilized.
1940—Demobilized.
1941—

It was here that Speck bogged down. Should he say, "Joins Resistance"? "Resistance" today meant either a heroic moment sadly undervalued by the young or a minor movement greatly inflated in order to absolve French guilt. Whatever it is, thought Speck, it is not chic. The youngest survivor must be something like seventy-three. They know nothing about art, and never subscribe to anything except monuments. Some people read "Resistance" in a chronology and feel quite frankly exasperated. On the other hand, what about museums, state-subsidized, Resistance-minded on that account? He chewed a boiled leek and suddenly wrote, "1941—Conversations with Albert Camus." I won-



"Now, isn't it better to feel the crunch here than someplace awful?"



"Oh, don't be silly. We'll only be gone a couple of hours."

der where all this comes from, Speck said to himself. Inspiration was what he meant.

These notes, typed by Walter, would be turned over to the fashionable historian, the alarming critic, the sound political figure unlikely to be thrown out of office between now and spring, whom Speck would invite to write the catalogue introduction. "Just a few notes," Speck would say tactfully. "Knowing how busy you are." Nothing was as inspiriting to him as the thought of his own words in print on a creamy catalogue page, even over someone else's name.

Speck took out of his briefcase the Directoire snuffbox Henriette had given him about a fortnight before suddenly calling him "Fascist." (Unexpected feminine generosity—first firm sign of adulterous love affair.) It contained three after-dinner tablets—one to keep him alert until bedtime, another to counter the stimulating effect of the first, and a third to neutralize the germ known as Warsaw flu now ravaging Paris, emptying schools and factories and creating delays in the postal service. He sat quietly, digesting, giving the pills a chance to work.

He could see the structure of the show, the sketchbooks and letters in glass cases. It might be worthwhile lacquering the walls black, concentrating strong spots on the correspondence, which straddled half a century, from Degas to Cocteau. The scrawl posted by Drieu la Rochelle just before his suicide would be particularly effective on black. Céline was good; all that crowd was back in vogue now. He might use the early photo of Céline in regimental dress uniform with a splendid helmet. Of course, there would be word from the Left, too, with postcards from Jean Jaurès, Léon Blum, and Paul Éluard, and a jaunty get-well message from Louis Aragon and Elsa. In the first room Speck would hang the stiff, youthful landscapes and the portraits of the family, the artist's first models—his brother wearing a sailor suit, the awkward but touching likeness of his sister ("Germaine-Isabelle at the Window").

"Yes, yes," Speck would hear in the buzz of voices at the opening. "Even from the beginning you can tell there was *something*." The "something" became bolder, firmer in the second room. See his cities; watch how the streets turn into mazes, nets, prison corridors. Dark palette. Opaqueness, the whole canvas covered, immensities of indigo and black. "Look, 1929; he was doing it before What's-His-Name." Upstairs, form breaking out of shadow: bread, cheese, wine, wheat, ripe apples, grapes.

Hold it, Speck told himself. Hold the ripeness. This isn't social realism.

He gathered up the pencils, the snuffbox, and the pad, and put them back in the briefcase. He placed seventy francs, tip included, in a saucer. Still he sat, his mind moving along to the second loggia room, the end room, the important one. Here on the neutral walls would be the final assurance, the serenity, the satire, the power, and the vision for which, at last, the time had come. For that was the one thing Speck was sure of: the bell had rung, the hour had struck, the moment was at hand.

Whose time? Which hour? Yes—whose, which, what? That was where he was stuck.

THE street was now empty except for the policemen in their streaming capes. The bookstore had put up its shutter. Speck observed the walls of the three Marxist embassies. Shutters and curtains that once had shielded the particular privacy of the aristocracy—privacy open to servants but not to the street—now concealed the receptions and merry dinner parties of people's democracies. Sometimes at this hour gleaming motorcars rolled past the mysterious gates, delivering passengers Speck's fancy continued to see as the Duchesse de Guermantes and anyone she did not happen to despise. He knew that the chauffeurs were armed and that half the guests were spies; still, there was nothing to stop a foreign agent from having patrician tastes, or from admiring Speck's window as he drove by.

"This gallery will be an oasis of peace and culture," Walter had predicted as they were hanging the first show, "Little-Known Aspects of Post-

Decorator Style." "An oasis of peace and culture in the international desert."

Speck breathed germ-laden night air. Boulevard theatres and music halls were deserted, their managers at home writing letters to the mayor of Paris deploring the decline of popular entertainment and suggesting remedies in the form of large cash subsidies. The sluggish river of autumn life congealed and stagnated around millions of television sets as Parisians swallowed aspirin and drank the boiling-hot Scotch believed to be a sovereign defense against Warsaw flu.

A few determined intellectuals slunk, wet, into the Métro on their way to cultural centers where, in vivid translations from the German, actors would address the occasional surly remark to the audience—that loyal, anxious, humorless audience in its costly fake working-class clothes. Another contingent, dressed in Burberry trenchcoats, had already fought its way into the Geographical Institute, where a lecture with colored slides, "Ramblings in Secret Greenland," would begin, after a delay owing to trouble with the projection machine, at about nine-twenty. The advantage of slides over films was that they were not forever jumping about and confusing one, and the voice describing them belonged to a real speaker. When the lights went up, one could see him, talk to him, challenge him over the thing he had said about shamanism on Disko Island. What had drawn the crowd was not Greenland but the word "secret." In no other capital city does the population wait more trustfully for the mystery to be solved, the conspiracy laid bare, the explanation of every sort of vexation to be supplied: why money slumps, why prices climb, why it rains in August, why children are ungrateful. The answers might easily come from a man with a box of slides.

In each of the city's twenty administrative districts, Communists, distinguished by the cleanliness of their no-iron shirts, the sobriety of their washable neckties, and the modesty of their bearing, moved serenely toward their local cell meetings. I must persuade Walter to take out membership sometime, Speck thought. It might be useful and interesting for the gallery and it would take his mind off salvation.

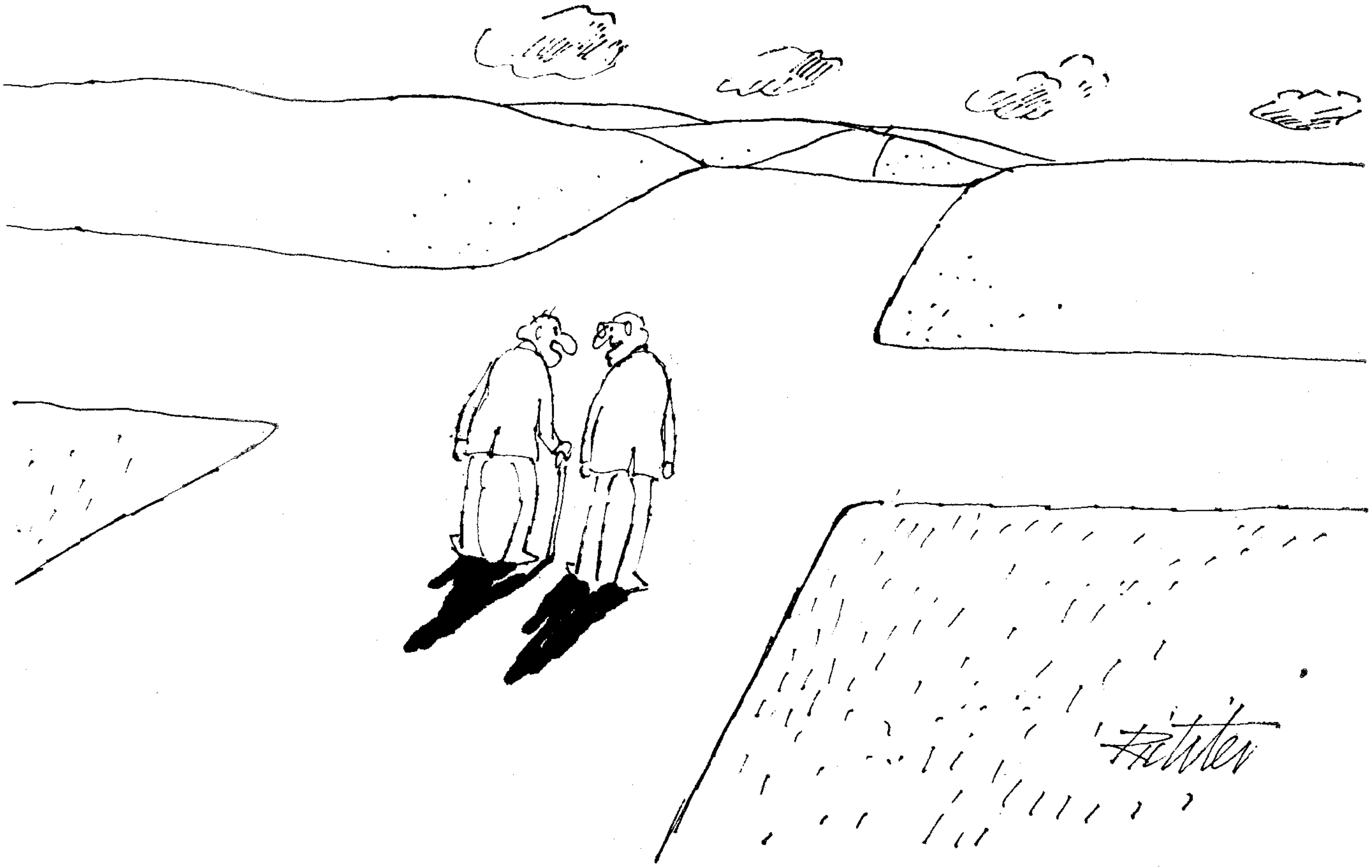
Walter was at this moment in the Church of St. Gervais, across the Seine, where an ecumenical gathering of prayer, music, and debate on Unity of Faith had been marred the week before by ugly scuffling between middle-aged latecomers and young persons in the lotus position, taking up too much room. Walter had turned to his neighbor, a stranger to him, and asked courteously, "Is it a string ensemble tonight, or just the organ?" Mistaken for a traditionalist demanding the Latin Mass, he had been punched in the face and had to be led to a side chapel to mop up his nosebleed. God knows what they might do to him tonight, Speck thought.

As for Speck himself, nine-thirty found him in good company, briskly tying the strings of his Masonic apron. No commitment stronger than prudence kept him from being at St. Gervais, listening for a voice in the night of the soul, or at a Communist Party cell meeting, hoping to acquire a more wholesome slant on art in a doomed society, but he had already decided that only the Infinite could be everywhere at once. The Masonic Grand Architect of the Universe laid down no rules, appointed no prophets, required neither victims nor devotion, and seemed content to exist as a mere possibility. At the lodge Speck rubbed shoulders with men others had to be content to glimpse on television. He stood now no more than three feet away from Kléber Schaumberger, of the Alsatian Protestant banking Schaumbergers; had been greeted by Olivier Ombrine, who designed all the Arabian princesses' wedding gowns; could see, without craning, the plume of white hair belonging to François-Xavier Blum-Bloch-Weiler—former ambassador, historian, member of the French Academy, author of a perennially best-selling book about Vietnam called "When France Was at the Helm." Speck kept the ambassador's family tree filed in his head. The Blum-Bloch-Weilers, heavy art collectors, produced statesmen, magistrates, anthropologists, and generals, and were on no account to be confused with the Blum-Weiler-Blochs, their penniless and mystical cousins, who produced poets, librarians, and Benedictine monks.

Tonight Speck followed the proceedings mechanically; his mind was set on the yellow pad in his briefcase, now lying on the back seat of his car. Direct address and supplication to the unknown were frowned on here. Order reigned in a complex universe where the Grand Architect, insofar as he existed, was supposed to know what he was doing. However, having nowhere to turn, Speck decided for the first time in his life to brave whatever cosmic derangement might ensue and to unburden himself.

Whoever and whatever you are, said Speck silently, as many had said before him, remember in my favor that I have never bothered you. I never called your attention to the fake Laurencin, the stolen Magritte, the Bonnard the other gallery was supposed to have insured, the Maurice Denis notebook that slipped through my fingers, the Vallotton woodcut that got lost between Paris and Lausanne. All I want . . . But there was no point in his insisting. The Grand Architect, if he was any sort of omnipresence worth considering, knew exactly what Speck needed now: he needed the tiny, enduring wheel set deep in the clank-

THE JOY OF ZILCH
LORENZ



"When I was twenty-two, I took a vow to succeed. When I was thirty-two, I took another vow to succeed. When I was forty-two, I took yet another vow to succeed. When I was fifty-two, I took still another vow to succeed. When I was sixty-two, I vowed to succeed despite anything. When I was seventy-two, I vowed to succeed despite anything and everything. Now I'm eighty-two, and success is mine."

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ing, churning machinery of the art trade—the artist himself.

Speck came out to the street refreshed and soothed, feeling that he had shed some of his troubles. The rain had stopped. A bright moon hung low. He heard someone saying, "... hats." On the glistening pavement a group of men stood listening while Senator Antoine Bellefeuille told a funny story. Facts from the Bellefeuille biography tumbled through Speck's mind: twenty years a deputy from a rich farming district, twice a Cabinet minister, now senator; had married a sugar-beet fortune, which he inherited when his wife died; no children; his mother had left him majority shares in milk chocolate, which he had sold to invest in the first postwar plastics; owned a racing stable in Normandy, a château in Provence, one of the last fine houses of Paris; had taken first-class degrees in law and philosophy; had gone into politics almost as an afterthought.

What had kept the old man from becoming Prime Minister, even President of the Republic? He had the bearing, the brains, the fortune, and the connections. Too contented, Speck decided, observing his lodge brother by moonlight. But clever, too; he was supposed to have kept copies of files from the time he had been at Justice. He splashed around in the arts, knew the third-generation dealers, the elegant bachelor curators. He went to openings, was not afraid of new movements, but he never bought anything. Speck tried to remember why the wealthy Senator who liked art never bought pictures.

"She was stunning," the Senator said. "Any man of my generation will tell you that. She came down Boulevard Saint-Michel on her husband's arm. He barely reached her shoulder. She had a smile like a fox's. Straight little animal teeth. Thick red-gold hair. A black hat tilted over one eye. And what a throat. And what hands and arms. A waist no larger than this," said the Senator, making a circle with his hands. "As I said, in those days men wore hats. You tipped a bowler by the brim, the other sort you picked up by the crown. I was so dazzled by being near her, by having the famous Lydia Cruche smile at me, I forgot I was wearing a bowler and tried to pick it up by the crown. You can imagine what a fool I looked, and how she laughed."

And of course they laughed, and Speck laughed, too.

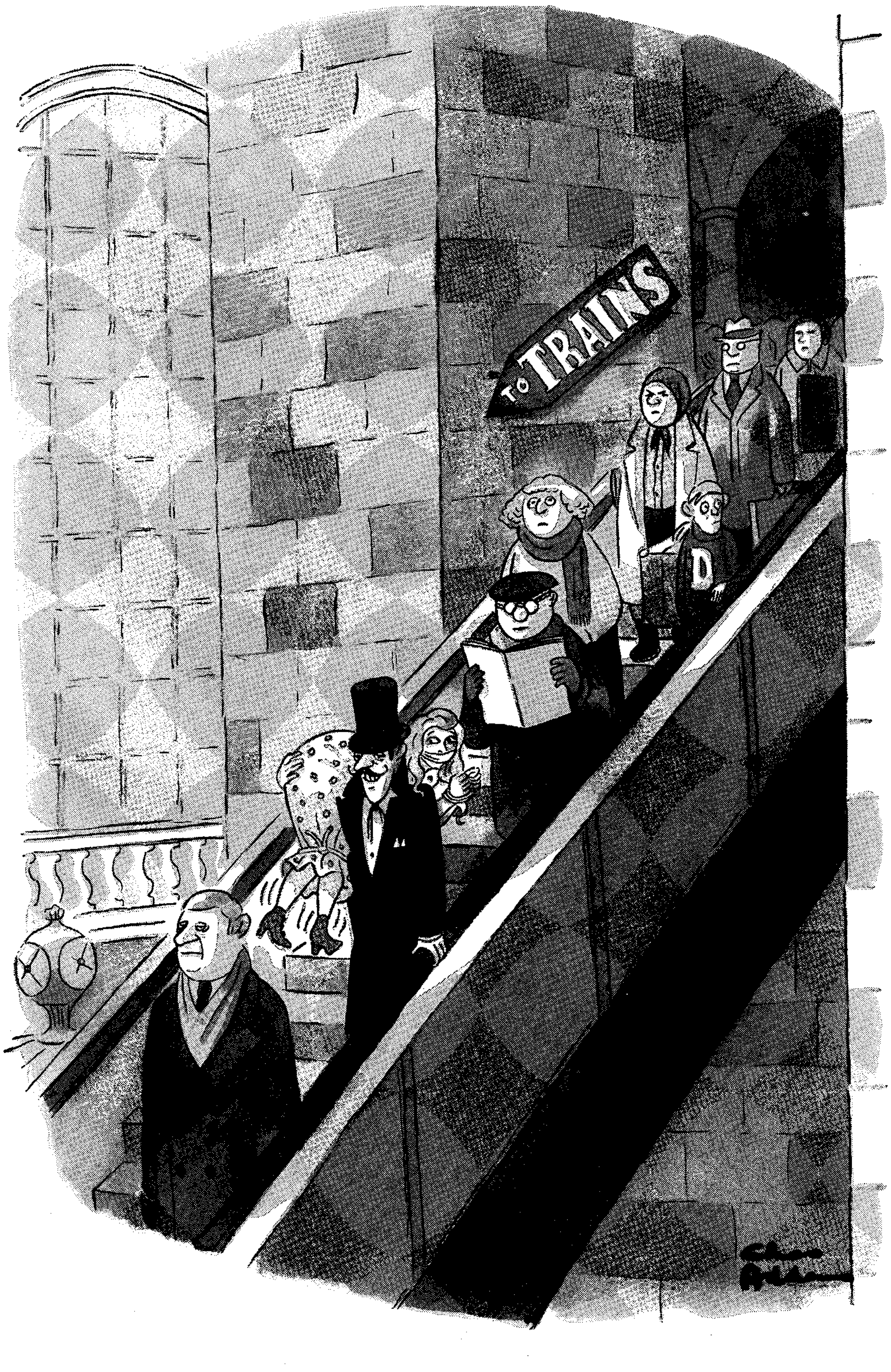
"Her husband," said the Senator. "Hubert Cruche. A face like a gargoyle. Premature senile dementia. He'd been kicked by Venus at some time or other"—the euphemism for syphilis. "In those days the cure was based on mercury—worse than the disease. He seemed to know me. There was light in his eyes. Oh, not the light of intelligence. It was too late for that, and he'd not had much to begin with. He recognized me for a simple reason. I had already begun to assemble my Cruche collection. I bought everything Hubert Cruche produced for sixteen years—the oils, the gouaches, the pastels, the watercolors, the etchings, the drawings, the woodcuts, the posters, the cartoons, the book illustrations. Everything."

That was it, Speck remembered. That was why the Senator who liked art never bought so much as a wash drawing. The house was full of Cruches; there wasn't an inch to spare on the walls.

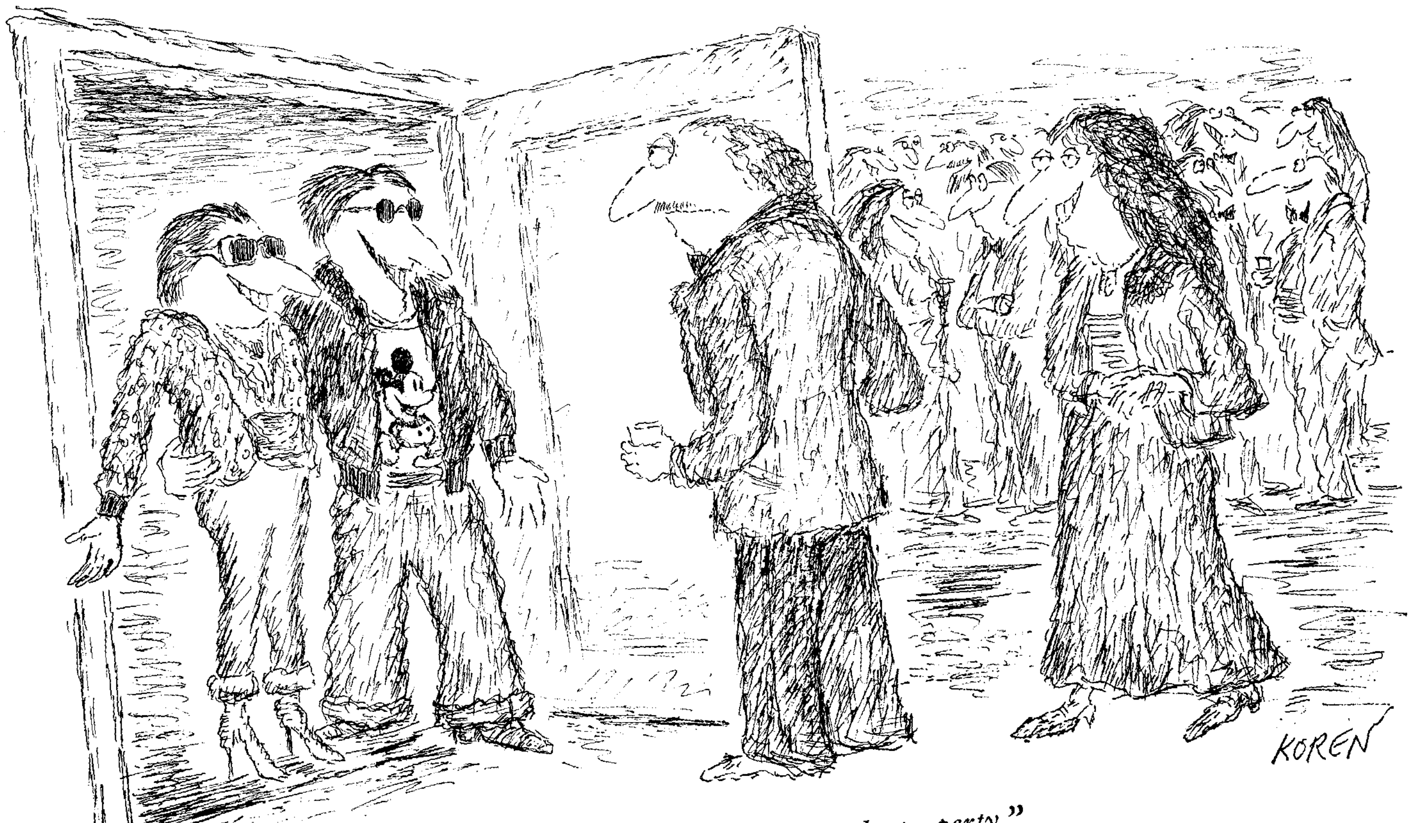
With a monarch's gesture, the Senator dismissed his audience and stepped firmly toward the chauffeur, who stood holding the door of his Citroën. He said, perhaps to himself, perhaps to Speck, thin and attentive in the moonlight, "I suppose I ought to get rid of my Cruches. Who ever thinks about Cruche now?"

"No," said Speck, whom the Grand Architect of the Universe had just rapped over the head. The Senator paused—benevolent, stout. "Don't get rid of the Cruches," said Speck. He felt as if he were on a distant shore, calling across deep cultural waters. "Don't sell! Hang on! Cruche is coming back!"

CRUCHE, Cruche, Hubert Cruche, sang Speck's heart as he drove homeward. Cruche's hour had just struck, along with Sandor Speck's. At the core of the May-June retrospective would be his lodge brother's key collection: "Our thanks, in particular . . . who not only has loaned his unique and invaluable . . . but who also . . . and who . . . " Recalling the little he knew of Cruche's obscure career, Speck made a few changes in the imaginary catalogue, substituting with some disappointment "The Power Station at Gagny-sur-Orme" for "Misia Sert on Her Houseboat," and "Peasant Woman Sorting Turnips" for "Serge Lifar as Petrouchka." He wondered if he could call Cruche heaven-sent. No; he would not put a foot beyond coincidence, just as he had not let Walter dash from saint to saint once he had settled for St. Joseph. And yet a small flickering marsh light danced upon the low-lying metaphysical ground he had done so much to avoid. Not only did Cruche overlap to an astonishing degree the painter in the yellow notebook but he was exactly the sort of painter that made the Speck gallery chug along. If Speck's personal collection consisted of minor works by celebrated artists, he considered them his collateral for a rainy, bank-loan day. Too canny to try to compete with international heavyweights, unwilling to burden himself with insurance, he had developed as his specialty the flattest, palest, farthest ripples of the late-middle-traditional Paris school. This sensible decision had earned him the admiration given the devoted miniaturist who is no threat to anyone. "Go and see Sandor Speck," the great lions and tigers of the trade would tell clients they had no use for. "Speck's the expert."



Speck was expert on barges, bridges, cafés at twilight, nudes on striped counterpanes, the artist's mantelpiece with mirror, the artist's street, his staircase, his bed made and rumpled, his still-life with half-peeled apple, his summer in Mexico, his wife reading a book, his girlfriend naked and dejected on a kitchen chair. He knew that the attraction of customer to picture was always accidental, like love; it was his business to make it overwhelming. Visitors came to the gallery looking for decoration and investment, left it believing Speck had put them on the road to a supreme event. But there was even more to Speck than this, and if he was respected for anything in the trade it was for his knack with artists' widows. Most dealers hated them. They were considered vain, greedy, unrealistic, and tougher than bulldogs. The worst were those whose husbands had somehow managed the rough crossing to recognition only to become washed up at the wrong end of the beach. There the widow waited, guarding the wreckage. Speck's skill in dealing with them came out of a certain sympathy. An artist's widow was bound to be suspicious and adamant. She had survived the discomfort and confusion of her marriage; had lived through the artist's drinking, his avarice, his affairs, his obsession with con-



"Here we are, Stephen—ready to party."

stipation, his feuds and quarrels, his cowardice with dealers, his hypocrisy with critics, his depressions (which always fell at the most joyous seasons, blighting Christmas and spring); and then—oh, justice!—she had outlasted him.

Transfiguration arrived rapidly. Resurrected for Speck's approval was an ardent lover, a devoted husband who could not work unless his wife was around, preferably in the same room. If she had doubts about a painting, he at once scraped it down. Hers was the only opinion he had ever trusted. His last coherent words before dying had been of praise for his wife's autumnal beauty.

Like a swan in muddy waters, Speck's ancient Bentley cruised the suburbs where his painters had lived their last resentful seasons. He knew by heart the damp villa, the gravel path, the dangling bellpull, the shrubbery containing dead cats and plastic bottles. Indoors the widow sat, her walls plastered with portraits of herself when young. Here she continued the struggle begun in the Master's lifetime—the evicting of the upstairs tenant—her day made lively by the arrival of mail (dusty beige of anonymous threats, the grim blue of legal documents), the coming and going of process servers, the outings to lawyers. Into this spongy territory Speck advanced, bringing his tactful presence, his subtle approximation of courtship, his gift for listening. Thin by choice, pale by nature, he suggested maternal need. Socks and cufflinks suggested breeding. The drift of his talk suggested prosperity. He sent his widows flowers, wooed them with food. Although their taste in checks and banknotes ran to the dry and crisp, when it came to eating they craved the sweet, the sticky, the moist. From the finest pastry shops in Paris Speck brought soft macaroons, savarins soaked in rum, brioches stuffed with almond cream, mocha cake so tender it had to be eaten with a spoon. Sugar was poison to Speck. Henriette had once reviewed a book that described how refined sugar taken into one's system turned into a fog of hideous green. Her brief, cool warning, "A Marxist Considers Sweets," unreeled in Speck's mind if he was confronted with a cookie. He usually pretended to eat, reducing a *mille-feuille* to paste, concealing the wreck of an éclair under napkin and fork. He never lost track of his purpose—the prying of paintings out of a dusty studio on terms anesthetizing to the artist's widow and satisfactory to himself.

The Senator had mentioned a wife; where there had been wife there was relict. Speck obtained her telephone number by calling a rival gallery and pretending to be looking for someone else. "Cruche's widow can probably tell you," he finally heard. She lived in one of the gritty suburbs east of Paris, on the far side of the Bois de Vincennes—in Speck's view, the wrong direction. The pattern of his life seemed to come unfolded as he dialled. He saw himself stalled in industrial traffic, inhaling pollution, his Bentley pointed toward the seediest mark on the urban compass, with a vanilla cream cake melting beside him on the front seat.

She answered his first ring; his widows never strayed far from the telephone. He introduced himself. Silence. He gave the name of the gallery, mentioned his street, recited the names of painters he showed.

Presently he heard "D'you know any English?"

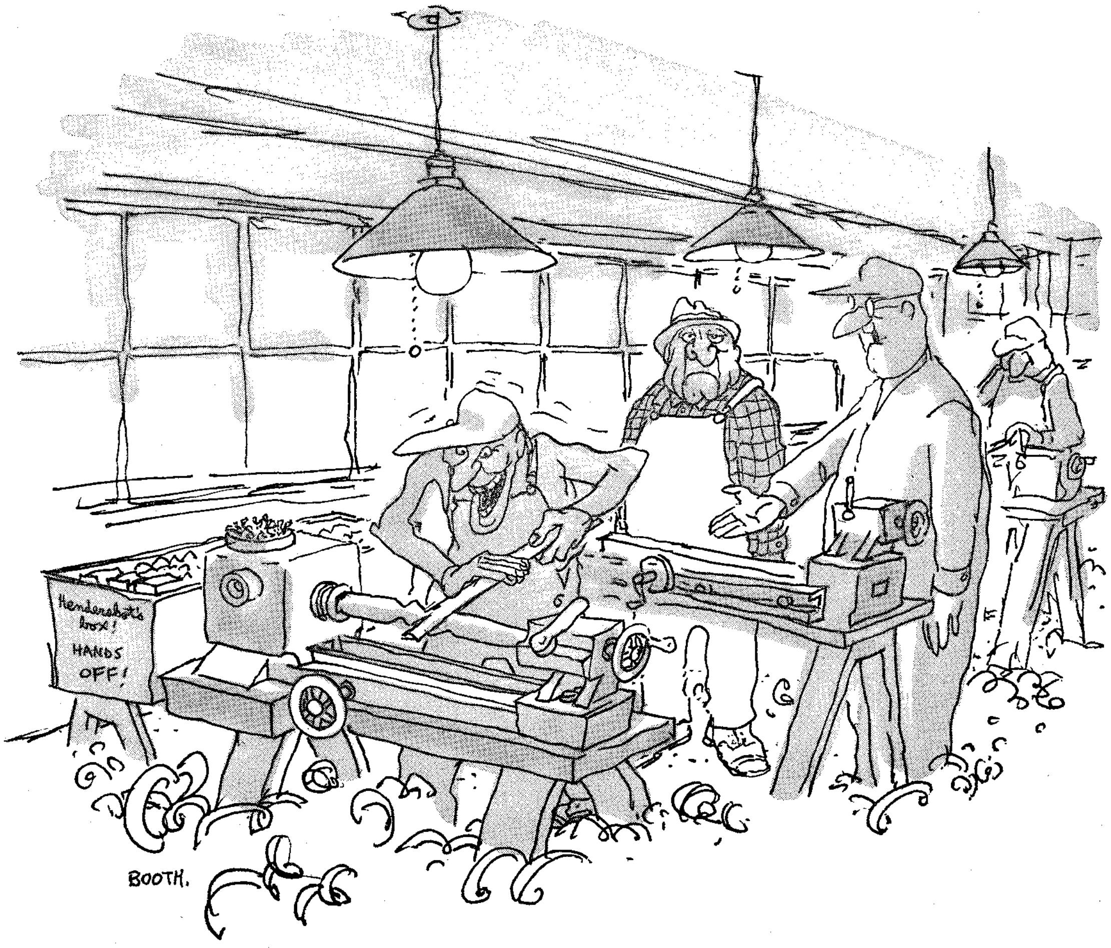
"Some," said Speck, who was fluent.

"Well, what do you want?"

"First of all," he said, "to meet you."

"What for?"

He cupped his hand round the telephone, as if spies from the embassies down the street were trying to overhear. "I am planning a major Cruche



"Hendershot, there, does his best to keep smiling."

• •

show. A retrospective. That's what I want to talk to you about."

"Not unless I know what you want."

It seemed to Speck that he had already told her. Her voice was languid and nasal and perfectly flat. An index to English dialects surfaced in his mind, yielding nothing useful.

"It will be a strong show," he went on. "The first big Cruche since the nineteen-thirties, I believe."

"What's that got to do with me?"

He wondered if the Senator had forgotten something essential—that Lydia Cruche had poisoned her husband, for instance. He said, "You probably own quite a lot of his work."

"None of it's for sale."

This, at last, was familiar; widows' negotiations always began with "No." "Actually, I am not proposing to buy anything," he said, wanting this to be clear at the start. "I am offering the hospitality of my gallery. It's a gamble I am willing to take because of my firm belief that the time—"

"What's the point of this show?"

"The point?" said Speck, his voice tightening as it did when Walter was being obtuse. "The point is getting Cruche back on the market. The time has come—the time to . . . to attack. To attack the museums with Hubert Cruche."

As he said this, Speck saw the great armor-plated walls of the Pompidou Art Center and the chink in the armor through which an 80 x 95 Cruche 1919 abstract might slip. He saw the provincial museums, cheeseparing, saving on light bulbs, but, like the French bourgeoisie they stood for, so much richer than they seemed. At the name "Cruche" their curators would wake up from neurotic dreams of forced auction sales, remembering they had millions to get rid of before the end of the fiscal year. And France was the least of it; London, Zurich, Stockholm, and Amsterdam materialized as frescoes representing the neoclassical façades of four handsome banks. Overhead, on a Baroque ceiling, nymphs pointed their rosy feet to gods whose chariots were called "Tokyo" and "New York." Speck lowered his voice as if he had portentous news. Museums all over the world, although they did not yet know this, were starving for Cruche. In the pause that followed he seemed to feel Henriette's hand on his shoulder, warning him to brake before enthusiasm took him over the cliff.

"Although for the moment Cruche is just an idea of mine," he said, stopping cold at the edge. "Just an idea. We can develop the idea when we meet."

A WEEK later, Speck parked his car between a ramshackle shopping center—survivor of the building boom of the sixties—and a municipal low-cost housing project that resembled a jail. In the space bounded by these structures crouched the late artist's villa, abiding proof in stucco that the taste of earlier generations had been as disastrous as today's. He recognized the shards of legal battle: center and block had left the drawing board of some state-employed hack as a unit, only to be wedged apart by a widow's refusal to sell. Speck wondered how she had escaped expropriation. Either she knows someone powerful, he thought, or she can make such a pest of herself that they were thankful to give up.

A minute after having pushed the gate and tugged the rusted wire bell-pull, he found himself alone in a bleak sitting room, from which his hostess had been called by a whistling kettle. He sat down on a faded sofa. The furniture was of popular local design, garnished with marble and ormolu. A television set encrusted with gilt acanthus leaves sat on a sideboard, like an objet d'art. A few rectangular shadings on the wallpaper showed where pictures had hung.

The melancholy tinged with foreboding Speck felt between seven and eight overtook him at this much earlier hour. The room was no more hideous than others he had visited in his professional quest for a bargain, but this time it seemed to daunt him, recalling sieges and pseudo courtships and expenditures of time, charm, and money that had come to nothing. He got up and examined a glass-fronted bookcase with nothing inside. His features, afloat on a dusty pane, were not quite as pinched as they had been the other night, but the image was still below par for a man considered handsome. The

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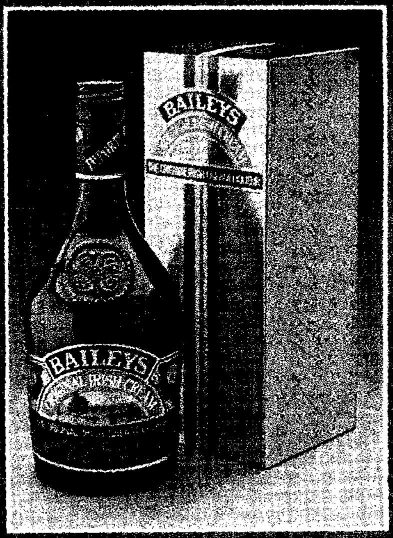


"I buzzed for Miss Finsterwald! You're not Miss Finsterwald."

• •

approach of a squeaking tea cart sent him scurrying back to the sofa, like a docile child invited somewhere for the first time.

"I was just admiring . . ." he began.

"I've run out of milk," she said. "I'm sure you won't mind your tea plain." With this governessy statement she handed him a cup of black Ceylon, a large slice of poisonous raisin cake, and a Mickey Mouse paper napkin.

Nothing about Cruche's widow tallied with the Senator's description. She was short and quite round, and reminded Speck of the fat little dogs one saw being reluctantly exercised in Paris streets. The abundant red-gold hair of the Senator's memory, or imagination, had gone ash-gray and was, in any case, pinned up. The striking fact of her person was simply the utter blankness of her expression. Usually widows' faces spoke to him. They said, "I am lonely," or "Can I trust you?" Lydia Cruche's did not suggest that she had so much as taken Speck in. She chose a chair at some distance from Speck, and proceeded to eat her cake without speaking. He thought of things to say, but none of them seemed appealing.

At last, she said, "Did you notice the supermarket next door?"

"I saw a shopping center."

"The market is part of it. You can get anything there now—bran, frozen pizzas, maple syrup. That's where I got the cake mix. I haven't been to Paris for three years."

Speck had been born in France. French education had left him the certainty that he was a logical, fair-minded person imbued with a culture from which every other Western nation was obliged to take its bearings. French was his first language; he did not really approve of any other. He said, rather coldly, "Have you been in this country long?"

"Around fifty years."

"Then you should know some French."

"I don't speak it if I don't have to. I never liked it."

He put down his cup, engulfed by a wave of second-generation distress. She was his first foreign widow. Most painters, whatever their origins, had sense enough to marry Frenchwomen—unrivalled with creditors, thrifty hoarders of bits of real estate, endowed with relations in country places where one could decamp in times of need and war.

"Perhaps, where you come from—" he began.

"Saskatchewan."

His tea had gone cold. Tannic scum had collected on its surface. She said, "This idea of yours, this show—what was it you called it? The hospitality of your gallery? I just want to say don't count on me. Don't count on me for anything. I don't mind showing you what I've got. But not today. The studio hasn't been dusted or heated for years, and even the light isn't working."

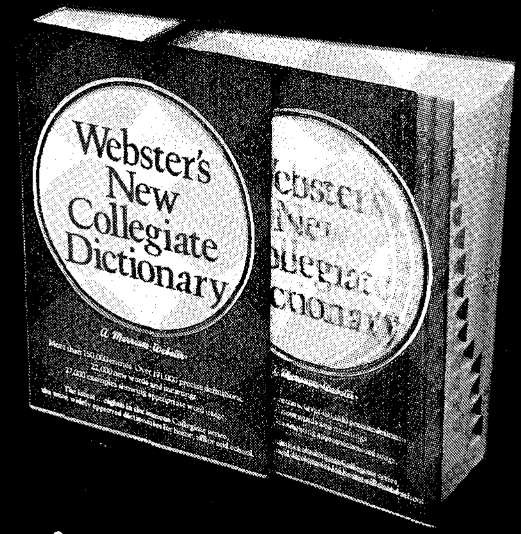
In Speck's experience, this was about average for a first attempt. Before making for civilization he stopped at a florist's in the shopping center and ordered two dozen roses to be delivered to Mme. Cruche. While these were lifted, dripping, from a plastic pail, he jotted a warm message on his card, crossing out the engraved "Dr. Sandor Speck." His title, earned by a thesis on French neo-Humanism and its ups and downs, created some confusion in Paris, where it was taken to mean that Speck could cure slipped discs and gastric ulcers. Still, he felt that it gave a grip to his name, and it was his only link with all the freethinking, agnostic Specks, who, though they had not been able to claim affinity by right of birth with Voltaire and Descartes, had probably been wise and intelligent and quite often known as "Dr."

As soon as he got back to the gallery, he had Walter look up Saskatchewan in an atlas. Its austere oblong shape turned his heart to ice. Walter said that it was one of the right-angled territories that so frequently contain oil. Oil seemed to Speck to improve the oblong. He saw a Chirico chessboard sliding off toward a horizon where the lights of derricks twinkled and blinked.

HE let a week go by before calling Lydia Cruche.

"I won't be able to show you those roses of yours," she said. "They died right off."

He took the hint and arrived with a spray of pale-green orchids imported from Brazil. Settled upon the faded



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sofa, which was apparently destined to be his place, he congratulated his hostess on the discovery of oil in her native plain.

"I haven't seen or heard of the place since Trotsky left the Soviet Union," she said. "If there is oil, I'd sooner not know about it. Oil is God's curse." The iron silence that followed this seemed to press on Speck's lungs. "That's a bad cough you've got there, Doctor," she said. "Men never look after those things. Who looks after you?"

"I look after myself," said Speck.

"Where's your wife? Where'd she run off to?"

Not even "Are you married?" He saw his hostess as a tough little pagan figure, with a goddess's gift for reading men's lives. He had a quick vision of himself clasping her knees and sobbing out the betrayal of his marriage, though he continued to sit upright, crumbling walnut cake so that he would not have to eat it.

"My wife," he said, "insofar as I can still be said to have one, has gone to live in a warm climate."

"She run off alone? Women don't often do that. They haven't got that kind of nerve."

Stepping carefully, for he did not wish to sound like a stage cuckold or a male fool, Speck described in the lightest possible manner how Henriette had followed her lover, a teacher of literature, to a depressed part of French-speaking Africa where the inhabitants were suffering from a shortage of Racine. Unable to halt once he had started, he tore on toward the edge: Henriette was a hopeless nymphomaniac (she had fallen in love) who lacked any sense of values (the man was broke); she was at the same time a grasping neurotic (having sunk her savings in the gallery, she wanted a return with fourteen per cent interest).

"You must be thankful you finally got rid of her," said Lydia Cruche. "You must be wondering why you married her in the first place."

"I felt sorry for Henriette," he said, momentarily forgetting any other reason. "She seemed so helpless." He told about Henriette living in her sixth-floor walkup, working as slave labor on a shoddy magazine. A peasant from Alsace, she had never eaten anything but pickled cabbage until Speck drove his Bentley into her life. Under his tactful guidance she had tasted her first fresh truffle salad at Récamier; had worn her first mink-lined Dior raincoat; had published her first book-length critical essay, "A Woman Looks

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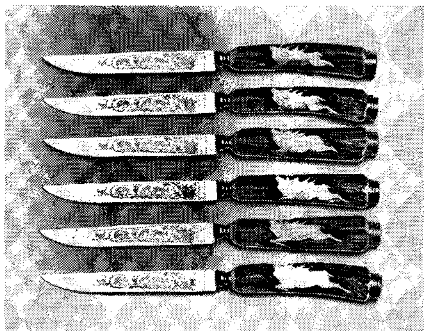

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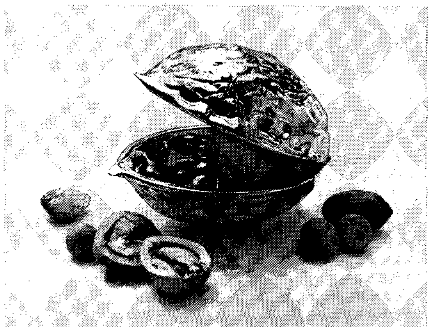

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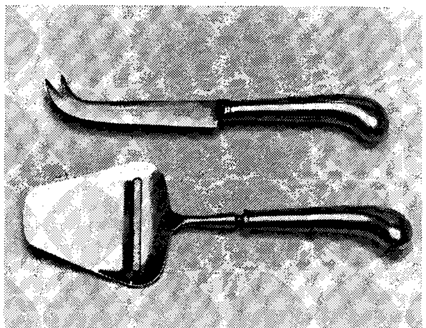

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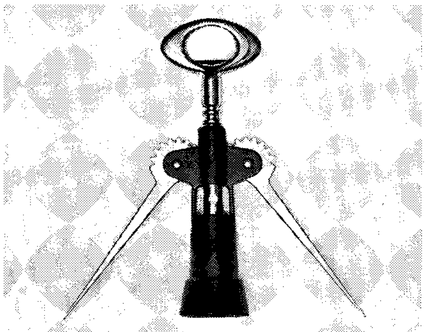

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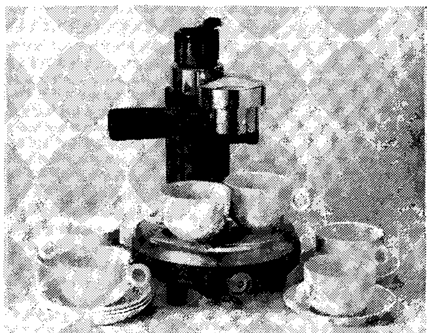

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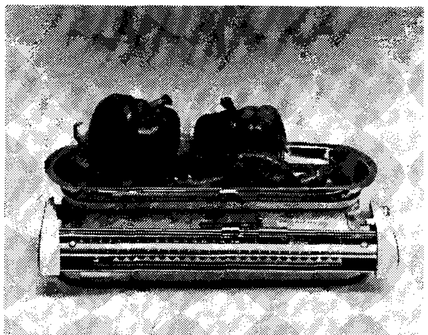

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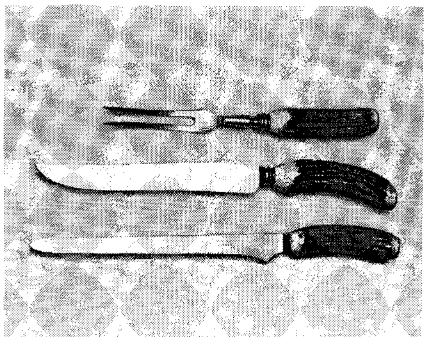

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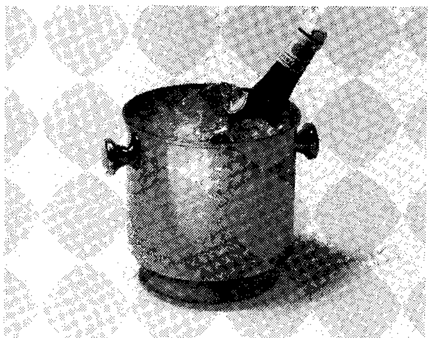

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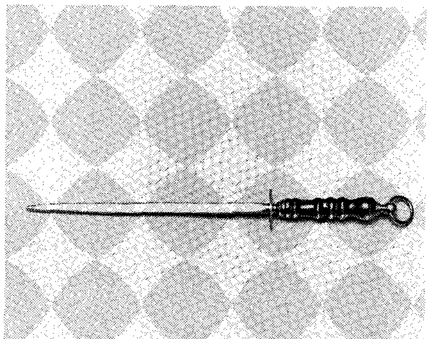

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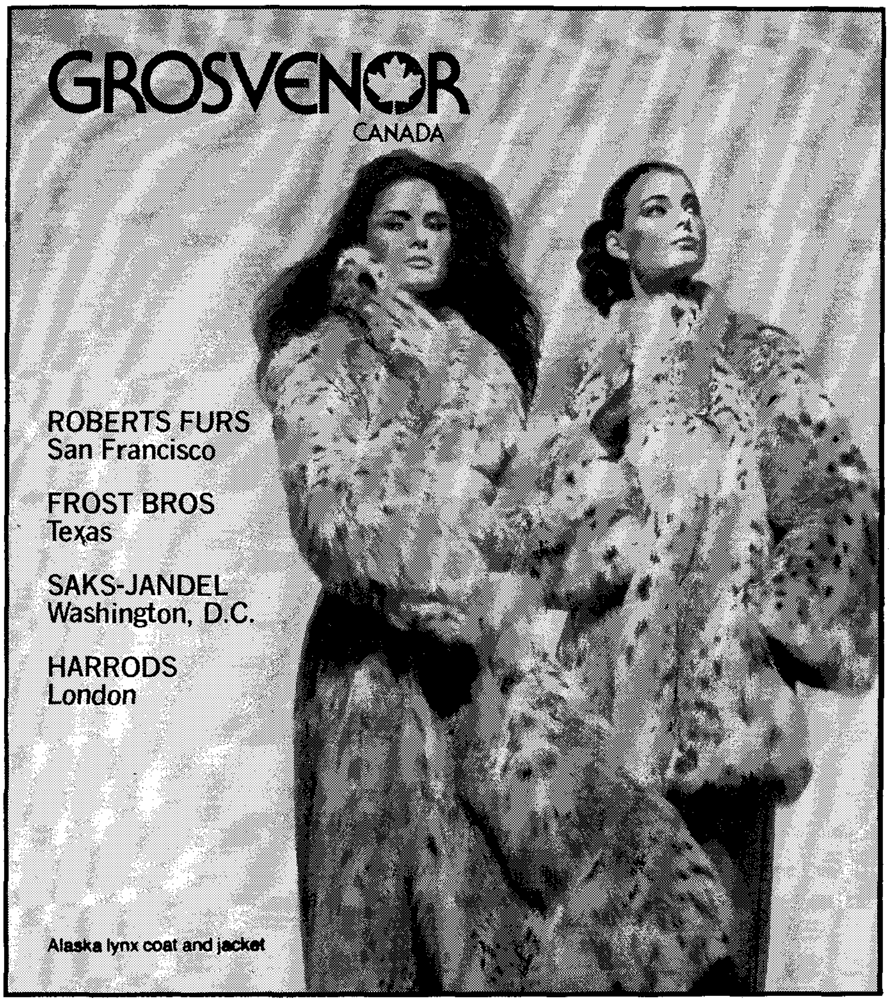

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at Edgar Allan Poe." And then she had left him—just like that.

"You trained her," said Lydia Cruche. "Brought her up to your level. And now she's considered good enough to marry a teacher. You should feel proud. You shouldn't mind what happened. You should feel satisfied."

"I'm not satisfied," said Speck. "I do mind." He realized that something had been left out of his account. "I loved her." Lydia Cruche looked straight at him, for once, as though puzzled. "As you loved Hubert Cruche," he said.

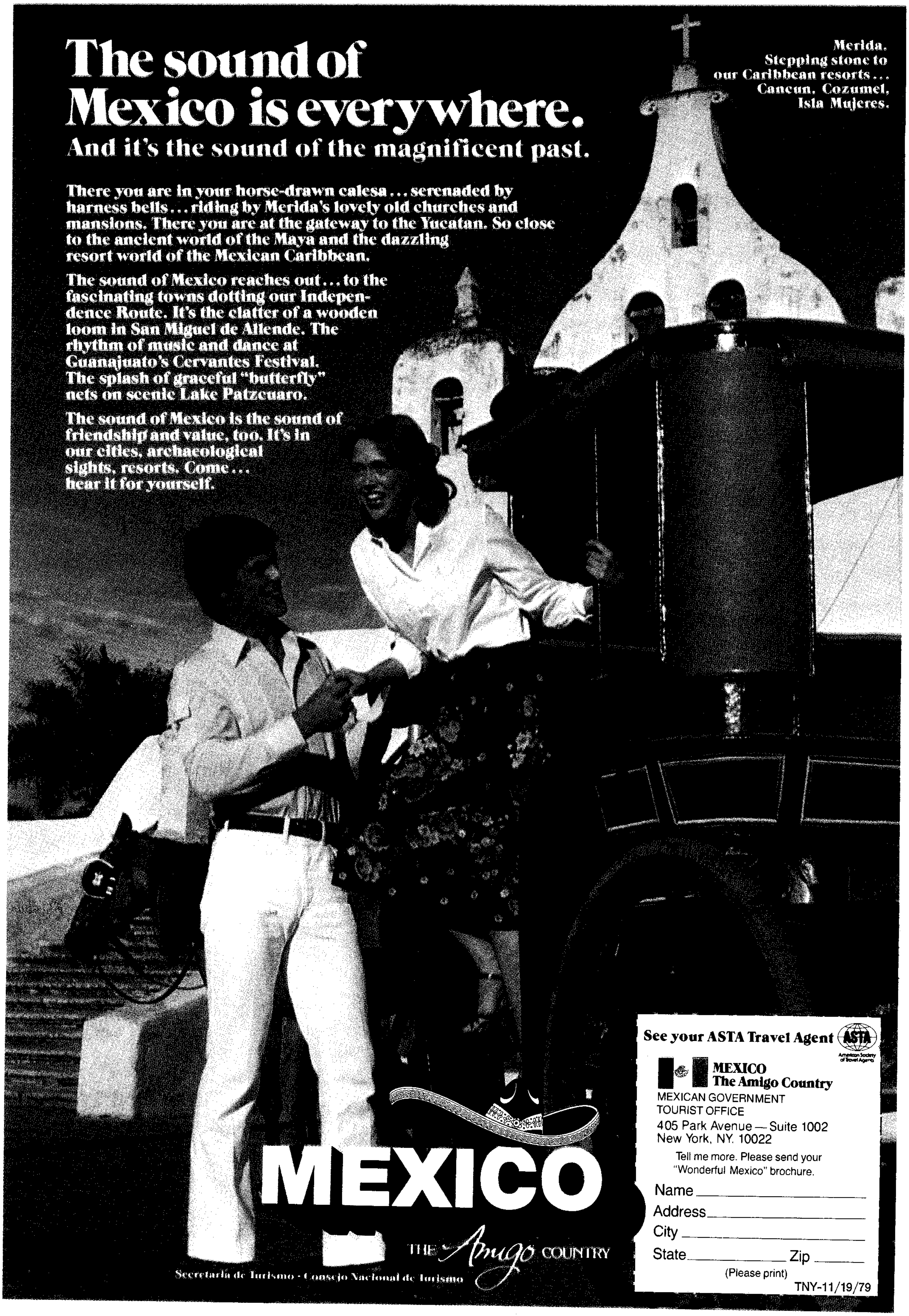
There was no response except for the removal of crumbs from her lap. The goddess, displeased by his mortal impertinence, symbolically knocked his head off her knee.

"Hube liked my company," she finally said. "That's true enough. After he died I saw him sitting next to the television, by the radiator, where his mother usually crouched all winter looking like a sheep with an earache. I was just resting here, thinking of nothing in particular, when I looked up and noticed him. He said, 'You carry the seed of your death.' I said, 'If that's the case, I might as well put my head in the oven and be done with it.' '*Non*,' he said, '*ce n'est pas la peine*.' Now, his mother was up in her room, making lists of all the things she had to feel sorry about. I went up and said, 'Madame,' because you can bet your boots she never got a 'Maman' out of me, 'Hube was in the parlor just now.' She answered, 'It was his mother he wanted. Any message was for me.' I said that if that was so, then all he needed to do was to materialize upstairs and save me the bother of climbing. She gave me some half-baked reason why he preferred not to, and then she *did* die. Aged a hundred and three. It was in *France-Soir*."

The French she had spoken rang to Speck like silver bells. Everything about her had changed—voice, posture, expression. If he still could not see the Lydia Cruche of the Senator's vision, at least he could believe in her.

"Do you talk to your husband often?" he said, trying to make it sound like a usual experience.

"How could I talk to Hube? He's dead and buried. I hope you don't go in for ghosts, Dr. Speck. I would find that very silly. That was just some kind of accident—a visitation. I never saw him again or ever expect to. As for his mother, there wasn't a peep out of her after she died. And here I am, alone in the Cruche house." It was hard to say if she sounded glad or



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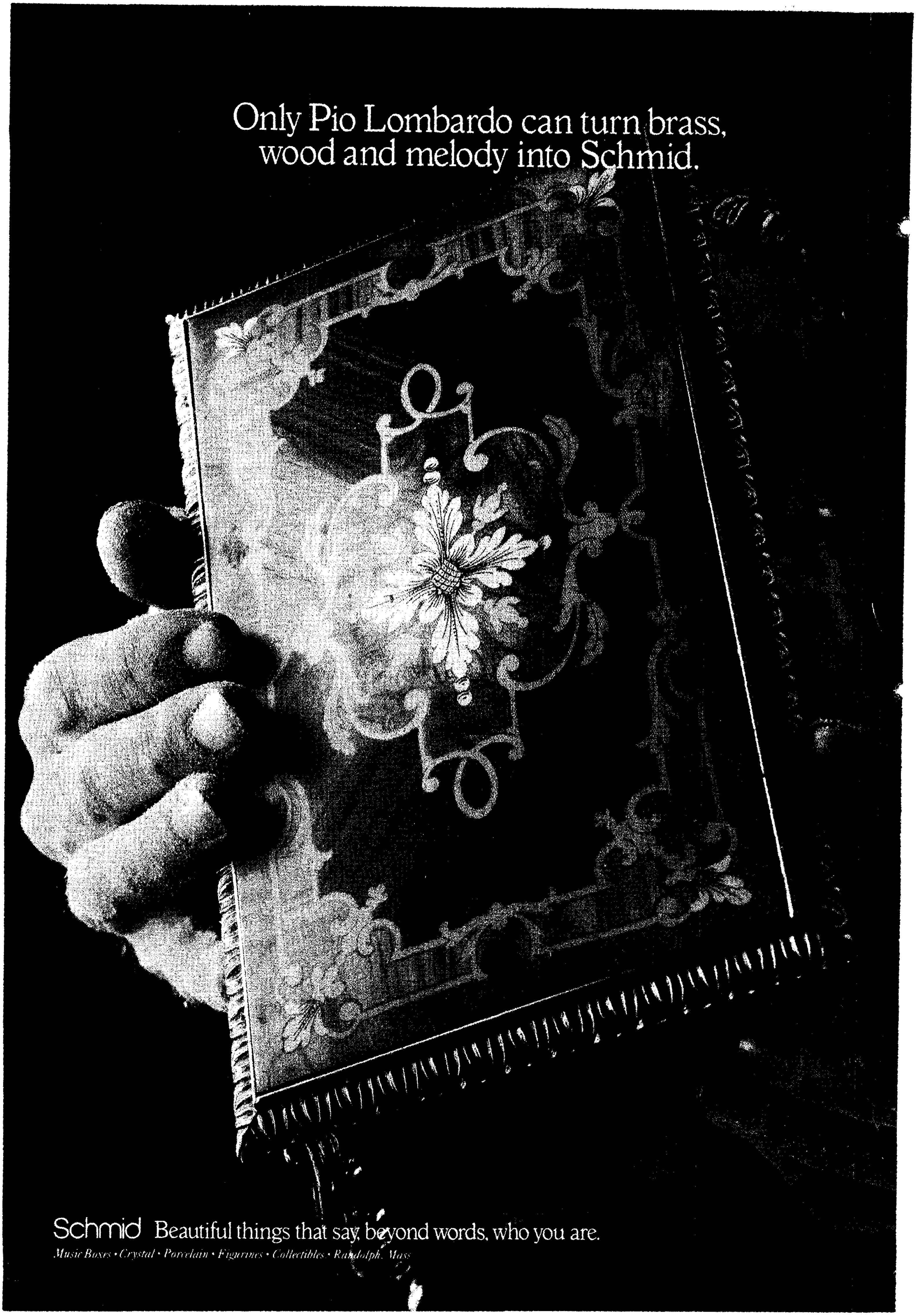
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sorry. "I gather you're on your own, too. God never meant men and women to live by themselves, convenient though it may seem to some of us. That's why he throws men and women together. Coincidence is God's plan."

So soon, thought Speck. It was only their second meeting. It seemed discourteous to draw attention to the full generation that lay between them; experience had taught him that acknowledging any fragment of this dangerous subject did more harm than good. When widows showed their cards, he tried to look like a man with no time for games. He thought of the young André Malraux, dark and tormented, the windblown lock on the worried brow, the stub of a Gauloise sending up a vagabond spiral of smoke. Unfortunately, Speck had been born forty years too late for the model; he belonged to a much reedier generation of European manhood. He thought of the Pope. White-clad, serene, he gazed out on St. Peter's Square, over the subdued heads of one hundred thousand artists' widows, not one of whom would dare.

"So this was the Cruche family home," he said, striking out, he hoped, in a safe direction.

"The furniture was his mother's," said Lydia Cruche. "I got rid of most of it, but there was stuff you couldn't pay them to cart away. *Sa petite Maman adorable*," she said softly. Again Speck heard the string of silver bells. "I thought she was going to hang around forever. They were a tough family—peasants from the west of France. She took good care of him. Cooked him sheep's heart, tripe, and onions, big beefsteaks they used to eat half raw. He was good-looking, a big fellow, big for a Frenchman. At seventy you'd have taken him for forty. Never had a cold. Never had a headache. Never said he was tired. Drank a litre of Calvados every other day. One morning he just keeled over, and that was that. I'll show you a picture of him sometime."

"I'd also like to see *his* pictures," said Speck, thankful for the chance. "The pictures you said you had upstairs."

"You know how I met Hube? People often ask me that. I'm surprised you haven't. I came to him for lessons."

"I didn't know he taught," said Speck. His most reliable professional trait was his patience.

"He didn't. I admired him so much that I thought I'd try anyway. I was eighteen. I rang the bell. His mother

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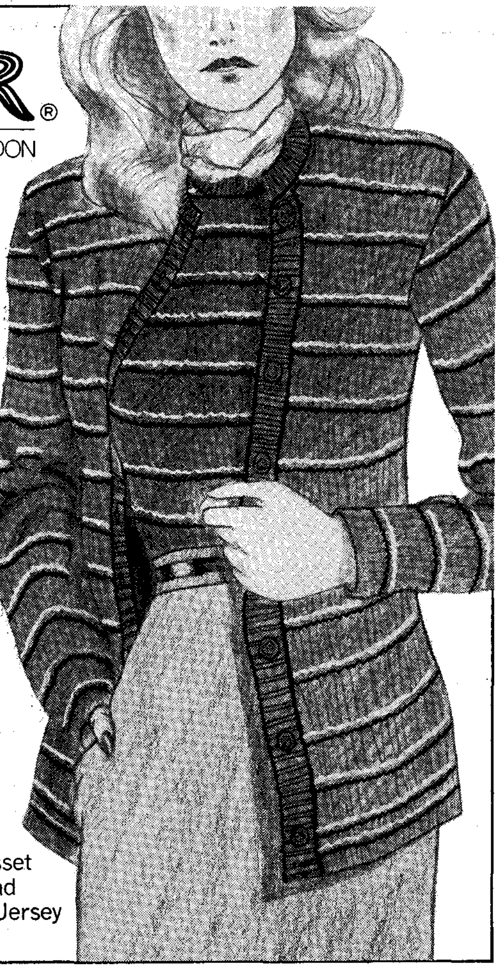

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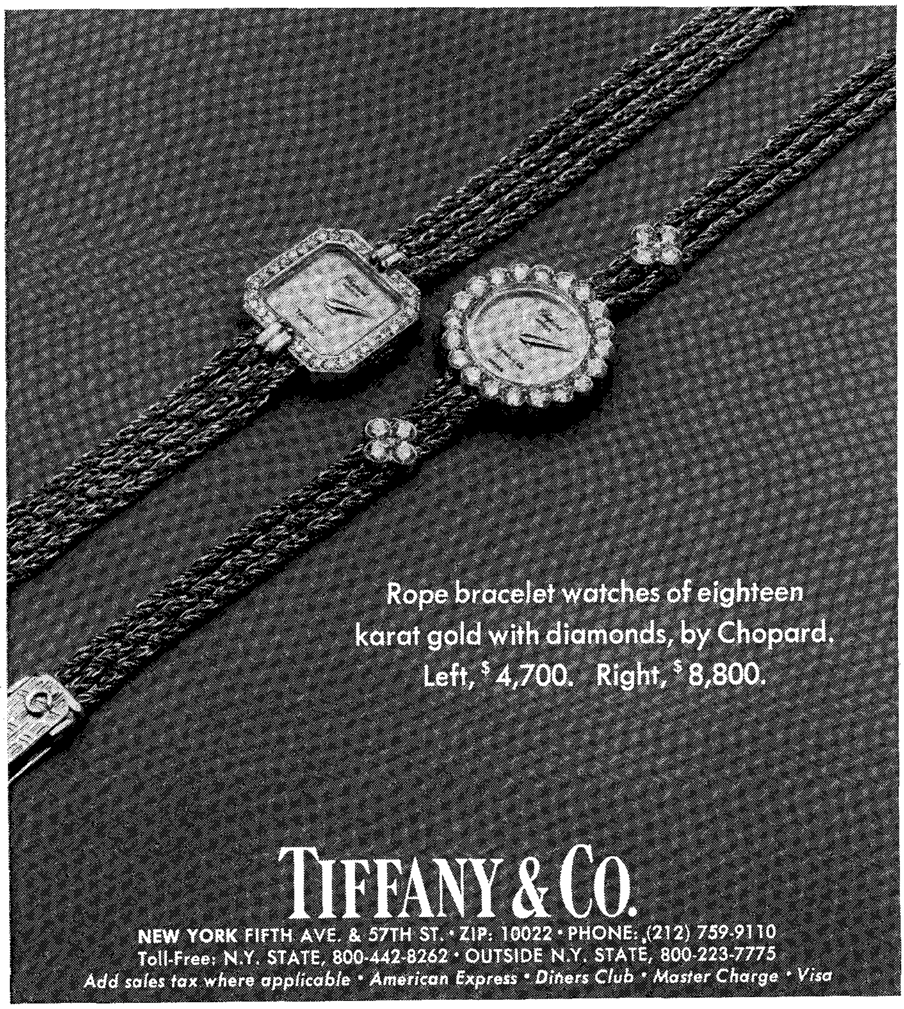

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let me in. I never left—he wouldn't let me go. His mother often said if she'd known the future she'd never have answered the door. I must have walked about four miles from a tram stop, carrying a big portfolio of my work to show him. There wasn't even a paved street then—just a patch of nettles out front and some vacant lots."

Her work. He knew he had to get it over with: "Would you like to show me some of your things, too?"

"I burned it all a long time ago."

Speck's heart lurched. "But not his work?"

"It wasn't mine to burn. I'm not a criminal." Mutely, he looked at the bare walls. "None of Hube's stuff ever hung in here," she said. "His mother couldn't stand it. We had everything *she* liked—Napoleon at Waterloo, lighthouses, coronations. I couldn't touch it when she was alive, but once she'd gone I didn't wait two minutes."

SPECK'S eighteenth-century premises were centrally heated. The system, which dated from the early nineteen-sixties, had been put in by Americans who had once owned most of the second floor. With the first dollar slide of the Nixon era they had wisely sold their holdings and gone home, without waiting for the calamity still to come. Their memorial was an expensive, casual gift nobody knew what to do with; it had raised everyone's property taxes, and it cost a fortune to run. Tenants, such as Speck, who paid a fat share of the operation, had no say as to when heat was turned on, or to what degree of temperature. Only owners and landlords had a vote. They voted overwhelmingly for the lowest possible fuel bills. By November there was scarcely a trace of warmth in Speck's elegant gallery, his cold was entrenched for the winter, and Walter was threatening to quit. Speck was showing a painter from Bruges, sponsored by a Belgian cultural-affairs committee. Cost sharing was not a habit of his—it lowered the prestige of the gallery—but in a tight financial season he sometimes allowed himself a breather. The painter, who clearly expected Speck to put him under contract, talked of moving to Paris.

"You'd hate it here," said Speck.

Belgian television filmed the opening. The Belgian royal family, bidden by Walter, on his own initiative, sent regrets signed by aides-de-camp on paper so thick it would scarcely fold. These were pinned to the wall, and drew more attention than the show itself. Only one serious critic turned

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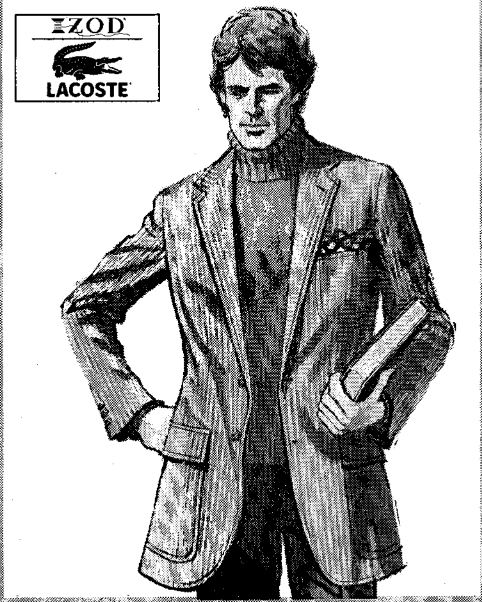

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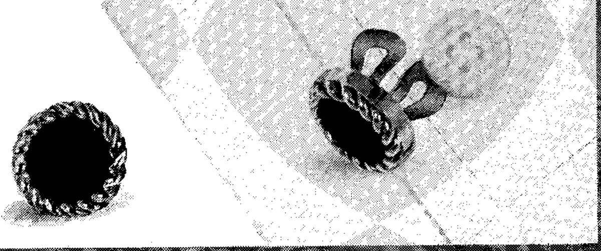

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up. The rooms were so cold that guests could not write their names in the visitors' book—their hands were too numb. Walter, perhaps by mistake, had invited Blum-Weiler-Blochs instead of Blum-Bloch-Weilers. They came in a horde, leading an Afghan hound they tried to raffle off for charity.

The painter now sat in the gallery, day after day, smoking black cigarettes that smelled of mutton stew. He gave off a deep professional gloom, which affected Walter. Walter began to speak of the futility of genius—a sure sign of melancholia. Speck gave the painter money so that he could smoke in cafés. The bells of St. Clotilde's clanged and echoed, saying to Speck's memory, "Fascist, Fascist, Fascist." Walter reminded Speck that November was bad for art. The painter returned from a café looking cheerful. Speck wondered if he was enjoying Paris and if he would decide to stay; he stopped giving him money and the gallery became once more infested with mutton stew and despair. Speck began a letter to Henriette imploring her to come back. Walter interrupted it with the remark that Rembrandt, Mozart, and Dante had lived in vain. Speck tore the letter up and started another one saying that a Guillaumin pastel was missing and suggesting that Henriette had taken it to Africa. Just as he was tearing this up, too, the telephone rang.

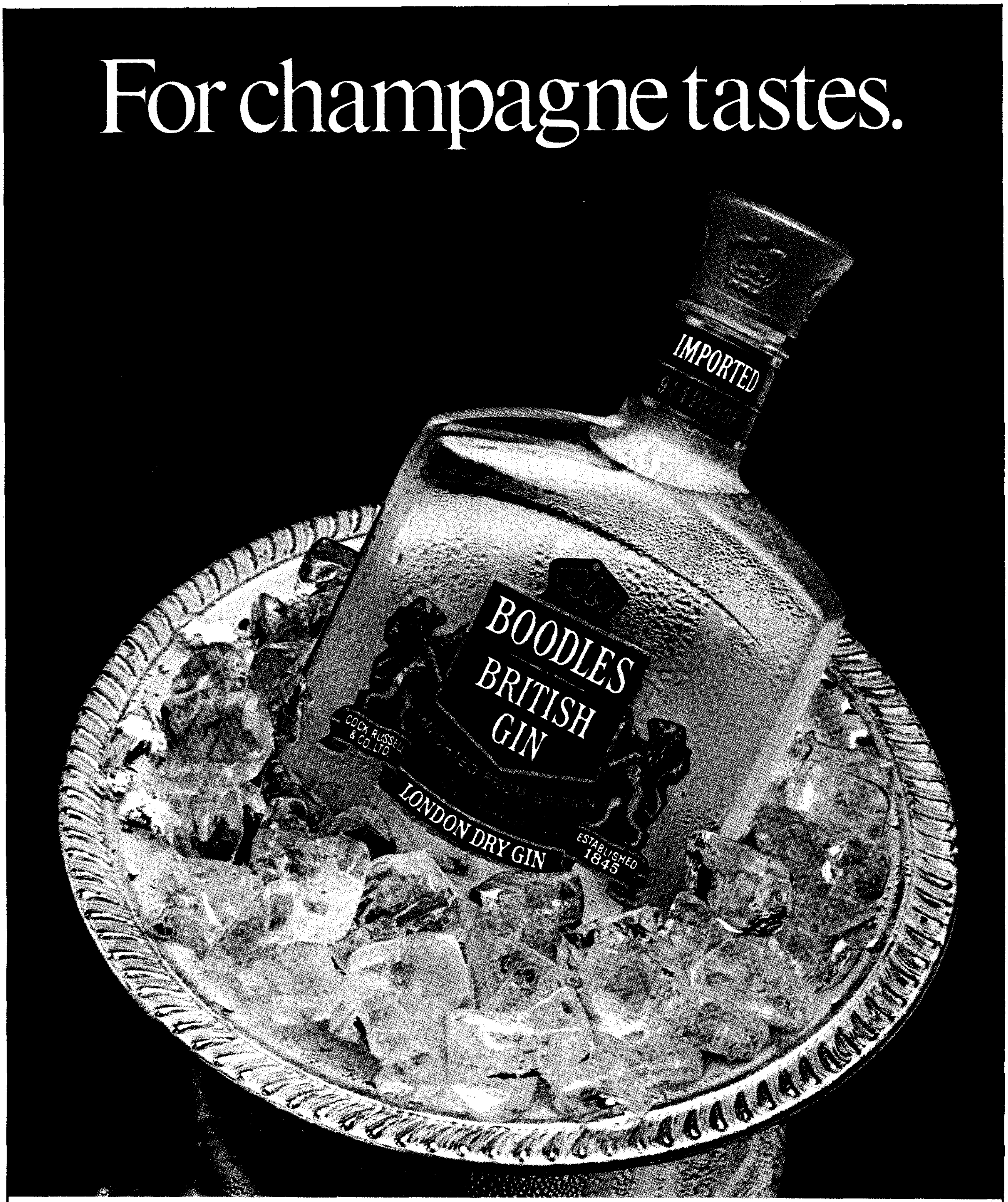
"I finally got Hube's stuff all straightened out," said Lydia Cruche. "You might as well come round and look at it this afternoon. By the way, you may call me 'Lydia,' if you want to."

"Thank you," said Speck. "And you, of course, must call me—"

"I wouldn't dream of it. Once a doctor always a doctor. Come early. The light goes at four."

Speck took a pill to quiet the pounding of his heart.

IN her summing-up of his moral nature, a compendium that had preceded her ringing "Fascist"s, Henriette had declared that Speck appraising an artist's work made her think of a real-estate loan officer examining Chartres Cathedral for leaks. It was true that his feeling for art stopped short of love; it had to. The great cocottes of history had shown similar prudence. Madame de Pompadour had eaten vanilla, believed to arouse the senses, but such recklessness was rare. Cool but efficient—that was the professional ticket. No vanilla for Speck; he knew better. For what if he were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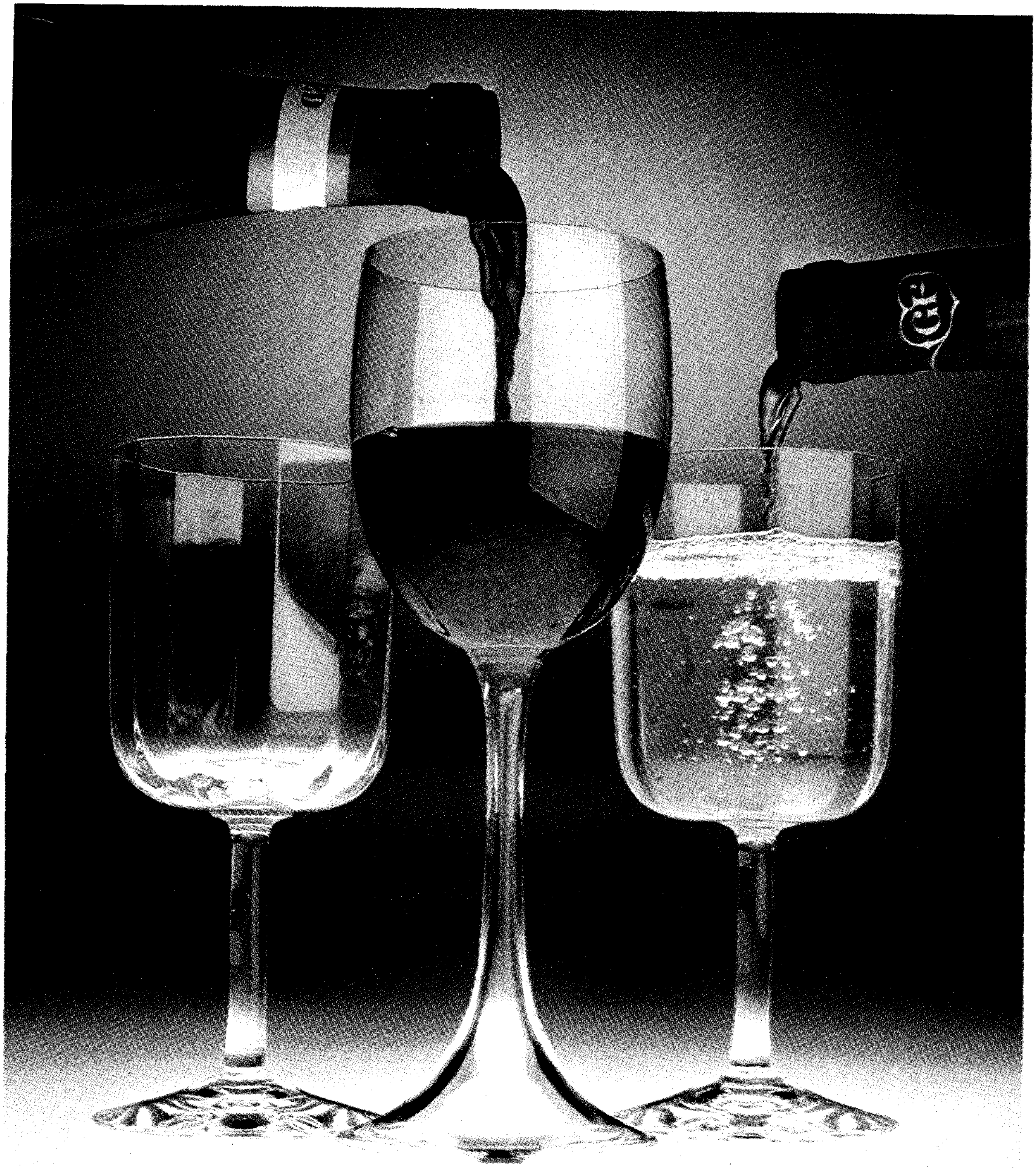

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to allow passion for painting to set alight his common sense? How would he be able to live then, knowing that the ultimate fate of art was to die of anemia in safe-deposit vaults? Ablaze with love, he might try to organize raids and rescue parties, dragging pictures out of the dark, leaving sacks of onions instead. He might drop the art trade altogether, as Walter kept intending to do, and turn his talents to cornering the onion market. The same customers would ring at election time, saying, "Dr. Speck, what happens to my onion collection if the Left gets in? Shouldn't we try to unload part of it in New York now, just to be on the safe side?" And Speck, unloading onions of his own in Tokyo, would answer, "Don't worry. They can't possibly nationalize all the onions. Besides, they aren't going to win."

Lydia seemed uninterested in Speck's reaction to Cruche. He had expected her to hang about, watching his face, measuring his interest, the better to nail her prices; but she simply showed him a large, dim, dusty, north-facing room in which canvases were thickly stacked against the walls and said, "I wasn't able to get the light fixed. I've left a lamp. Don't knock it over. Tea will be ready when you are." Presently he heard American country music rising from the kitchen (Lydia must have been tuned to the BBC) and he smelled a baking cake. Then, immersed in his ice-cold Cruche encounter, he noticed nothing more.

About three hours later he came downstairs, slowly, wiping dust from his hands with a handkerchief. His conception of the show had been slightly altered, and for the better, by the total Cruche. He began to rewrite the catalogue notes: "The time has come for birth . . . " No—"for rebirth. In a

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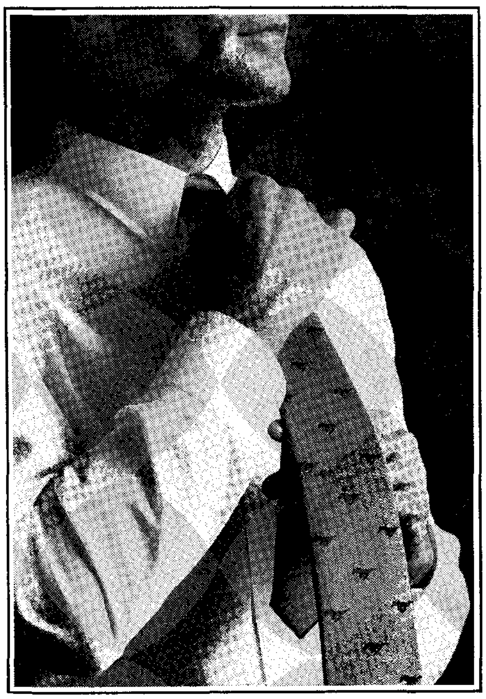

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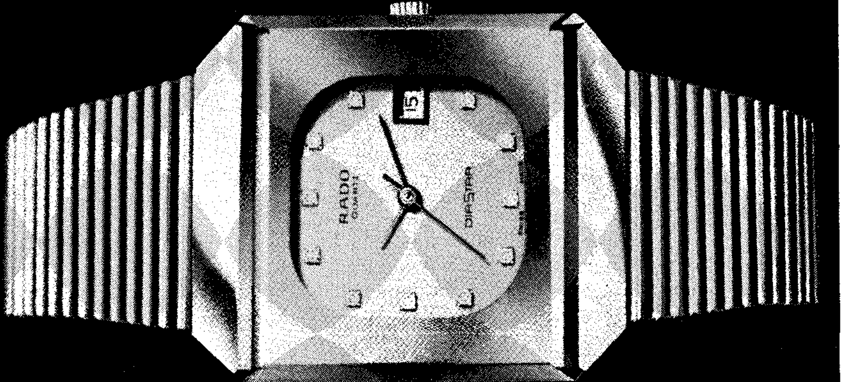

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world sated by overstatement the moment is ripe for a calm . . ." How to avoid "statement" and still say "statement"? The Grand Architect was keeping Speck in mind. "For avouchment," said Speck, alone on the stairs. It was for avouchment that the time had come. It was also here for hard business. His face became set and distant, as if a large desk were about to be shoved between Lydia Cruche and himself.

He sat down and said, "This is going to be a strong show, a powerful show, even stronger than I'd hoped. Does everything I've looked at upstairs belong to you outright? Is there anything which for any reason you are not allowed to lend, show, or sell?"

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," said Lydia, cutting caramel cake.

"No. Well, I am talking about the show, of course."

"No show," she said. "I already told you that."

"What do you mean, no show?" said Speck.

"What I told you at the beginning. I told you not to count on me. Don't drop boiled frosting on your trousers. I couldn't get it to set."

"But you changed your mind," said Speck. "After saying 'Don't count on me,' you changed your mind."

"Not for a second."

"Why?" said Speck, as he had said to the departing Henriette. "Why?"

"God doesn't want it."

He waited for more. She folded her arms and stared at the blank television set. "How do you know that God doesn't want Hubert Cruche to have a retrospective?"

"Because He said so."

His first thought was that the Grand Architect had granted Lydia Cruche something so far withheld from Sandor Speck: a plain statement of intention. "Don't you know your Commandments?" she asked. "You've never heard of the graven image?"

He searched her face for the fun, the teasing, even the malice that might give shape to this conversation, allow him to take hold of it. He said, "I can't believe you mean this."

"You don't have to. I'm sure you have your own spiritual pathway. Whatever it is, I respect it. God reveals himself according to each person's mental capacity."

One of Speck's widows could prove she descended from Joan of Arc. Another had spent a summer measuring the walls of Toledo in support of a theory that Jericho had been in Spain. It was Speck's policy never to fight the

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current of eccentricity but to float with it. He said cautiously, "We are all held in a mysterious hand." Generations of Speck freethinkers howled from their graves; he affected not to hear them.

"I am a Japhethite, Dr. Speck. You remember who Noah was? And his sons, Ham, Shem, and Japheth? What does that mean to you?" Speck looked as if he possessed Old Testament lore too fragile to stand exposure. "Three," said Lydia. "The sacred number. The first, the true, the only source of Israel. That crowd Moses led into the desert were just Egyptian malcontents. The true Israelites were scattered all over the earth by then. The Bible hints at this for its whole length. Japheth's people settled in Scotland. Present-day Jews are impostors."

"Are you connected to this Japheth?"

"I do not make that claim. My Scottish ancestors came from the border country. The Japhethites had been driven north long before by the Roman invasion. The British Israelite movement, which preceded ours, proved that the name 'Hebrides' was primitive Gaelic for 'Hebrew.' The British Israelites were distinguished pathfinders. It was good of you to have come all the way out here, Dr. Speck. I imagine you'll want to be getting back."

After backing twice into Lydia's fence, Speck drove straight to Galignani's bookshop, on Rue de Rivoli, where he purchased an English Bible. He intended to have Walter ransack it for contra-Japhethite pronouncements. The orange dust jacket surprised him; it seemed to Speck that Bibles were usually black. On the back flap the churches and organizations that had sponsored this English translation were listed, among them the National Bible Society of Scotland. He wondered if this had anything to do with Japheth.

As far as Speck could gather from passages Walter marked during the next few days, art had never really flourished, even before Moses decided to put a stop to it. Apart from a bronze snake cast at God's suggestion (Speck underscored this for Lydia in red), there was nothing specifically cultural, though Ezekiel's visions had a certain surrealistic splendor. As Speck read the words "the terrible crystal," its light flooded his mind, illuminating a simple question: Why not forget Hubert Cruche and find an easier solution for the cultural penury of the West? The crystal dimmed. Speck's impulsive words that October night, "Cruche is coming back," could not be reeled

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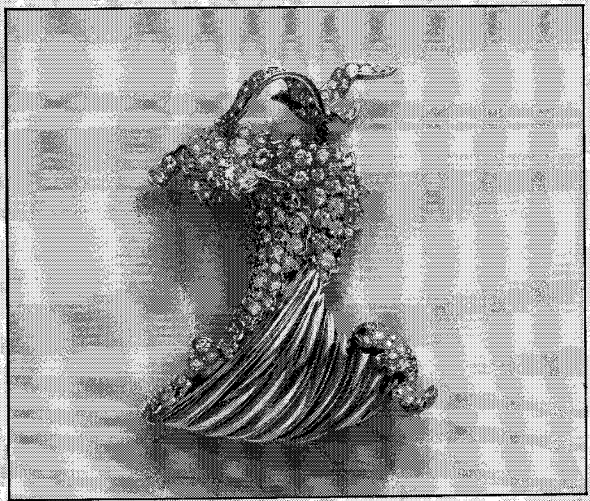

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in. Senator Bellefeuille was entangled in a promise that had Speck at one end and Lydia at the other. Speck had asked if he might examine his lodge brother's collection and had been invited to lunch. Cruche *had* to come back.

Believing Speck's deliverance at hand, Walter assailed him with texts and encouragement. He left Biblical messages on Speck's desk so that he had to see them first thing after lunch. Apparently the British Israelite movement had truly existed, enjoying a large and respectable following. Its premise that it was the British who were really God's elect had never been challenged, though membership had dwindled at mid-century; Walter could find no trace of Lydia's group, however. He urged Speck to drive to the north of Scotland, but Speck had already decided to abandon the religious approach to Cruche.

"No modern translation conveys the word of Japheth or of God," Lydia had said when Speck showed her Walter's finds. There had been something unusual about the orange dust jacket, after all. He did not consider this a defeat. Bible reading had raised his spirits. He understood now why Walter found it consoling, for much in it consisted of the assurance of downing one's enemies, dashing them against stones, seeing their children reduced to beggary and their wives to despair. Still, he was not drawn to deep belief: he remained rational, skeptical, anxious, and subject to colds, and he had not succeeded in moving Lydia Cruche an inch.

LUNCH at Senator Bellefeuille's was balm. Nothing was served that Speck could not swallow. From the dining room he looked across at the dark November trees of the Bois de Boulogne. The Senator lived on the west side of Paris—the clients' side. A social allegory in the shape of a city separated Speck from Lydia Cruche. The Senator's collection was fully insured, free from dust, attractively framed or stored in racks built to order.

Speck began a new catalogue introduction as he ate lunch. "The Bellefeuille Cruches represent a unique aspect of Cruche's vision," he composed, heartily enjoying fresh crab soufflé. "Not nearly enough has been said about Cruche and the nude."

The Senator broke in, asking how much Cruche was likely to fetch after the retrospective. Speck gave figures to which his choice of socks and cuff-links lent authority.

"Cruche-and-the-nude implies a

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definition of Woman," Speck continued, silently, sipping coffee from a gold-rimmed cup. "Lilith, Eve, temptress, saint, child, mother, nurse—Cruche delineated the feminine factor once and for all."

The Senator saw his guest to the door, took his briefcase from the hands of a manservant, and bestowed it on Speck like a diploma. He told Speck he would send him a personal invitation list for the Cruche opening next May. The list would include the estranged wife of a respected royal pretender, the publisher of an influential morning paper, the president of a nationalized bank, and the highest-ranking administrative official of a thickly populated area. Before driving away, Speck took a deep breath of west-end air. It was cool and dry, like Speck's new expression.

THAT evening, around closing time, he called Lydia Cruche. He had to let her know that the show could go on without her. "I shall be showing the Bellefeuille Cruches," he said.

"The *what?*"

Speck changed the subject. "There is enormous American interest," he said, meaning that he had written half a dozen letters and received prudent answers or none at all. He was accustomed to the tense excitement "American interest" could arouse. He had known artists to enroll in crash courses at Berlitz, the better to understand prices quoted in English.

Lydia was silent; then she said, slowly, "Don't ever mention such a thing again. Hube was anti-American—especially during the war." As for Lydia, she had set foot in the United States once, when a marshmallow roast had taken her a few yards inside North Dakota, some sixty years before.

The time was between half past seven and eight. Walter had gone to early dinner and a lecture on lost Atlantis. The Belgian painter was back in Bruges, unsold and unsung. The cultural-affairs committee had turned Speck's bill for expenses over to a law firm in Brussels. Two Paris galleries had folded in the past month and a third was packing up for America, where Speck gave it less than a year. Painters set adrift by these frightening changes drifted to other galleries, shipwrecked victims trying to crawl on board waterlogged rafts. On all sides Speck heard that the economic decline was irreversible. He knew one thing—art had sunk low on the scale of con-

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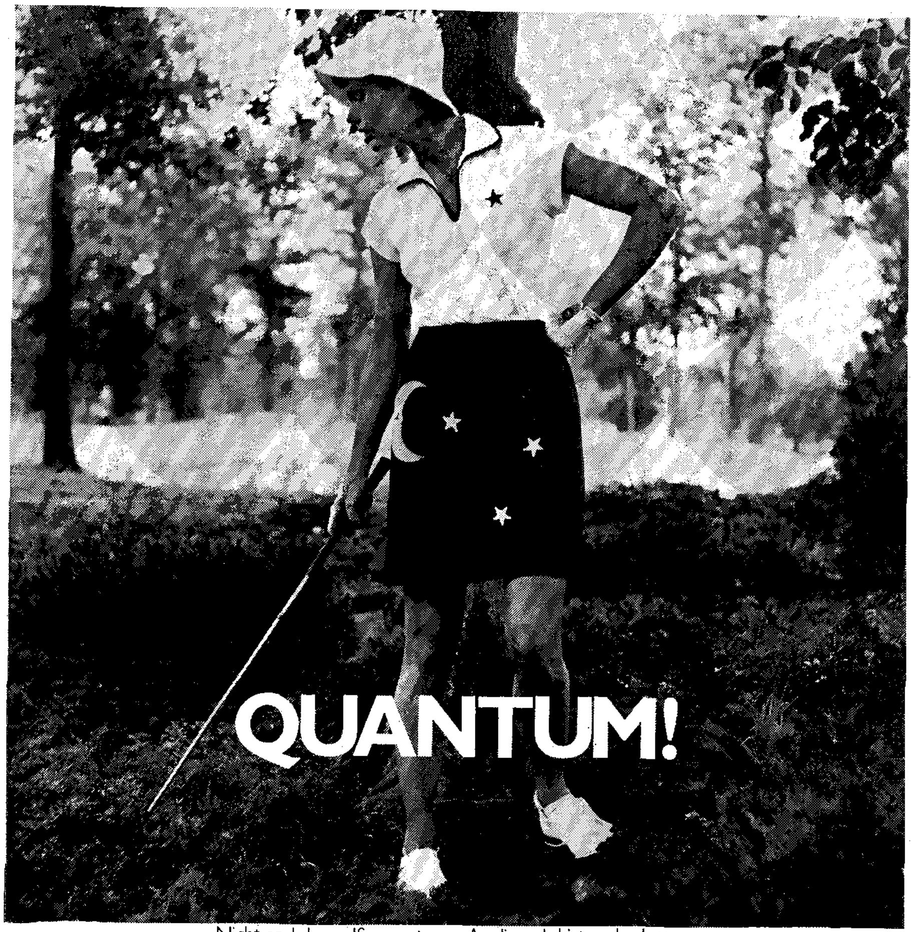
sumer necessities. To mop up a few back bills, he was showing part of his own collection—his last-ditch old-age-security reserve. He clasped his hands behind his neck, staring at a Vlaminck India ink on his desk. It had been certified genuine by an expert now serving a jail sentence in Zurich. Speck was planning to flog it to one of the ambassadors down the street.

He got up and began turning out lights, leaving just a spot in the window. To have been anti-American during the Second World War in France had a strict political meaning. Any hope of letters from Louis Aragon and Elsa withered and died: Hubert Cruche had been far Right. Of course, there was Right and Right, thought Speck as he triple-locked the front door. Nowadays the Paris intelligentsia drew new lines across the past, separating coarse collaborators from fine-drawn intellectual Fascists. One could no longer lump together young hotheads whose passionate belief in Europe had led them straight to the Charlemagne Division of the Waffen-S.S. and the soft middle class that had stayed behind to make money on the black market. Speck could not quite remember why *pure* Fascism had been better for civilization than the other kind, but somewhere on the safe side of the barrier there was bound to be a slot for Cruche. From the street, he considered a page of Charles Despiau sketches—a woman's hand, her breast, her thigh. He thought of the Senator's description of that other, early Lydia and of the fragments of perfection Speck could now believe in, for he had seen the Bellefeuille nudes. The familiar evening sadness caught up with him and lodged in his heart. Posterity forgives, he repeated, turning away, crossing the road on his way to his dinner.

Speck's ritual pause brought him up to St. Amand and his demon just as M. Chassepoule leaned into his window to replace a two-volume work he had probably taken out to show a customer. The bookseller drew himself straight, stared confidently into the night, and caught sight of Speck. The two greeted each other through glass. M. Chassepoule seemed safe, at ease, tucked away in a warm setting of lights and friends and royal blue, and yet he made an odd little gesture of helplessness, as if to tell Speck, "Here I am, like you, overtaxed, hounded, running an honest business against dreadful odds." Speck made a wry face of sympathy, as if to answer that he knew, he knew. His neighbor seemed to be-



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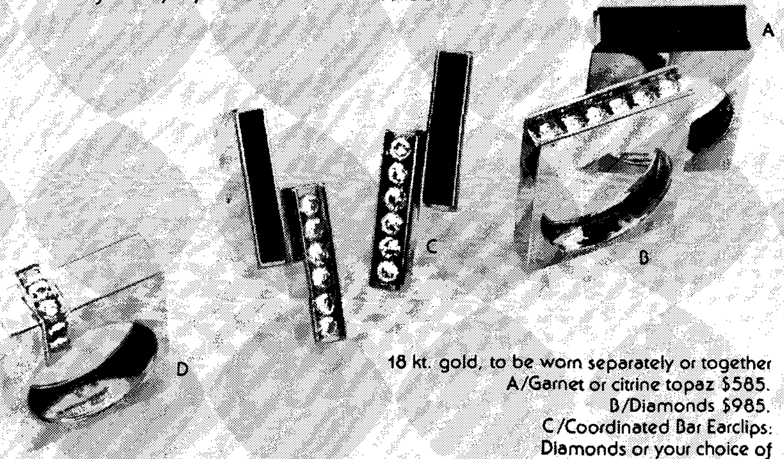

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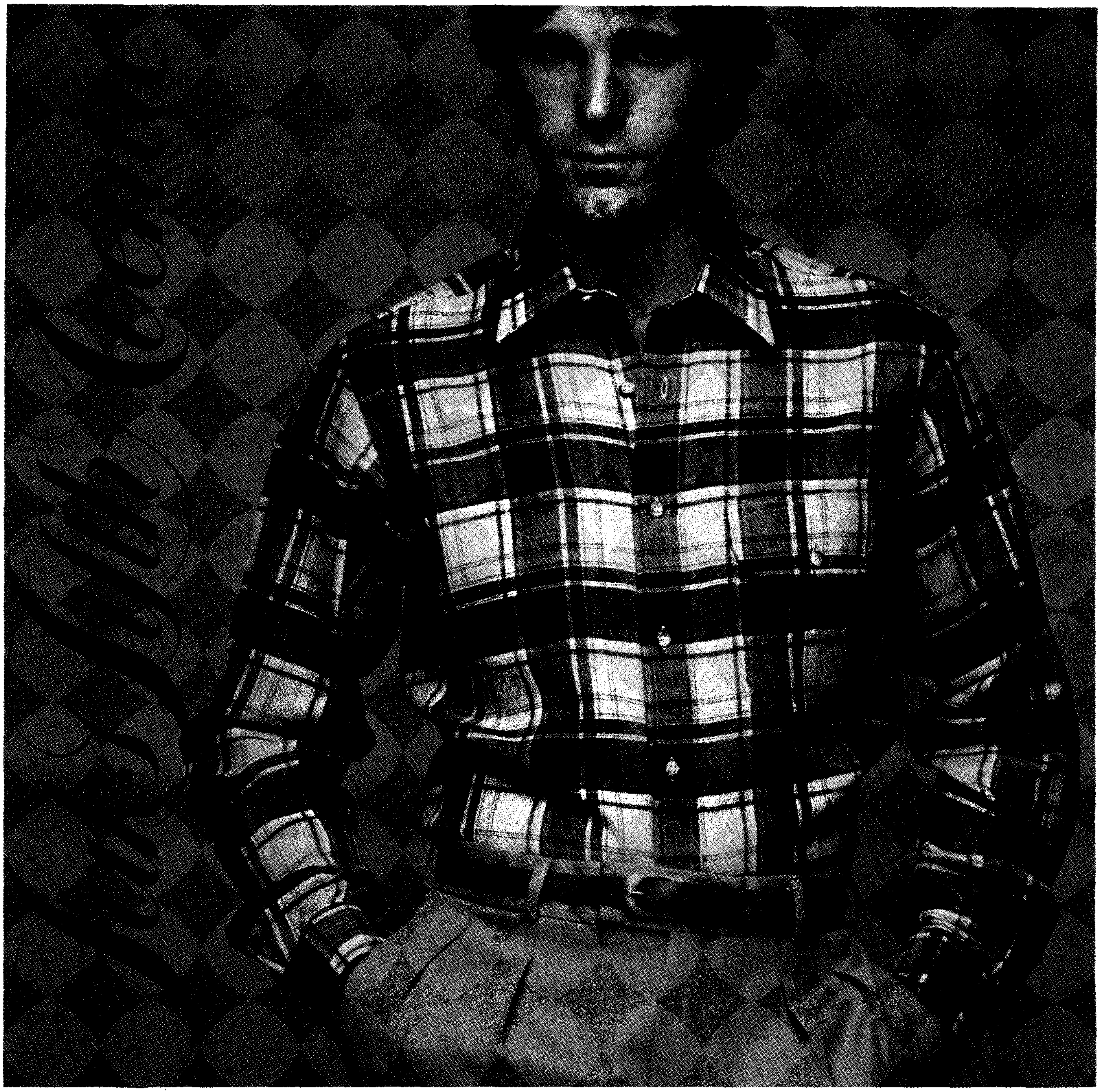

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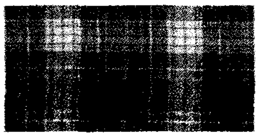

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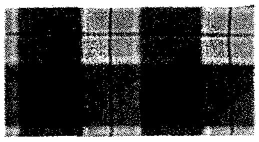

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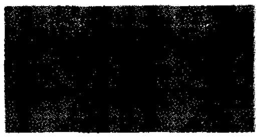

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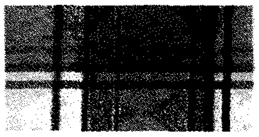

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long to an old and desperate breed, its back to the wall, its birthright gnawed away by foreigners, by the heathen, by the blithe continuity of art, by Speck himself. He dropped his gaze, genuinely troubled, examining the wares M. Chassepoule had collected, dusted, sorted, and priced for a new and ardent generation. The work he had just put back in the window was "La France Juive," by Édouard Drumont. A handwritten notice described it as a classic study, out of print, hard to find, and in good condition.

Speck thought, A few years ago, no one would have dared put it on display. It has been considered rubbish for fifty years. Édouard Drumont died poor, alone, cast off even by his old friends, completely discredited. Perhaps his work was always being sold, quietly, somewhere, and I didn't know. Had he been Walter and superstitious, he might have crossed his fingers; being Speck and rational, he merely shuddered.

WALTER had a friend—Félicité Blum-Weiler-Bloch, the owner of the Afghan hound. When Walter complained to her about the temperature of the gallery, she gave him a scarf, a sweater, an old flannel bedsheet, and a Turkey carpet. Walter decided to make a present of the carpet to Speck.

"Get that thing out of my gallery," said Speck.

"It's really from Félicité."

"I don't want her here, either," said Speck. "Or the dog."

Walter proposed spreading the carpet on the floor in the basement. "I spend a lot of time there," he said. "My feet get cold."

"I want it out," said Speck.

Later that day Speck discovered Walter down in the framing room, holding a vacuum cleaner. The Turkey carpet was spread on the floor. A stripe of neutral color ran through the pattern of mottled reds and blues. Looking closer, Speck saw it was warp and weft. "Watch," said Walter. He switched on the vacuum; another strip of color vanished. "The wool lifts right out," said Walter.

"I told you to get rid of it," said Speck, trembling.

"Why? I can still use it."

"I won't have my gallery stuffed with filth."

"You'll never have to see it. You hardly ever come down here." He ran the vacuum, drowning Speck's reply. Over the noise Walter yelled, "It will look better when it's all one color."

Speck raised his voice to the Right

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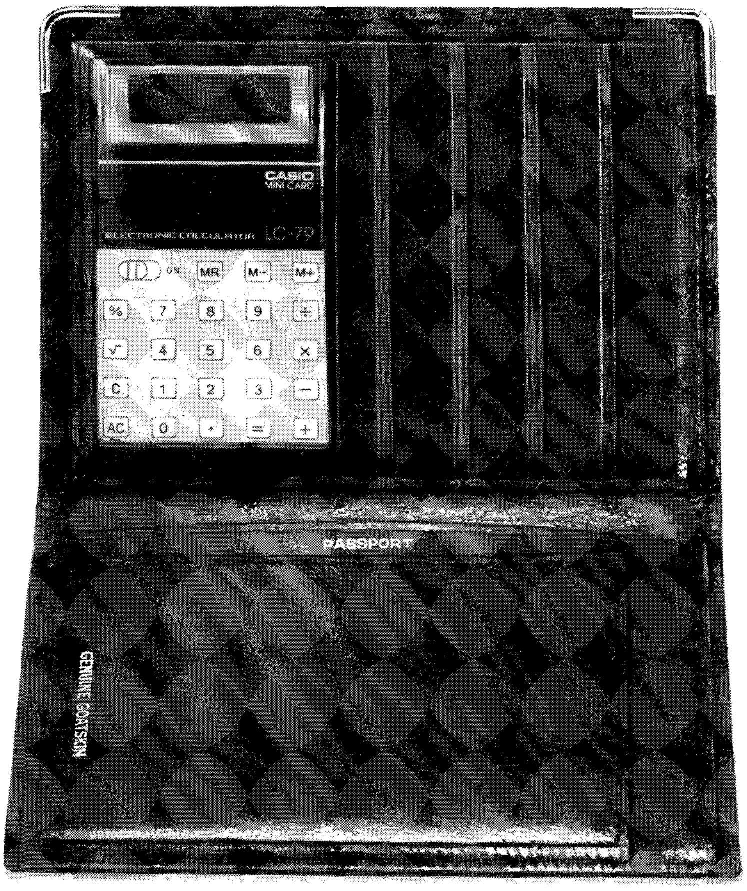

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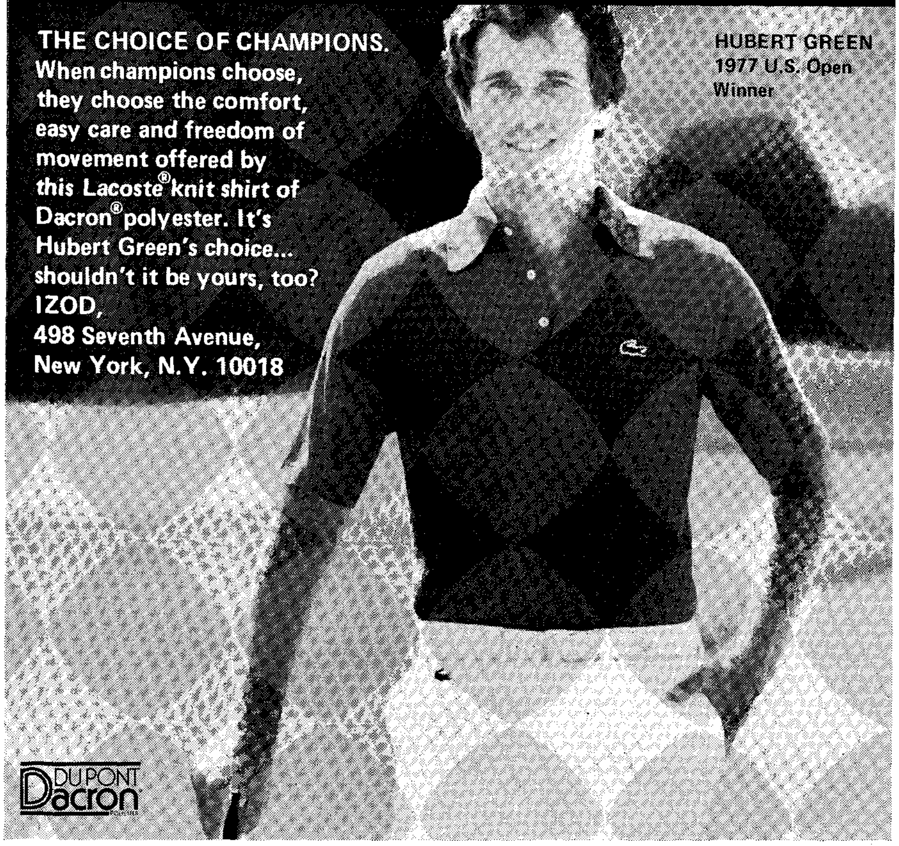

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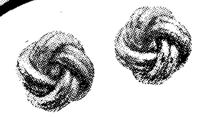

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Wing pitch heard during street fights: "Get it out! Get it out of my gallery!"

Like a telephone breaking into a nightmare, delivering the sleeper, someone was calling, "Dr. Speck." There on the stairs stood Lydia Cruche, wearing an ankle-length fur coat and a brown velvet turban. "I thought I'd better have a look at the place," she said. "Just to see how much space you have, how much of Cruche you can hold."

Still trembling, Speck took her hand, which smelled as if she had been peeling oranges, and pressed it to his lips.

THAT evening, Speck called the Senator: Would he be interested in writing the catalogue introduction? No one was better fitted, said Speck, over senatorial modesty. The Senator had kept faith with Cruche. During his years of disappointment and eclipse Cruche had been heartened, knowing that guests at the Senator's table could lift their eyes from quail in aspic to feast on "Nude in the Afternoon."

Perhaps his lodge brother exaggerated just a trifle, the Senator replied, though it was true that he had hung on to his Cruches even when their value had been wiped out of the market. The only trouble was that his recent prose had been about the capital-gains-tax project, the Common Market sugar-beet subsidy, and the uninformed ecological campaign against plastic containers. He wondered if he could write with the same persuasiveness about art.

"I have taken the liberty of drawing up an outline," said Speck. "Just a few notes. Knowing how busy you are."

Hanging up, he glanced at his desk calendar. Less than six weeks had gone by since the night when, by moonlight, Speck had heard the Senator saying ". . . hats."

A FEW days before Christmas Speck drove out to Lydia's with a briefcase filled with documents that were, at last, working papers: the list of exhibits from the Bellefeuille collection, the introduction, and the chronology in which there were gaps for Lydia to fill. He still had to draw up a financial arrangement. So far, she had said nothing about it, and it was not a matter Speck cared to rush.

He found another guest in the house—a man somewhat younger than he, slightly bald and as neat as a mouse.

"Here's the doctor I was telling you about," said Lydia, introducing Speck. Signor Vigorelli of Milan was a

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Takes care of you as well as your car, light duty truck or van fellow-Japhethite—so Speck gathered from their conversation, which took up, in English, as though he had never come in. Lydia poured Speck's tea in an offhand manner he found wounding. He felt he was being treated like the hanger-on in a Russian play. He smashed his lemon cupcake, scattering crumbs. The visitor's plate looked cleaner than his. After a minute of this, Speck took the catalogue material out of his briefcase and started to read. Nobody asked what he was reading. The Italian finally looked at his watch (expensive, of a make Speck recognized) and got to his feet, picking up car keys that had been lying next to his plate.

"That little man had an Alfa Romeo tag," said Speck when Lydia returned after seeing him out.

"I don't know why you people drive here when there is perfectly good bus service," she said.

"What does he do?"

"He is a devout, religious man."

For the first time, she sat down on the sofa, close to Speck. He showed her the introduction and the chronology. She made a number of sharp and useful suggestions. Then they went upstairs and looked at pictures. The studio had been cleaned, the light repaired. Speck suddenly thought, I've done it—I've brought it off.

"We must discuss terms," he said.

"When you're ready," she replied. "Your cold seems a lot better."

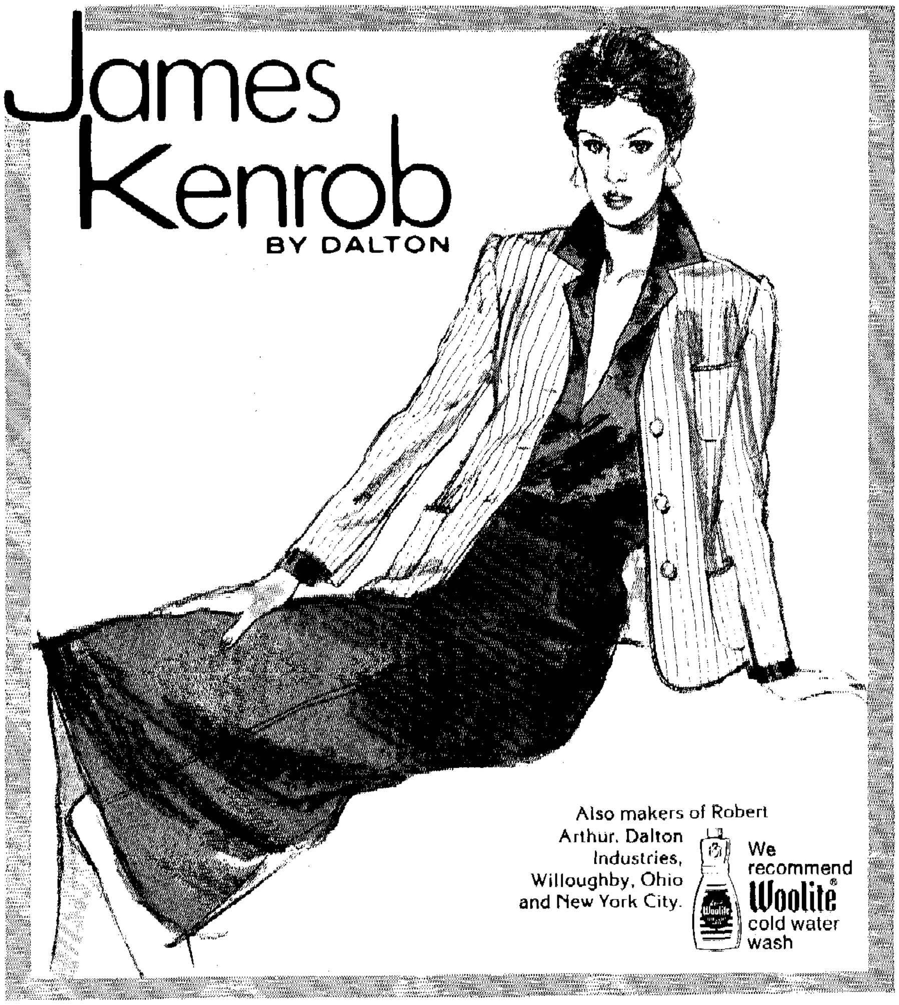
INCHING along in stagnant traffic, Speck tried one after the other the FM state-controlled stations on his car radio. He obtained a lecture about the cultural oppression of Cajuns in Louisiana, a warning that the road he was now driving on was saturated, and the disheartening squeaks and wails of a circumcision ceremony in Ethiopia. On the station called France-Culture someone said, "Henri Cruche."

"Not Henri, excuse me," said a polite foreigner. "His name was Hubert. Hubert Cruche."

"Strange that it should be an Italian to discover an artist so essentially French," said the interviewer.

Signor Vigorelli explained that his admiration for France was second only to his intense feelings about Europe. His career had been consecrated to enhancing Italian elegance with French refinement and then scattering the result abroad. He believed that the unjustly neglected Cruche would be a revelation and might even bring the whole of Western art to its senses.

Speck nodded, agreeing. The inter-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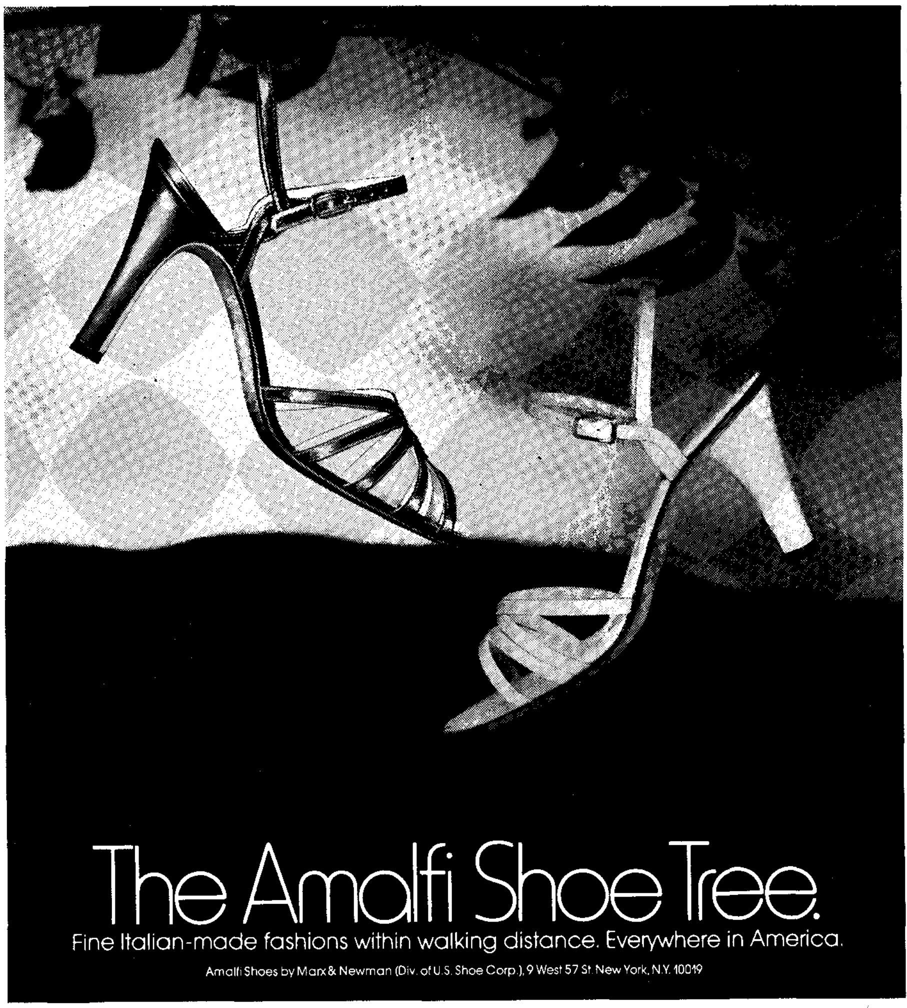
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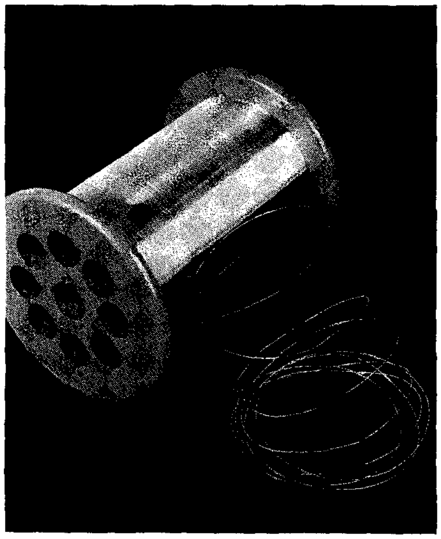
back into rooms, At present, some 200 American office buildings are using gold in an effort to save energy.

Gold's workability and its ability to resist corrosion make it highly useful in dentistry. Gold, usually mixed with other metals, is an ideal material for the creation of virtually indestructible fillings. Alloys containing gold are an equally good choice, for exactly the same reasons, for the construction of orthodontic devices. Many are the beautiful smiles that have gotten that way thanks to gold!



Courtesy, GTE Wesgo division

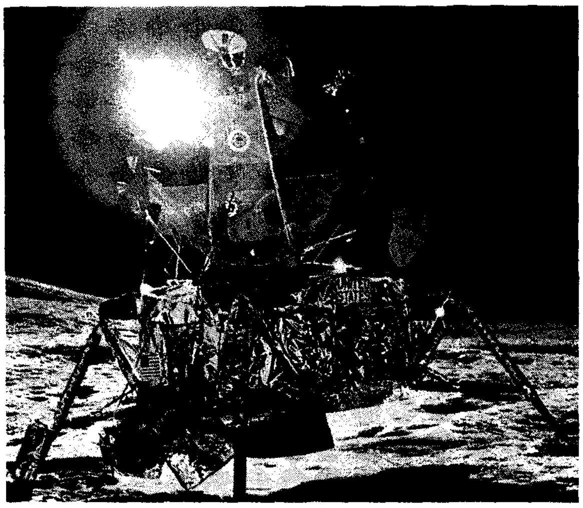
Gold alloy wire can be drawn thinner than a human hair, for use in microcircuitry.

Gold has also proven beneficial in medicine. In as many as 7 out of 10 cases of rheumatoid arthritis, a series of intramuscular injections of gold salts leads to a reduction of the painful symptoms of this crippling disease. One specialist calculates that there are about 100,000 people in the United States currently on gold treatment.

The modern solid-state electronics industry is one of the largest users of gold in America today. Solid-state devices like the pocket calculator employ very low voltages and currents. For this reason, it is critically important that circuits, connectors, and contact points have low resistance to electrical current and remain free from any tarnishing film that might interrupt the flow. Gold won't corrode or oxidize and thus remains both chemically and metallurgically stable over the life of a device. It also is highly conductive. In addition, because gold is so ductile, it can be drawn into wires as thin as one one-thousandth of an inch for use in microcircuitry. One expert estimates that more than 10 billion tiny electrical contacts are made with gold every year!

Nowadays, gold's usefulness isn't limited to Earth. As man has left his planet to explore outer space and the solar system, gold has journeyed with him. The first American to walk in space was attached to his spacecraft by an umbilical cord coated with gold to protect it from the sun. As a high energy radiation shield, gold goes on space suits, capsules, rocket engines, helmets, visors, and tether lines to protect men and equipment from the heat of the sun, rocket blasts, and reentry. Gold's low coefficient of friction makes it useful for lubrication of sliding or rolling surfaces in the vacuum environment of space where ordinary lubricants vaporize. And gold is found throughout the electronic circuitry that guides and controls the spacecraft and its instruments.

These are only a few of the ways gold affects people's daily lives. The tales of other uses go on and on and on ...touch-tone telephones, containing 33 gold contacts; solar energy collectors and concentrators; gold-palladium spark plugs for surer starts in sub-freezing weather; transparent, conductive films to keep airplane and train windshields clear of fog, snow, ice, and glare...the list is almost endless.



Gold protected both the Lunar Landing Module and its crew on the surface of the moon.

It all adds up to one simple fact. Gold, in addition to being one of the most beautiful and valuable substances in the world, is also one of the most useful.

This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information, write to The Gold Information Center, Department Y99, P.O. Box 1269, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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view came to an end. Wild jungle drums broke forth, heralding the announcement that there was to be a reading of medieval Bulgarian poetry in an abandoned factory at Nanterre. It was then and then only that Speck took in the sense of what he had heard. He swung the car in a wild U-turn and, without killing himself or anyone else, ran into a tree. He sat quietly, for about a minute, until his breathing became steady again, then unlocked his safety belt and got out. For a long time he stood by the side of the road, holding his briefcase, feeling neither shock nor pain. Other drivers, noticing a man alone with a wrecked car, picked up speed. He began to walk in Lydia's direction. A cruising prostitute, on her way home to cook her husband's dinner, finally agreed to drop him off at a taxi stand. Speck gave her two hundred francs.

Lydia did not seem at all surprised to see him. "I'd invite you to supper," she said. "But all I've got is a tiny pizza and some of the leftover cake."

"The Italian," said Speck.

"Yes?"

"I've heard him. On the radio. He says he's got Cruche. That he discovered him. My car is piled up in the Bois. I tried to turn around and come back here. I've been walking for hours."

"Sit down," said Lydia. "There, on the sofa. Signor Vigorelli is having a big Cruche show in Milan next March."

"He can't," said Speck.

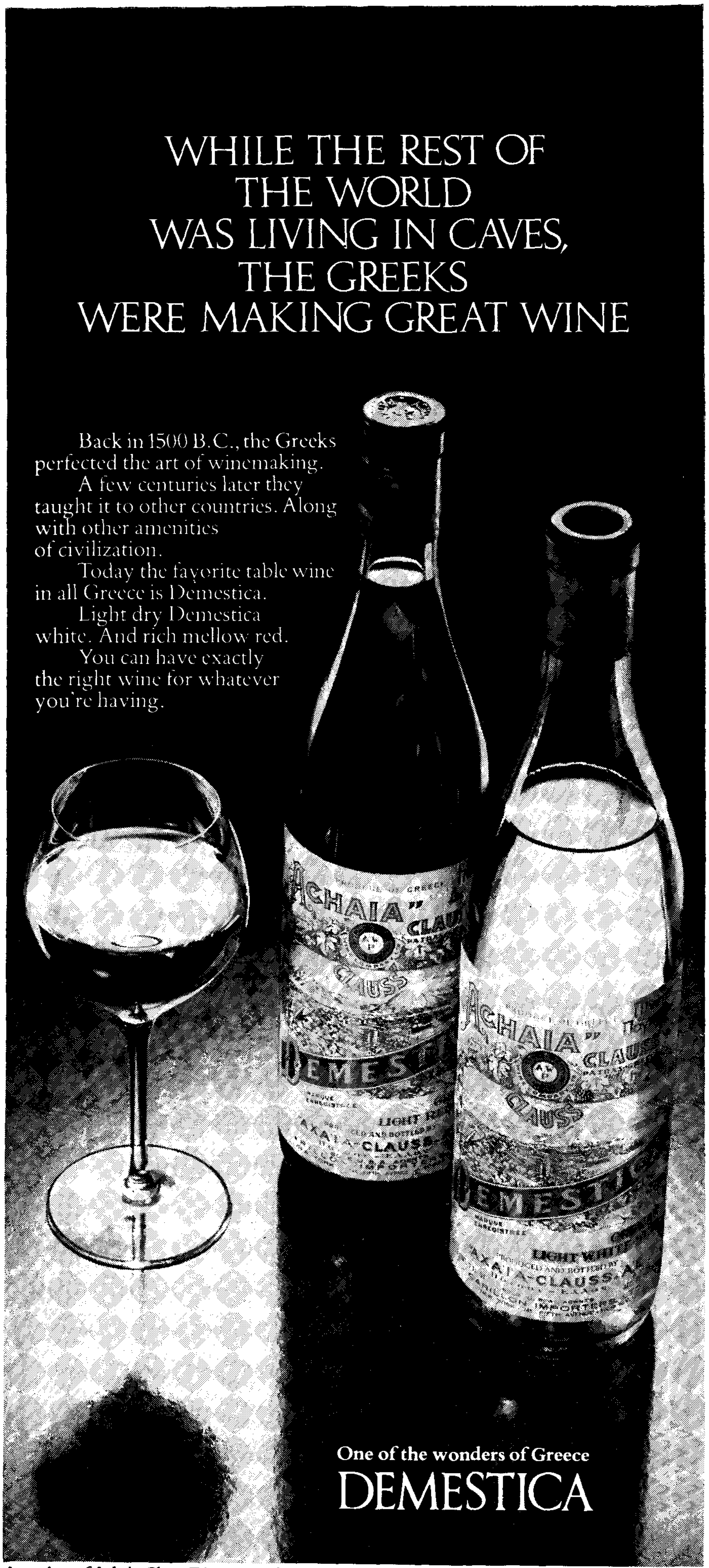
"Why can't he?"

"Because Cruche is mine. He was my idea. No one can have my idea. Not until after June."

"Then it goes to Trieste in April," said Lydia. "You could still have it by about the tenth of May. If you still want it."

If I want it, said Speck to himself. If I want it. With the best work sold and the insurance rates tripled and the commissions shared out like candy. And with everyone saying Speck jumped on the bandwagon, Speck made the last train.

"Lydia, listen to me," he said. "I invented Hubert Cruche. There would be no Hubert Cruche without Sandor Speck. This is an unspeakable betrayal. It is dishonorable. It is wrong." She listened, nodding her head. "What happens to me now?" he said. "Have you thought about that?" He knew better than to ask, "Why didn't you tell me about him?" Like all dissem-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bling women, she would simply answer, "Tell you what?"

"It might be all the better," she said. "There'll be that much more interest in Hube."

"Interest?" said Speck. "The worst kind of interest. Third-rate, tawdry interest. Do you suppose I can get the Pompidou Center to look at a painter who has been trailing around in Trieste? It had to be a new idea. It had to be strong."

"You'll save on the catalogue," she said. "He will probably want to share."

"It's my catalogue," said Speck. "I'm not sharing. Senator Bellefeuille . . . my biography . . . never. The catalogue is mine. Besides, it would look as if he'd had the idea."

"He did."

"But after me," said Speck, falling back on the most useless of all lover's arguments. "*After* me. I was there first."

"So you were," she said tenderly, like any woman on her way out.

Speck said, "I thought you were happy with our arrangement."

"I was. But I hadn't met him yet. You see, he was so interested in the Japhethite movement. One day he opened the Bible and put his finger on something that seemed to make it all right about the graven image. In Ecclesiastes, I think."

Speck gave up. "I suppose it would be no use calling for a taxi?"

"Not around here, I'm afraid, though you might pick one up at the shopping center. Shouldn't you report the accident?"

"Which accident?"

"To the police," she said. "Get it on record fast. Make it a case. That squeezes the insurance people. The phone's in the hall."

"I don't care about the insurance," said Speck.

"You will care, once you're over the shock. Tell me exactly where it happened. Can you remember? Have you got your license? Registration? Insurance?"

Speck sank back and closed his eyes. He could hear Lydia dialling; then she began to speak. He listened, exactly as Cruche must have listened, while Lydia, her voice full of silver bells, dealt with creditors and dealers and Cruche's castoff girlfriends and a Senator Bellefeuille more than forty years younger.

"I wish to report an accident," Lydia sang. "The victim is Dr. S. Speck. He is still alive—luckily. He was forced off the road in the Bois de Vincennes by a tank truck carrying highoctane fuel. It had an Italian plate. Dr. Speck was too shaken to get the number. Yes, I saw the accident, but I couldn't see the number. There was a van in the way. All I noticed was 'MI.' That must stand for Milan. I recognized the victim. Dr. Speck is well known in some circles . . . an intimate friend of Senator Antoine Bellefeuille, the former Minister of . . . that's right." She talked a few minutes longer, then came back to Speck. "Get in touch with the insurance people first thing tomorrow," she said, flat Lydia again. "Get a medical certificate—you've had a serious emotional trauma. It can lead to jaundice. Tell your doctor to write that down. If he doesn't want to, I'll give you the name of a doctor who will. You're on the edge of nervous depression. By the way, the police will be towing your car to a garage. They know they've been very remiss, letting a foreign vehicle with a dangerous cargo race through the Bois. It might have hit a bus full of children. They must be looking for that tanker all over Paris. I've made a list of the numbers you're to call."

Speck produced his last card: "Senator Bellefeuille will never allow his Cruches to go to Milan. He'll never let them out of the country."

"Who—Antoine?" said Lydia. "Of course he will."

She cut a cupcake in half and gave him a piece. Broken, Speck crammed the whole thing in his mouth. She stood over him, humming. "Do you know that old hymn, Dr. Speck—'The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended'?"

He searched her face, as he had often, looking for irony, or playfulness—a gleam of light. There floated between them the cold oblong on the map and the Chirico chessboard moving along to its Arctic destination. Trees dwindled to shrubs and shrubs to moss and moss to nothing. Speck had been defeated by a landscape.

ALTHOUGH Speck by no means considered himself a natural victim of hard luck, he had known disappointment. Shows had fallen flat. Galleries had been blown up and torn down. Artists he had nursed along had been lured away by siren dealers. Women had wandered off, bequeathing to Speck the warp and weft of a clear situation, so much less interesting than the ambiguous patterns of love. Disappointment had taught him rules: the first was that it takes next to no time to get used to bad news. Rain began to fall as he walked to the taxi stand. In his mind, Cruche was already

Sans Souci

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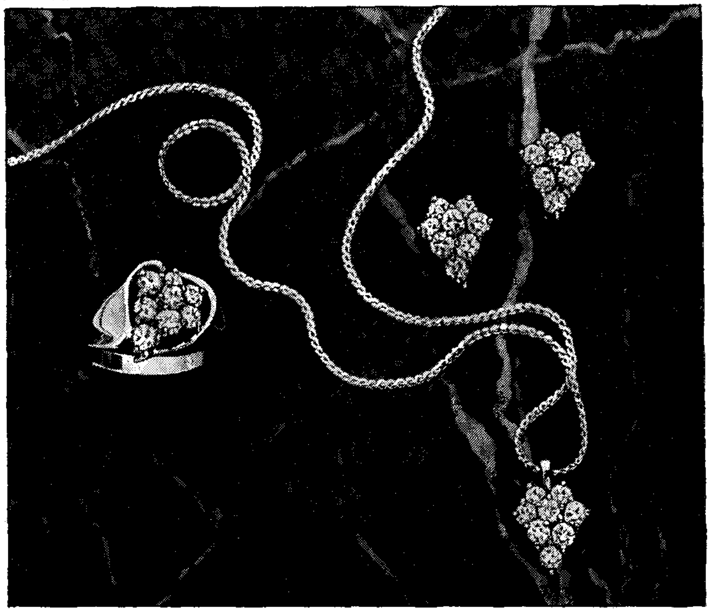

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being shown in Milan and he was making the best of it.

He gazed up and down the bleak road; of course there were no taxis. Inside a bus shelter huddled a few commuters. The thrust of their lives, their genetic destiny obliged them to wait for public transport—unlike Speck, thrown among them by random adventures. A plastic-covered timetable announced a bus to Paris every twenty-three minutes until five, every sixteen minutes from four to eight, and every thirty-one minutes thereafter. His watch had stopped late in the afternoon, probably at the time of the accident. He left the shelter and stood out in the wet, looking at windows of shops, one of which might contain a clock. He stood for a minute or two staring at a china tea set flanked by two notices: "Hand Painted" and "Christmas Is Coming," both of which he found deeply sad. The tea set had been decorated with reproductions of the Pompidou Art Center, which was gradually replacing the Eiffel Tower as a constituent feature of French design. The day's shocks caught up with him: he stared at the milk jug, feeling surprise because it did not tell him the time. The arrival of a bus replaced this perplexity with one more pressing. He did not know what was needed on suburban buses—tickets or tokens or a monthly pass. He wondered whether the drivers accepted banknotes, and gave change, with civility.

"Dr. Speck, Dr. Speck!" Lydia Cruche, her raincoat open and flying, waving a battered black umbrella, bore down on him out of the dark. "You were right," she said, gasping. "You were there first." Speck took his place at the end of the bus queue. "I mean it," she said, clutching his arm. "He can wait."

Speck's second rule of disappointment came into play: the deceitful one will always come back to you ten seconds too late. "What does it mean?" he said, wiping rain from the end of his nose. "Having it before him means *what? Paying for the primary* expenses and the catalogue and sweetening the Paris critics and letting him rake in the chips?"

"Wasn't that what you wanted?"

"Your chap from Milan thought he was first," said Speck. "He may not want to step aside for me—a humble Parisian expert on the entire Cruche context and period. You wouldn't want Cruche to miss a chance at Milan, either."

"Milan is ten times better for money than Paris," she said. "If that's what

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we're talking about. But of course we aren't."

Speck looked down at her from the step of the bus. "Very well," he said. "As we were."

"I'll come to the gallery," she called. "I'll be there tomorrow. We can work out new terms."

Speck paid his fare without trouble and moved to the far end of the bus. The dark shopping center with its windows shining for no one was a Magritte vision of fear. Lydia had already forgotten him. Having tampered with his pride, made a professional ass of him, gone off with his idea and returned it dented and chipped, she now stood gazing at the Pompidou Center tea set, perhaps wondering if the ban on graven images could possibly extend to this. Speck had often meant to ask her about the Mickey Mouse napkins. He thought of the hoops she had put him through—God, and politics, and finally the most dangerous one, which was jealousy. There seemed to be no way of rolling down the window, but a sliding panel at the top admitted half his face. Rising from his seat, he drew in a gulp of wet suburban air and threw it out as a shout: "Fascist! Fascist! Fascist!"

Not a soul in the bus turned to see. From the look of them, they had spent the best Sundays of their lives shuffling in demonstrations from Place de la République to Place de la Nation, tossing "Fascist"'s around like confetti. Lydia turned slowly and looked at Speck. She raised her umbrella at arm's length, like a trophy. For the first time, Speck saw her smile. What was it the Senator had said? "She had a smile like a fox's." He could see, gleaming white, her straight little animal teeth.

The bus lurched away from the curb and lumbered toward Paris. Speck leaned back and shut his eyes. Now he understood about that parting shot. It was amazing how it cleared the mind, tearing out weeds and tree stumps, flattening the live stuff along with the dead. "Fascist" advanced like a regiment of tanks. Only the future remained—clean, raked, ready for new growth. New growth of what? Of Cruche, of course—Cruche, whose hour was at hand, whose time was here. Speck began to explore his altered prospects. "New terms," she had said. So far, there had been none at all. The sorcerer from Milan must have promised something dazzling, swinging it before her eyes as he had swung his Alfa Romeo key. It would be foolish to match the offer. By the time they had all done with bungling, there might

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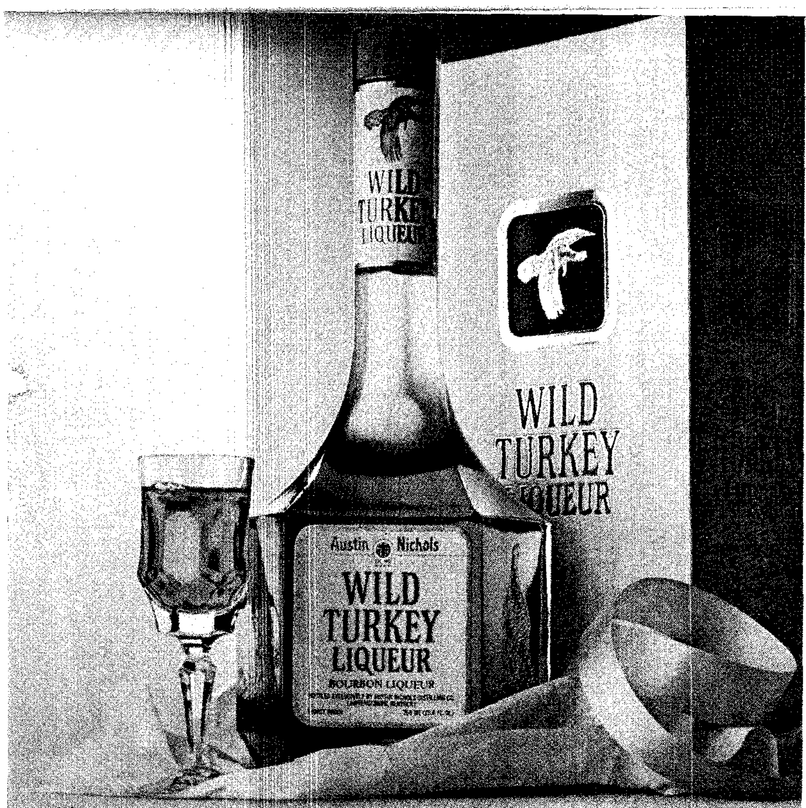
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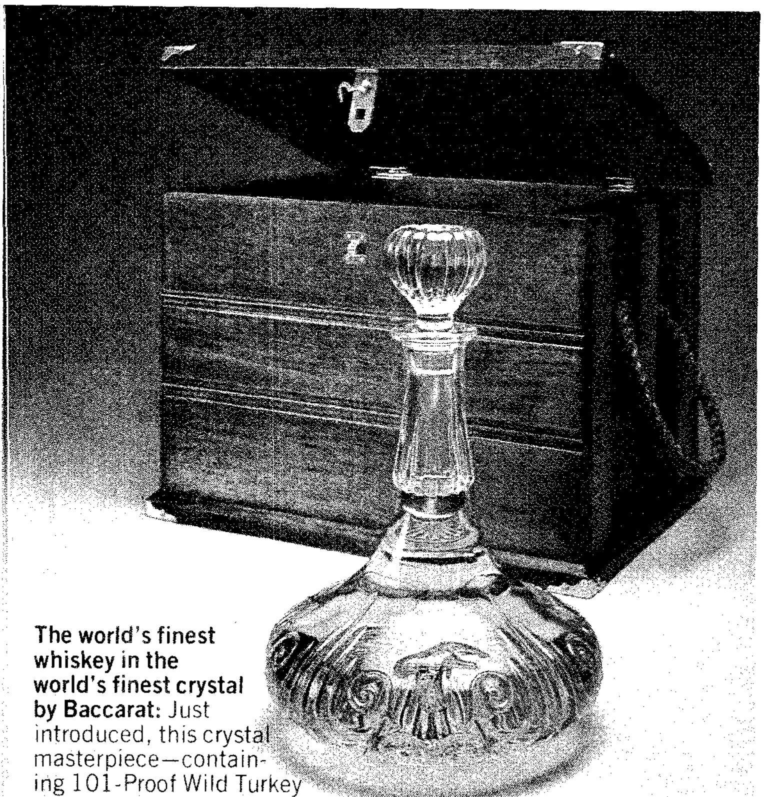

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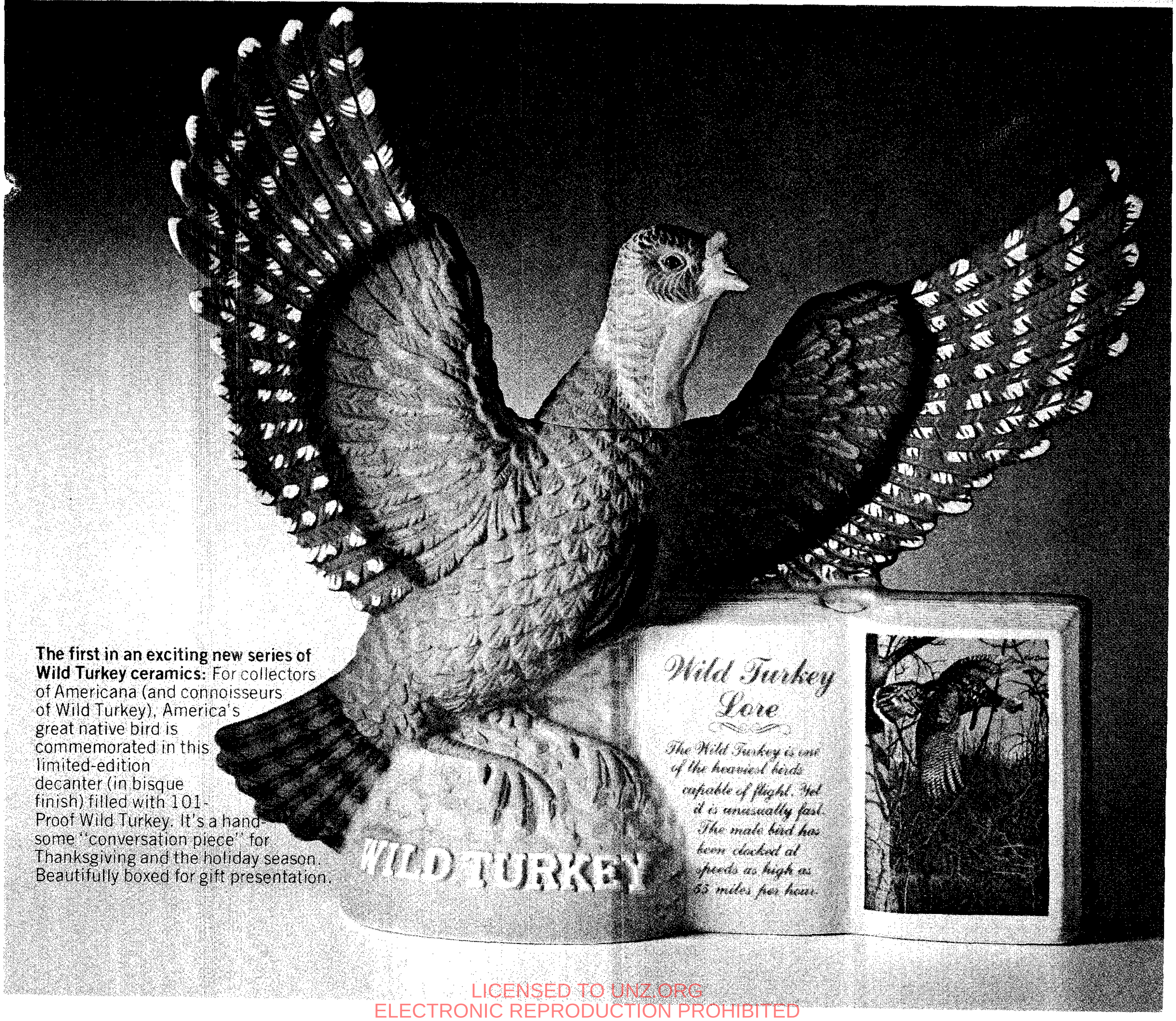
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not be enough left over to buy a new Turkey carpet for Walter.

I was no match for her, he thought. No match at all. But then, look at the help she had—that visitation from Cruche. "Only once," she said, but women always said that: "He asked if he could see me just once more. I couldn't very well refuse." Dead or alive, when it came to confusion and double-dealing, there was no such thing as "only once." And there had been not only the departed Cruche but the very living Senator Bellefeuille—"Antoine," who had bought every picture of Lydia for sixteen years, the span of her early beauty. Nothing would ever be the same again between Speck and Lydia, of course. No man could give the same trust and confidence the second time around. All that remained to them was the patch of landscape they held in common—a domain reserved for the winning, collecting, and sharing out of profits, a territory where believer and skeptic, dupe and embezzler, the loving and the faithless could walk hand in hand. Lydia had a talent for money. He could sense it. She had never been given much chance to use it, and she had waited so much longer than Speck.

He opened his eyes and saw rain clouds over Paris glowing with light—the urban aurora. It seemed to Speck that he was entering a better weather zone, leaving behind the gray, indefinite mist in which the souls of discarded lovers are said to wander. He welcomed this new and brassy radiation. He saw himself at the center of a shadeless drawing, hero of a sort of cartoon strip, subduing Lydia, taming Henriette. Fortunately, he was above petty grudges. Lydia and Henriette had been designed by a bachelor God who had let the creation get out of hand. In the cleared land of Speck's future, a yellow notebook fluttered and lay open at a new page. The show would be likely to go to Milan in the autumn now; it might be a good idea to slip a note between the Senator's piece and the biographical chronology. If Cruche had to travel, then let it be with Speck's authority as his passport.

The bus had reached its terminus, the city limit. Speck waited as the rest of the passengers crept inch by inch to the doors. He saw, with immense relief, a rank of taxis half a block long. He alighted and strode toward them, suddenly buoyant. He seemed to have passed a mysterious series of tests, and to have been admitted to some new society, the purpose of which he did not yet understand. He was a saner, stronger, wiser person than the Sandor Speck who had seen his own tight smile on M. Chassepoule's window only two months before. As he started to get into a taxi, a young man darted toward him and thrust a leaflet into his hand. Speck shut the door, gave his address, and glanced at the flyer he was still holding. Crudely printed on cheap pink paper was this:

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Germans in Germany!
Americans in America!
Jews in Israel!
For a True Europe, For One Europe,
Death to the Anti-European Hegemony!

Speck stared at this without comprehending it. Was it a Chassepoule statement or an anti-Chassepoule plea? There was no way of knowing. He turned it over, looking for the name of an association, and immediately forgot what he was seeking. Holding the sheet of paper flat on his briefcase, he began to write, as well as the unsteady swaying of the cab would let him.

"It was with instinctive prescience that Hubert Cruche saw the need for a Europe united from the Atlantic to the . . . That Cruche skirted the murky zone of partisan politics is a tribute to his . . . even though his innocent zeal may have led him to the brink . . . early meeting with the young idealist and future statesman A. Bellefeuille, whose penetrating essay . . . close collaboration with the artist's wife and most trusted critic . . . and now, posthumously . . . from Paris, where the retrospective was planned and brought to fruition by the undersigned . . . and on to Italy, to the very borders of . . ."

Because this one I am keeping, Speck decided; this one will be signed: "By Sandor Speck." He smiled at the bright wet streets of Paris as he and Cruche, together, triumphantly crossed the Alps.

—MAVIS GALLANT

•

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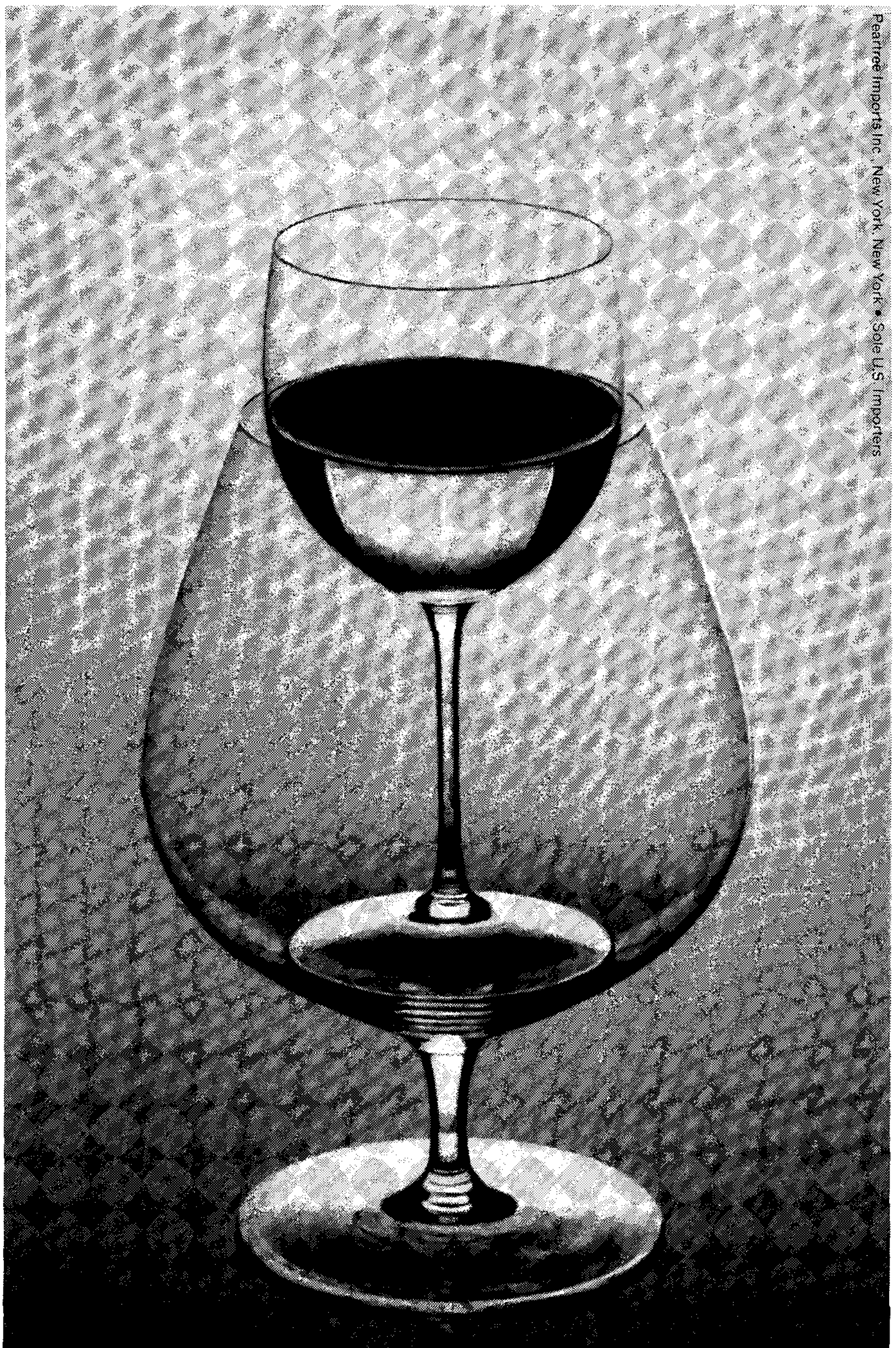

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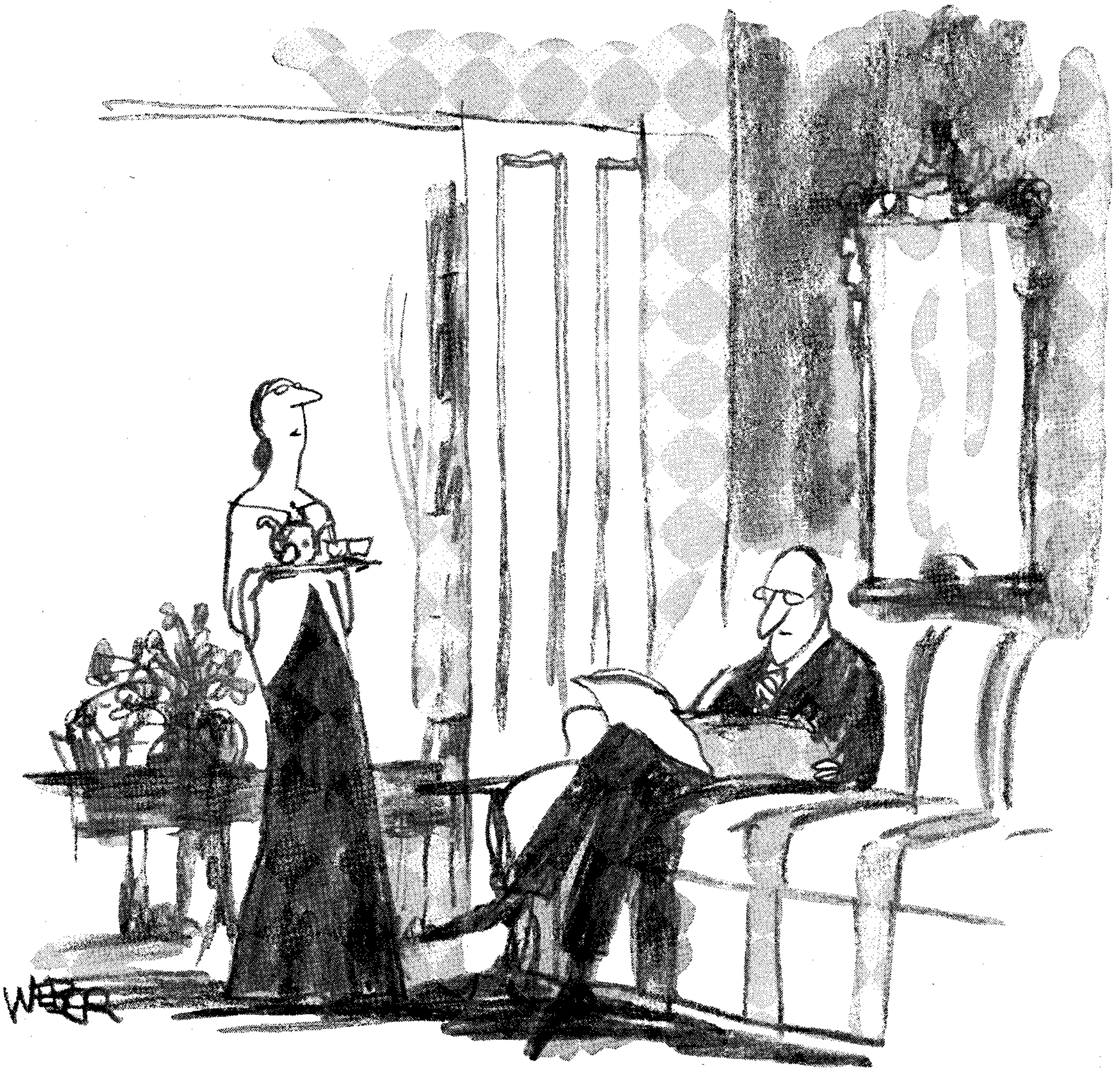
THE THEATRE

No Epigrams

Bernard Slade's "Romantic Comedy," at the Ethel Barrymore, is a laborious contrivance, hammered together out of the debris of a hundred leftover TV sitcoms. Mr. Slade's evident purpose, which in principle I applaud, is to please the largest possible audience, but since not a line of his play springs from any recognizable human emotion, I will be interested to see whether he succeeds; he certainly managed to do so with an earlier play, "Same Time, Next Year," which, though just as slick as "Romantic Comedy" and almost as hollow, had the advantage of a far cleverer plot. The hero of the present cheerless exercise is a playwright, whom we first encounter when he is thirty-four—a tall, handsome, well-tailored man, occupying an enviably luxurious town house somewhere in Manhattan. He has broken off professional relations with the collaborator who helped him to write a good number of Broadway hits. (Mr. Slade isn't the first author of Broadway hits to think that it would be amusing to write a play about an author of Broadway hits; if narcissism isn't more prevalent in the arts than in truck driving or dentistry, it is surely more obvious.) Jason Carmichael—for such is the classy name the playwright has assumed in order to conceal his humble social background—is seeking a new collaborator, and at that moment who should enter his life but Phoebe Craddock, a shy and maidenly schoolteacher from Vermont and herself an aspiring playwright. It is a measure of Mr. Slade's ice-cold determination to follow the conventions of TV comedy and have his hero and heroine "meet cute" that Jason marches stark naked into his panelled study and, thanks to mistaking Phoebe for a masseuse, provides the occasion for her to make half a dozen unfunny references to his maleness and her nearsightedness. From this implausible collision a new collaboration emerges. By the end of Act I, Jason has married a stylish girl with no interest in the theatre, is about to become a father, and, with Phoebe, has written a play that flops. Act II takes place ten years later than Act I, and Act III takes place two years later than Act II—plenty of time for Phoebe to start an affair with a newspaper correspondent (you can tell he's a correspondent because he takes notes in pencil on a little white pad) and for Jason to go to bed with one of his leading ladies, who, quitting his bedroom in haste, puts her dress on wrong side out without noticing it—something I doubt if any woman has done since gray ash started falling on Pompeii.

Well! It would be pleasant if, finding nothing to praise in the play, I could at least praise the cast, but Anthony Perkins as Jason has bewilderingly chosen to exaggerate his natural stiffness to the point where it seems an irritating affectation. He spits out his lines as if they were epigrams, which they are not, and Mia Farrow as Phoebe has been given little to say in reply that manifests either charm or intelligence; she is simply a sturdy waif who writes, and if we were to believe in Jason and her at all, we would have to believe that they were among the dullest authors on earth. Also in the cast are Carole Cook, Greg Mullavey, Holly Palance, and Deborah May. The single set—Jason's handsome study, which he doesn't deserve—is the work of Douglas W. Schmidt; the costumes are by Jane Greenwood; and the lighting is by Tharon Musser. Joseph Hardy directed.



"All day, I was running around like a chicken with its head cut off."

"Devour the Snow," late at the Golden, was a ramshackle melodrama, worth our attention largely because of a remarkable performance by Jon De Vries. The author, Abe Polsky, based his plot on an episode in the history of the Donner party, which, making its way West in the eighteen-forties, was trapped by deep snows in the Sierra Nevada. The members of the party who survived did so by practicing cannibalism, and Mr. Polsky imagined for us a subsequent trial (said to have actually taken place, though the documents no longer exist), in which one of the members of the party, Lewis Keseberg, sues another member, William Eddy, for slander. A passionate, eccentric German immigrant, Keseberg claims that Eddy has accused him of having eaten human flesh by choice and of having taken sexual as well as culinary advantage of a woman member of the party. In this peculiar legal action, being held at Sutter's Fort in the spring of 1847, Sutter serves as the judge, Keseberg serves as the prosecutor, and Eddy is defended by a soft-spoken, levelheaded man named James Reed. Among the witnesses in Eddy's behalf is a loudmouthed roughneck trapper named Fallon. The trial and the play are one, and Mr. Polsky has turned it into a hash of incomplete speculations, some evidentiary and others philosophical. If Keseberg loses the case, he may well be charged with murder, found guilty, and hanged; if he wins, he will have preserved his honor, which we are to understand is more important to him than his life.

As De Vries played him, Keseberg was a figure of Lear-like proportions, roaring and ranting about the stage in a half-mad mingling of rage and exaltation. It must be confessed that the words he uttered were only intermittently a match for the intensity of feeling he brought to them, with the result that we were more likely to be put in mind of Boucicault than of Shakespeare. Stephen Joyce provided an ideal

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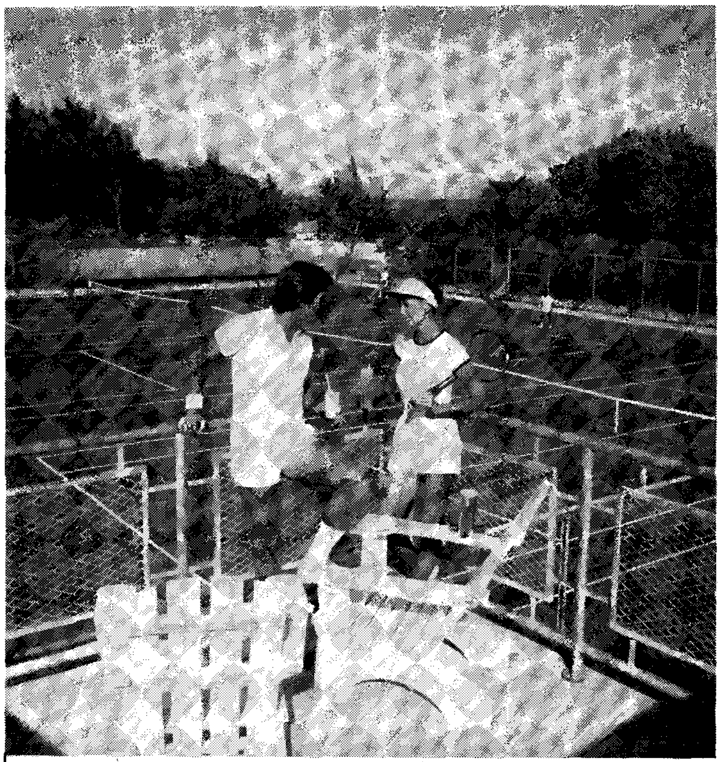

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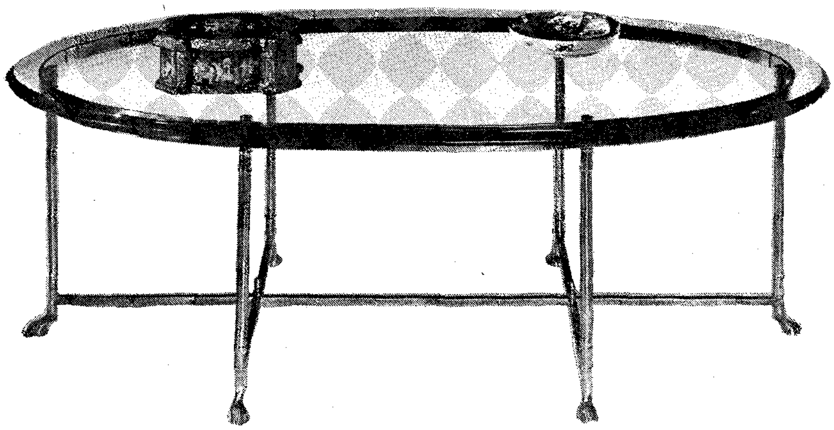

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foil for De Vries in his role as Reed, gently but unswervingly determined to uncover the truth. James Ray Weeks and Sarah Inglis were excellent as Eddy and the little Donner girl, but Kevin O'Connor played the hooligan Fallon in a scandalously self-indulgent fashion. The scenery was by Steven Rubin, the costumes were by David Murin, and the lighting was by Dennis Parichy. The director was Terry Schreiber.

DOWN in the murky basement of the Village Gate, there's a joyful cabaret show called "One Mo' Time," which pretends to re-create the kind of black vaudeville that used to be booked into the Lyric Theatre in New Orleans in the early years of this century. (Among the performers who played the Lyric, which was the only black theatre in town, were Bert Williams, Bill Robinson, Bessie Smith, and Ethel Waters, billed as Sweet Mama Stringbean.) "One Mo' Time" also pretends to give us glimpses of how black performers behaved backstage at the Lyric, making love, hitting the bottle, and occasionally hitting each other. I suspect that these glimpses are about as accurate as a comic strip of the same period would be, but no matter—in their slapdash way, they turn out to be highly entertaining. The show was written and directed by Vernel Bagneris, who also takes care to play the leading role. His fellow singer-actors include Sylvia (Kuumba) Williams, Thais Clark, and Topsy Chapman, and I will not be putting the matter too delicately when I note that they are all as plump as Bagneris is skinny. Never have singers appeared to have a better time belting out old-time songs, of which my favorite (though it may well be a contemporary pastiche, composed in a phone booth on Times Square) is entitled "I've Got What It Takes, and It Breaks My Heart to Give It Away." The performers are ably accompanied by a band called the New Orleans Blue Serenaders, with Jabbo Smith on trumpet.

"ONE MO' TIME" is a true cabaret, where one sits at a table and is served drinks during the performance. "A Kurt Weill Cabaret" is a stage performance, at the Bijou, and the cast is but two in number—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. They have been singing Weill songs together for a long time now, and very deft they are at it. It is an evening made all the happier for containing no

surprises; the songs are all precious to us, and so are the singers, who are accompanied on the piano by Steven Blier.
—BRENDAN GILL

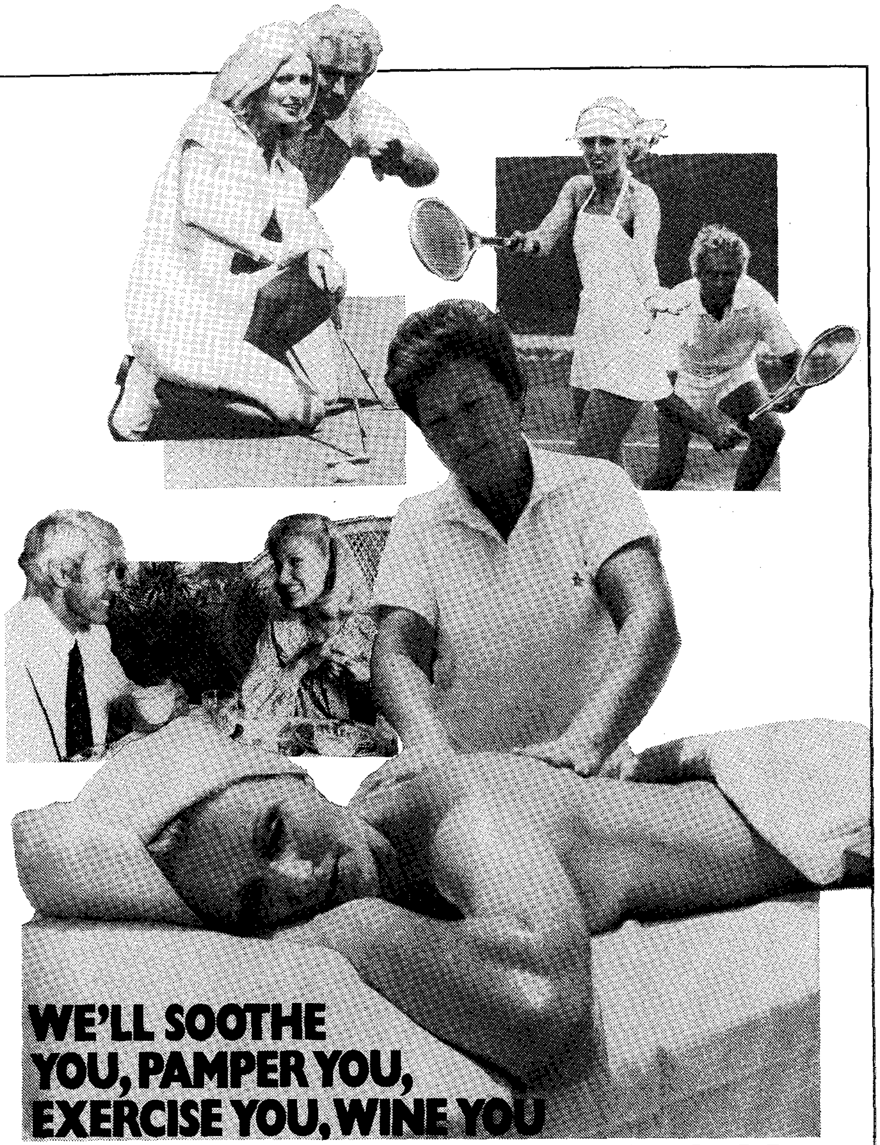
•

HS-011 439
SOME POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT VISION AND DRIVING

Many people think sunglasses will cut glare, even at night, without realizing that sunglasses also reduce visibility. Many people think sunglasses will cut glare, even at night, without realizing that sunglasses also reduce visibility. Many people think sunglasses will cut glare, even at night, without realizing that sunglasses also reduce visibility. Tinted windshields may also reduce visibility. Many people think sunglasses will cut glare, even at night, without realizing that sunglasses also reduce visibility. Horns are used to alert people to danger, but their sound does not carry as far as the Tinted windshields may also reduce visibility. Tinted windshields may also reduce visibility. Horns are used to alert people to danger, but their sound does not carry as far as the Tinted windshields may also reduce visibility. Horns are used to alert people to danger, but their sound does not carry as far as the light from flashing headlamps would carry. Horns are used to alert people to danger, but their sound does not carry as far as the light from flashing headlamps would carry. It may be that rapid flashing of headlamps should replace horn usage or be synchronized with it. It may be that rapid flashing of headlamps should replace horn usage or be synchronized with it. Many people have been taught to watch the front wheels of an oncoming car to detect turning movement, but at high speeds this does not give sufficient warning. Many people have been taught to watch the front wheels of an oncoming car to detect turning movement, but at high speeds this does not give sufficient warning. State driver license standards on central and peripheral acuity are criticized as insufficient. State driver license standards on central and peripheral acuity are criticized as insufficient. The accident rates of inexperienced young drivers and drivers over 45 are higher than average, and it is suggested that this is partly due to their driving old cars which are not in good condition. The accident rates of inexperienced young drivers and drivers over 45 are higher than average, and it is suggested that this is partly due to their driving old cars which are not in good condition. The problem of headlamp glare from oncoming cars is also discussed. The problem of headlamp glare from oncoming cars is also discussed.

by Merrill J. Allen
Publ: Traffic Safety v72 n2 p8-10, 32-3 (Feb 1972)
1972
Availability: See publication
—"*Vision and Visibility in Highway Driving,*" *a bibliography issued by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration.*

Gotcha.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REFLECTIONS

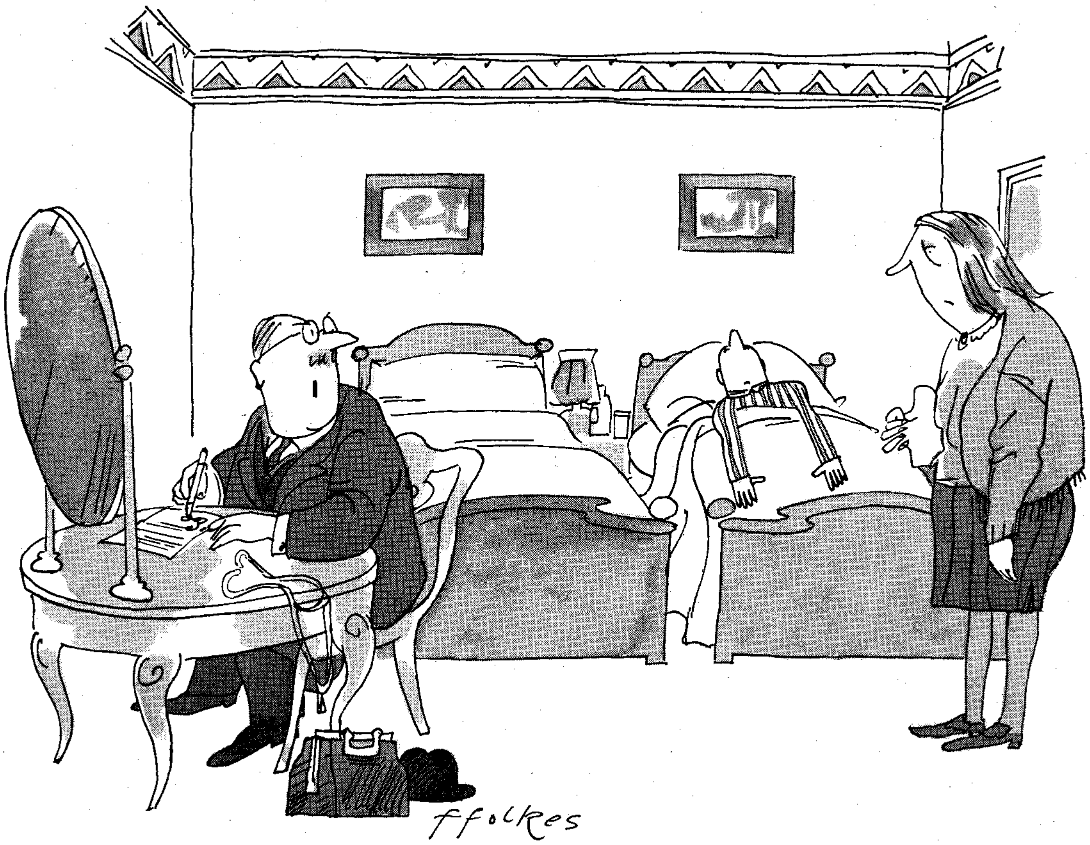
THE SALT PROCESS

IN the summer of 1978, when it began to be clear that the SALT II treaty would be signed with the Soviet Union, the Select Committee on Intelligence of the United States Senate began to prepare for its role in the procedures by which the Senate would take up a resolution of ratification. As a member of the committee, I journeyed to Geneva to talk to the negotiators of the draft agreement that was taking shape and began to go over the history of SALT I, more formally known as the Interim Agreement on Certain Measures with Respect to the Limitation of Strategic Offensive Arms and the Treaty on the Limitation of Anti-Ballistic Missile Systems, signed in 1972.

It did not take long to establish that, whatever else SALT I might have done, it accomplished little by way of limiting strategic offensive arms. For that matter, it wasn't even an agreement about weapons as ordinarily understood. Rather, it was an agreement to limit the number of launchers each party would have for its long-range ballistic missiles. A launcher (or silo, in the usage of the military) for a land-based missile is a hole in the ground. You could get hurt by falling into one, but it is missiles, and, more specifically, the warheads of missiles, that kill people, and these were not at all limited by SALT I. Nor, it appeared, would they be much limited by SALT II. From the time of the first agreement, the number of American warheads increased steadily, and those of the Soviets more than doubled. It appeared they would double again under SALT II.

This was hardly reassuring. But more troubling still was the realization that this all came as news to me. I had never given great attention to the subject, but from the time of the Treaty Banning Nuclear Weapon Tests in the Atmosphere, in Outer Space, and Under Water, of 1963, I had had the impression that things were going well enough, or at least not badly. I did not have the excuse most persons might have for being vague about the details. I had served in four successive Administrations, from that of Kennedy on. I had known virtually all of the principal arms negotiators and, from university life, a good number of the strategic-arms theorists. I had sat at the Cabinet table of two Presidents listening to reports on progress. Always they *were* reports on progress. Or such was the impression I took away. I now began questioning my own judgment, then that of others—especially as the Carter Administration began to proclaim the virtues of SALT II in terms I could recognize as essentially the same as those in which the Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, and Ford Administrations had presented their achievements in arms control. I began to wonder whether anyone from the most recent Administration, or more generally from the world of arms control, would ever describe the agreements in terms that comported with what now appeared to me as a different, even new reality.

I WAS to wait almost a year, until the morning of Wednesday, July 11, 1979, when Dr. William J. Perry, Under-Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering, testified on SALT II before the Committee on Foreign Relations. Perry, a mathematician, speaks plainly and, as with many in his rarefied profession, is a man of unassuming appearance and manner. All the more was the contrast with the Caucus Room of the Old Senate Office Building, in which the hearings were held. The Caucus Room is a place of unashamed exhibition and splendor dating from 1906, when Theodore Roosevelt, having built the West Wing of the White House, commenced to challenge the Congress from his new office, and the Senate decided to get itself an office building of its own. Until that period, Presidents had worked in their living rooms, as it were, and senators at their desks in the Senate Chamber. Neither facility had been much expanded from the time of Jefferson, although during the eighteen-forties a kind of box was fitted onto the tops of Senate desks, adding a little storage space. (Daniel Webster declined the extravagance, so that to this day his desk is single-storied.) If the interior of the Capitol can be said to be Palladian and given to republican vir-



"This is a death certificate, woman. I can't just put down 'singin' in the rain.'"

ties in design, the Caucus Room, only slightly smaller than the Senate Chamber itself, is Roman Imperial, and make no mistake. It struck me as a not inappropriate setting for Dr. Perry's subject, SALT II.

The Secretary of Defense, Harold Brown, had just finished his prepared statement in favor of the arms-limitation treaty. Curiously, the charts and displays he had brought along to illustrate his points, in the manner of military briefings, were exclusively concerned with recent and prospective improvements in and additions to the nuclear arms of both countries. The capabilities of both the United States and the Soviet Union to destroy so-called hard targets, such as missile silos, were represented as about equal, with the Soviets slightly ahead as of now and maintaining a slight lead through 1990—when both capabilities would have about trebled.

Perry's testimony began. He had no prepared statement, it being his role to provide answers to technical questions the Secretary's testimony might have raised. But he said a few words anyway, and in doing so made perhaps the best case yet presented for SALT II, while describing with a technician's candor its shortcomings. He said:

> SALT I's success was in getting the process started. There was a substantial arms control success in the [Anti-Ballistic Missile] Treaty, but essentially there was no success in reducing the number of offensive weapons. The best evidence of that is, just look to see what happened to the number of warheads indicated on that chart since SALT I. Both the United States and the Soviet Union have added about 3,000 warheads since 1972.
>
> The Vladivostok agreement [of 1974] was one more important advance in this process. It did specify upper bounds. It included bombers, not just missiles in the forces, but it still permitted substantial increases in warheads as of that time.
>
> President Carter tried to break that upper spiral with his March, 1977, proposal for SALT, and as you well know, that was rejected by the Soviet Union. In fact, it is my belief that any SALT proposal in this time frame that does not preserve the Soviets' right to modernize their ICBM [Intercontinental Ballistic Missile] force would be rejected. My judgment is, they have made a very substantial commitment to that. The ICBM is really the only strong component of their strategic forces, and they seem to be resolutely opposed to making any substantial reduction in it.
>
> Therefore, the SALT II treaty which we have arrived at, while it is a major improvement over the Vladivostok agreement . . . still allows significant upward spiral of the number of nuclear weapons. I anticipate that the Soviet Union will

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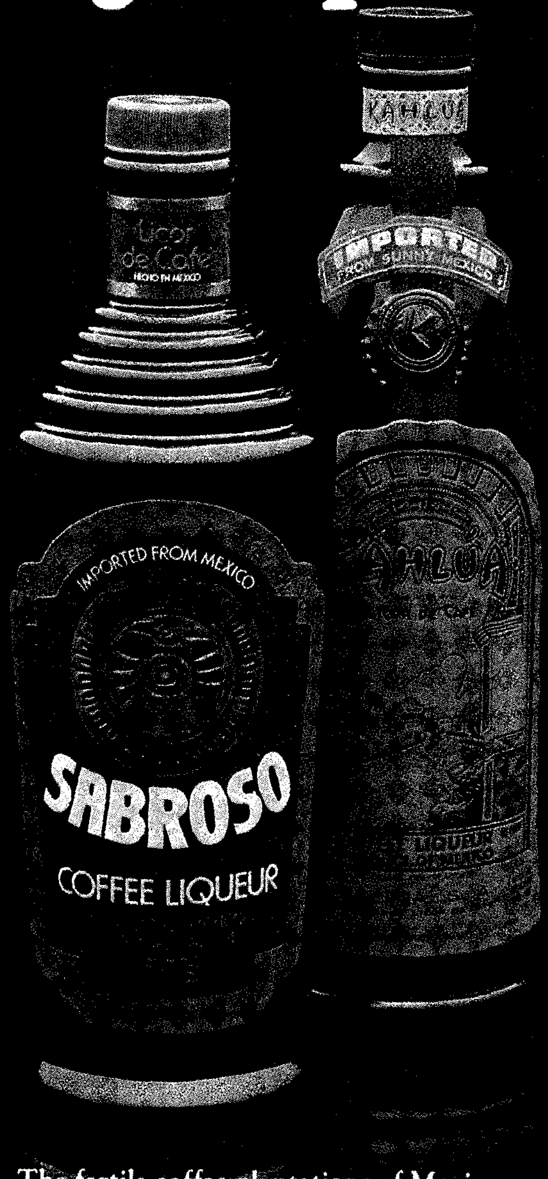

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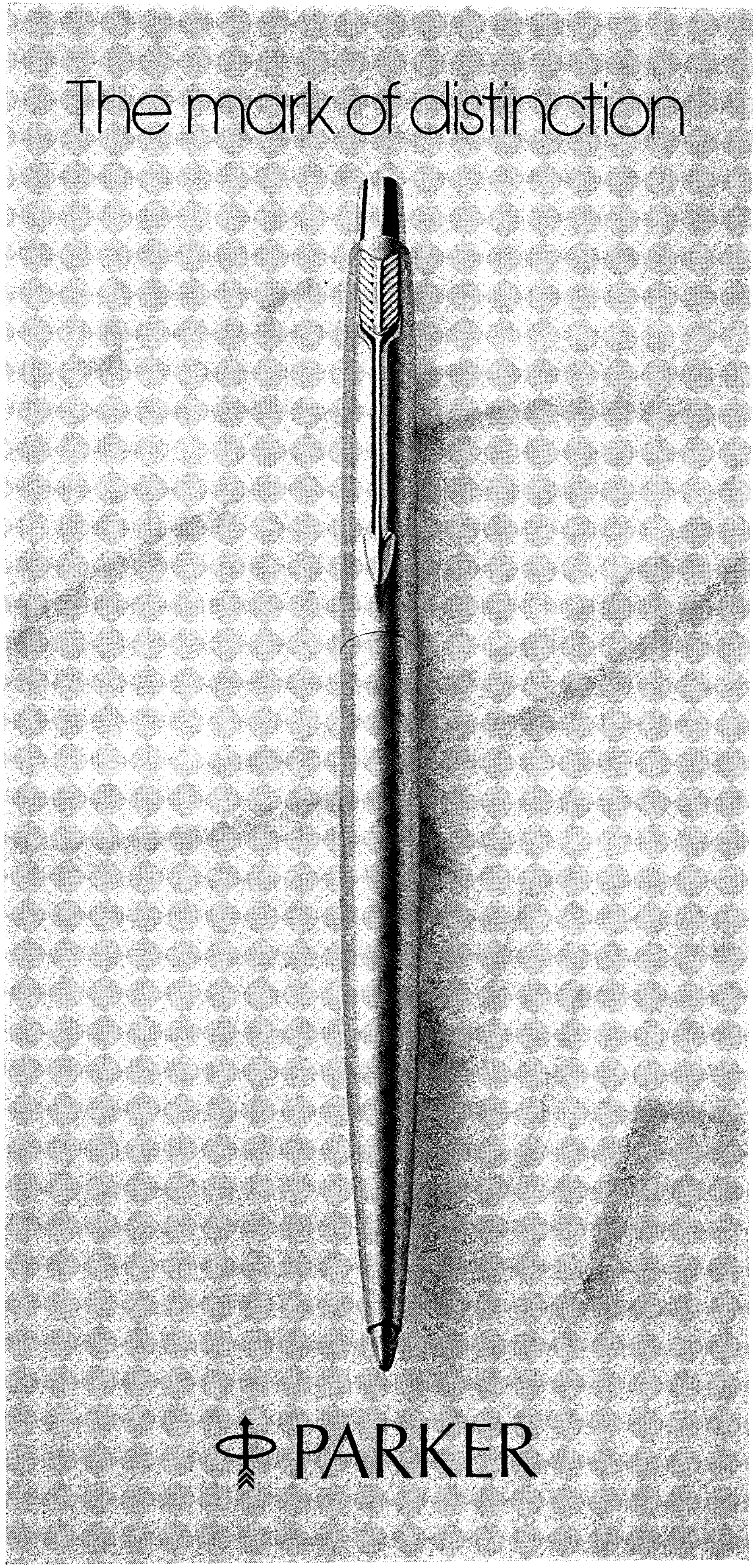

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continue to pursue the modernization of their ICBM program as indicated in the figures which Dr. Brown showed you, and that we will respond to that, so that both sides then will continue to have significant increases in nuclear warheads. That is the bad news. The good news that comes with that is that SALT II also establishes a process and goals. The most significant goal is the one to achieve a real reduction in nuclear weapons—not in delivery vehicles but in actual weapons. My question then, as a defense planner, is how do we structure our strategic programs in the years ahead to be compatible with that goal—not only to be compatible with it but actually to facilitate the achievement of that goal of getting a reduction, a real reduction, in nuclear weapons in the future.

The master term here is "process." Clearly, neither the first nor the second agreement did much to limit arms. Weapons and weapons systems on both sides continue to accumulate. But the agreements did establish a forum in which the two nations discussed these matters, and entered into a degree of coöperation concerning them. This was the case, I had understood for some time, in the matter of monitoring—the various means by which each nation keeps track of the activities of the other in order to verify that the SALT agreements are being kept. Whether our abilities here are sufficient was the question the Intelligence Committee faced when it began formal hearings on the issue of verification soon after SALT II was signed by Presidents Carter and Brezhnev in Vienna, on June 18th.

ALONE of the standing or select committees, the Select Committee on Intelligence normally does its work in closed sessions, which meet in the Capitol dome in a small hearing room that is suspended, you might say, from the cupola. It was built up there for the use of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, the first committee of the Congress that routinely did its work in camera. Of the materials the Intelligence Committee deals with, none are more sensitive, because they really are secrets, than those concerning information about Soviet strategic nuclear forces, and, more especially, concerning the means by which that information is obtained. A minuscule fraction of the information comes from agents of one or another sort—HUMINT, in the contraction favored by the intelligence community. Early in the postwar period, it was judged that the Soviet Union was much too closed a society to be penetrated by agents. Machines were put to work, with ever-increasing sophistication; today, by far the greatest portion of our information comes from what are known as "technical collection systems." Basically, there are three such systems. First, a number of satellites continuously circle the earth taking photographs of the Soviet Union, as can now be done with extraordinarily high resolution. (The technicians speak of picking out "the golf ball on the green.") Second, the United States can monitor the radio signals, known as "telemetry," which the Soviet missiles send back in flight. Third, American ships watch incoming missiles in the Pacific firing zones, establishing distances travelled, the pattern in which multiple warheads land (known as the "footprint"), and other such information. The Russians have comparable systems. Either side can effectively count the number of land-based missiles set in silos and ready to be launched on the other side. The numbers of submarines and launchers are readily enough established, as are the numbers of intercontinental bombers.

Each side, naturally, hopes that the other side will not know when some new advance has been made in detection systems, and on this score there was some difficulty to be resolved as the Senate prepared to consider verification under the SALT II agreement. In recent years, Soviet intelligence in the United States had scored a number of successes that alerted the Russians to the development of new American intelligence technology. In 1975, Soviet agents had obtained information about a major satellite system known as Rhyolite. In 1978, it was learned that agents had also obtained the operating manual for the most advanced of our satellites now in operation, the KH-11. In both instances, the espionage had seemingly been simple and inexpensive; in one case, the materials were acquired, for quite modest amounts of money, from a youthful employee of the TRW corporation, and in the other from an employee of the Central Intelligence Agency itself. This suggested that the Soviets have no great difficulty learning what we are capable of spotting, and can take appropriate evasive action. In addition, the loss to the United States of listening posts in Iran which monitored activity at a missile range near the Aral Sea, in south-central Soviet Asia, involved a considerable loss of information not easily obtained otherwise. Then, on June 28, 1979, the White House leaked to the New York *Times* that the United States had a similar station in Nor-

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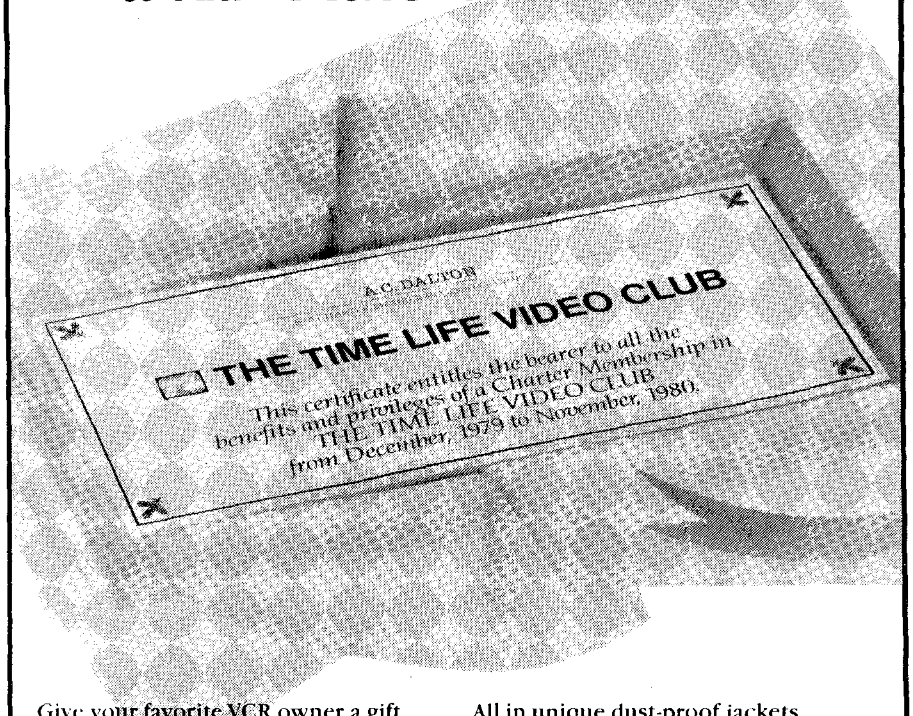
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way. The leak was intentional, to reassure those favorable to the treaty, but at the same time it jeopardized the Norwegian "asset," to use another term of the intelligence community. Thus, the question arose as to whether the United States would be able to be certain that the Russians were abiding by the terms of an arms-limitation treaty that would extend through 1985. The record of SALT I was both reassuring and cautionary. There was no conclusive proof that the Soviets had committed any major violations of SALT I strictly construed. By and large, what they agreed not to do they did not do. But where we said we *hoped* they would not do something they paid not the least attention.

This, as it turned out, was no small matter. One of the principal negotiating objectives on the American side in SALT I was to insure that neither side built any more "heavy" missiles. This is a term for missiles big enough to carry a huge "payload," which can deliver a large number of nuclear warheads capable of reaching and destroying missiles on the other side. They are potential "counterforce" weapons, because they can be used effectively against other forces. (Missiles aimed against cities are called "countervalue" weapons.) As of 1972, the Russians had three hundred and eight heavy SS-9 missiles, while the United States had no modern heavy missiles. In SALT I, it was agreed to freeze both sides, meaning that the Soviets would and we would not have modern heavy missiles. Although this appeared to be an imbalance, American strategic doctrine at that time did not call for counterforce weapons, and we were well enough content. It was understood that the Soviets would replace their SS-9 missiles with a new model, or "generation"—the SS-18. However, the Soviets were then also planning to replace a medium-sized missile, the SS-11, with another new model, the SS-19, which was so much bigger and more accurate as to become, for practical purposes, a new heavy. As the Intelligence Committee stated on October 5, 1979, in the public portion of its report to the Senate on the capabilities of the United States to monitor SALT II:

> The Soviets' unanticipated ability to emplace the much larger SS-19 in a slightly enlarged SS-11 silo circumvented the safeguards the United States thought it had obtained in SALT I against the substitution of heavy for light ICBMs.

Similarly, in SALT I the United States conceded to the Soviets the right to build a larger number of missile-

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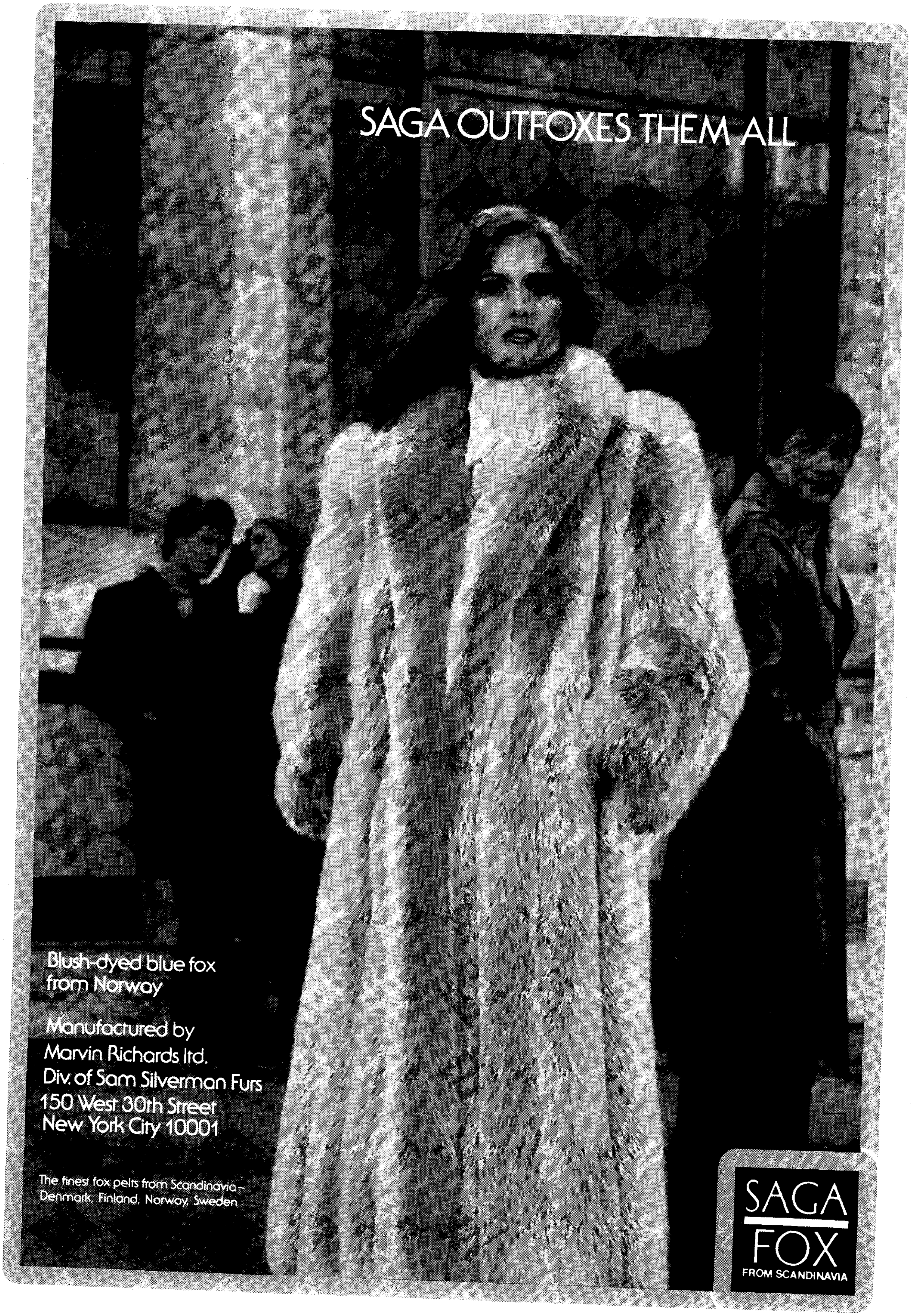
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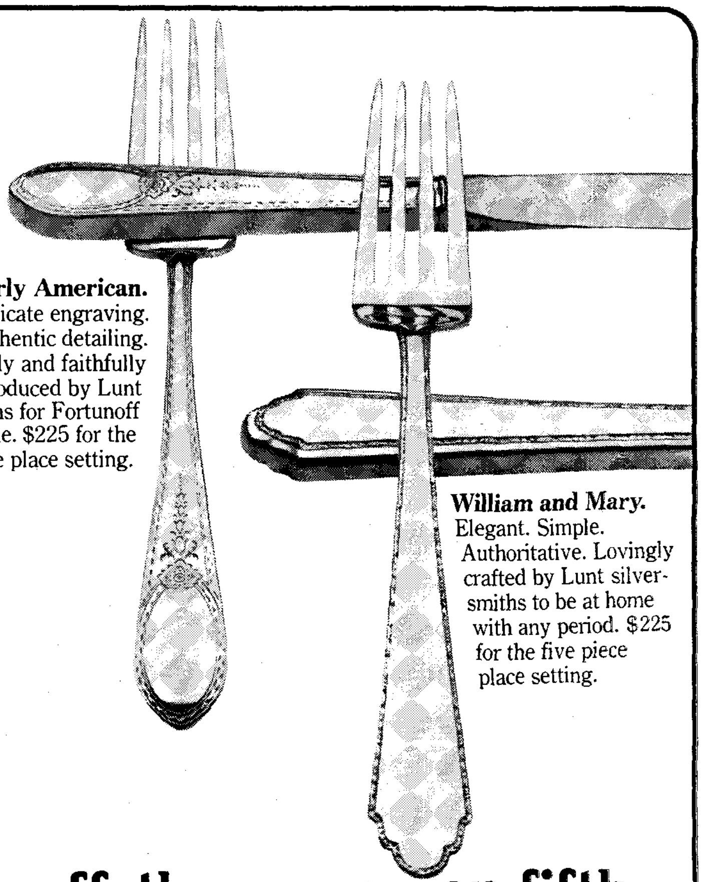

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carrying submarines than we were permitted, in order to compensate for the Soviets' "geographical disadvantage." (To reach the open Atlantic Ocean, for instance, Soviet submarines must pass through the relatively narrow gaps between Greenland, Iceland, and the United Kingdom; our submarines reach the open ocean at once.) But the range of the SS-N-8, the new Soviet submarine-launched ballistic missile, turned out to be considerably greater than expected, enabling it to be fired at American targets while the submarine remained in the Barents Sea. There is little reason to think the Soviets cheated by misrepresenting the range of their weapon at that time. They simply remained silent about its full potential. But in any case they got an edge on us.

Our monitoring system soon established that the SS-11 had been replaced by the SS-19, although the newer missiles used the same silos, slightly enlarged. The State Department was provided the facts and presented them to the Soviets. It was then that the problem arose. The Soviets agreed, or did not disagree, that they were putting an entirely new strategic-weapons system in place but asserted that nothing in the SALT I agreement prevented their doing this. Nothing did.

SALT I—the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty permanently limiting each side's ABM systems, and the "interim" executive agreement that essentially prohibited each side from building additional ballistic-missile launchers for five years—was signed by President Nixon in Moscow on May 26, 1972. In an address to a joint session of Congress on the day he returned to the United States, the President hailed the event, saying, "This does not mean that we bring back from Moscow the promise of instant peace, but we do bring the beginning of a process that can lead to lasting peace." However, two weeks later, in a message transmitting the agreements to the Senate, he stated that while together these were an "important first step in checking the arms race . . . it is now equally essential that we carry forward a sound strategic modernization program to maintain our security and to ensure that more permanent and comprehensive arms-limitation agreements can be reached."

At this time, the Secretary of Defense, Melvin R. Laird, was maintaining that the Congress must go ahead with programs for offensive-weapons systems permitted by SALT I, such as the Trident submarine and the B-1 bomber. In a press conference on June 22, 1972, Nixon stated that Laird was correct in this judgment:

> Mr. Brezhnev made it absolutely clear to me that in those areas that were not controlled by our offensive agreement that they were going ahead with their programs. For us not to would seriously jeopardize the security of the United States and jeopardize the cause of world peace.

SALT I, he added, "while very important, is only the first step, and not the biggest step."

SALT II has so far followed precisely this pattern. Just as Nixon had done, President Carter, immediately upon returning to the United States from his summit meeting, delivered an address to a joint session of Congress last June in which he hailed the agreement, and in the same address (not waiting two weeks) he announced there would be more weapons. Indeed, he asserted that one of the principal advantages of the treaty is that it would enable us to go forward with a new missile system—the MX. This "missile experimental" (one day it will no doubt be named for a Greek god) is to be a mobile land-based missile, our first. It will be more powerful even than the liquid-fuelled Atlas and Titan giants of the nineteen-fifties, the only heavy missiles the United States has ever, so far, deployed. On September 7th, President Carter announced the "basing mode" and other specifics of the MX. Each would be placed on a vehicle and moved to a couple of dozen different launching emplacements around a "race track," in random and presumably unpredictable ways, so as not to be "targeted" by Soviet missiles. Each would carry ten warheads, each of these with a yield equivalent to hundreds of kilotons of explosives. (The Hiroshima bomb was twenty kilotons.) The "race tracks" will require thousands of miles of road and an area the size of Massachusetts. The President said the new MX "is not a bargaining chip," to be bartered away in any future arms negotiations, but will represent a permanent "unsurpassed" feature of the nation's strategic nuclear deterrent. Two hundred MX missiles would be deployed in Nevada and Utah. This mode, the President said, met requirements he had set for a mobile missile system: survivability, verifiability, affordability, environmental soundness, and consistency with arms-control goals. On this occasion, Secretary Brown, while predicting

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that the Soviets would respond "negatively" to this United States announcement, said that if they engaged in "a fruitless race" to try to overwhelm our new system they would strain their economic resources, and that if they created a new land-based missile system of their own they would be vulnerable to United States attack, presumably from the new American system.

The Federation of American Scientists promptly declared the MX to be "not just an inflationary multi-billion-dollar strategic mistake, but an arms-control disaster." The F.A.S., begun in 1946 as the Federation of Atomic Scientists, has since that time been a leading advocate of nuclear-arms control. Its judgment was stern:

> The MX missile announced today contains the seeds of its own destruction since, as a counter-force weapon, it will necessarily stimulate the Soviet Union to procure still more warheads which will, *in turn, quickly threaten MX quite* as much as the Minuteman missiles are presently threatened. In the process, the SALT limits will become untenable. Worse, the Air Force will ask for the right to abrogate the ABM treaty to get anti-ballistic missiles to defend the MX. Thus the ABM treaty will also be threatened and the arms race will really be back with a vengeance.

The F.A.S. warned that there was "no strategic need to imitate the Russian preference for large land-based missiles," and added, "The precipitous quality of the decision to move to match the Soviets in land-based missile throw-weight has been induced by SALT." Induced by SALT? If this seems a contradiction in terms—or, at the very least, "counterintuitive," to use a term of systems analysis—then all the more reason to pay heed. There are systems that exhibit such properties, producing the opposite of their intended outcome, with the consequence that intensifying the effort to achieve the desired one achieves even more of the undesired.

As the summer passed into autumn, attacks on SALT II from arms-control advocates increased. Just two days after the F.A.S. issued its statement, Richard J. Barnet, who served in the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency in the Kennedy Administration, described the treaty in an article in the Washington *Post* as "something to stir the hearts of generals, defense contractors, and senators from states brimming with military reservations and arms plants." His tone verged on the contemptuous:

> The 100-page treaty, which reads like the prospectus for a bond issue, is neither

disarmament nor arms control but an exercise in joint arms management. The treaty has secured the acquiescence of the military in both countries because it ratifies the huge weapons-acquisition programs both are pushing.

In the fall issue of *Foreign Policy*, Leslie H. Gelb began an essay on the future of arms control with the blunt assertion "Arms control has essentially failed." He had a friendly word for SALT II, which is perhaps not surprising, for, as a director of the Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs from 1977 to 1979, he had had the principal responsibility in the Department of State for conduct of the negotiations once the Carter Administration came to office. But he concluded that in the main the process had not worked.

Only a few weeks ago, the *Times*, with what measure of irony one cannot say, called for ratification by declaring, "SALT II is a sound agreement that will confine the nuclear arms race to specified channels." It is perhaps not fair-minded to press the images of editorialists too far, but it may be noted that when a diffused flow is forced into a confined channel the result is acceleration. Whatever became of arms control?

At each stage of the SALT negotiations, and with each new agreement, the nuclear forces on both sides have increased. Those of the Soviets have increased faster than those of the United States, but this trend was present prior to SALT. When the talks were first proposed, in 1967, the Soviets had nine hundred nuclear warheads. They have some five thousand today. At the expiration of the SALT II treaty in 1985, it is now estimated, they will have roughly twelve thousand. During that period, the number of United States warheads will grow, from the present nine thousand two hundred, to about twelve thousand also. By 1985, the Soviets will have four warheads for every county in the United States, and the United States will have four warheads for every *rayon*, a comparable unit of government in the Soviet Union. But the Soviet warheads in total will have more than three times the megatonnage of the American warheads. Although it is possible that these rates of growth would be greater without the treaties, it is also possible that they would be lower.

At the hearings concerning our ability to verify the Russians' compliance with the treaty, men of formidable learning and experience, some passionate, some detached, came before the Intelligence Committee to argue

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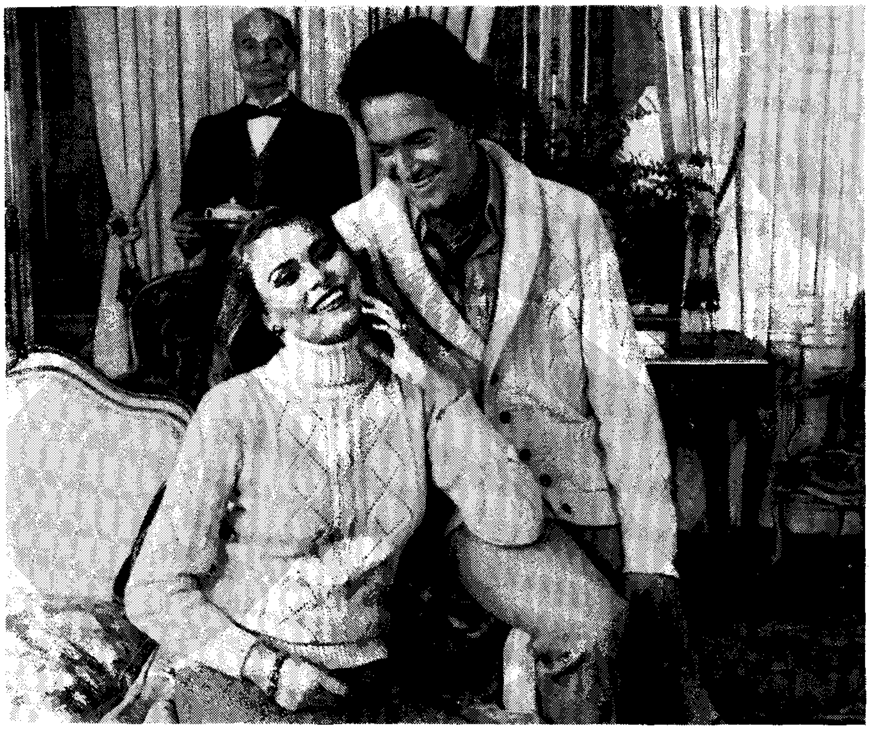

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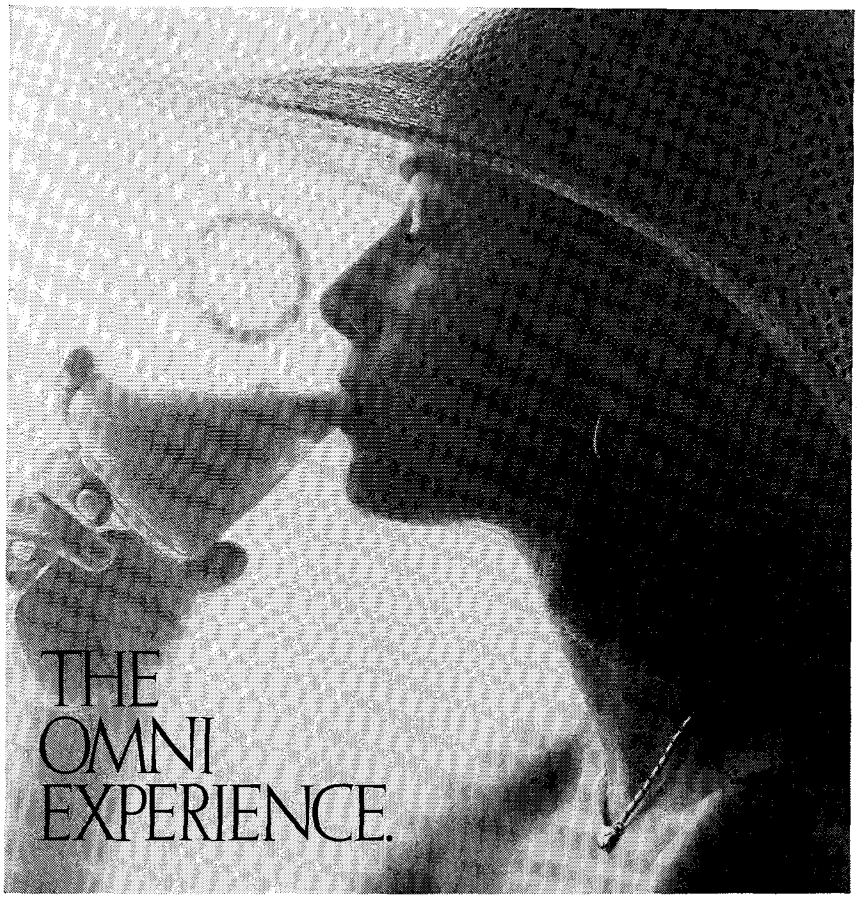

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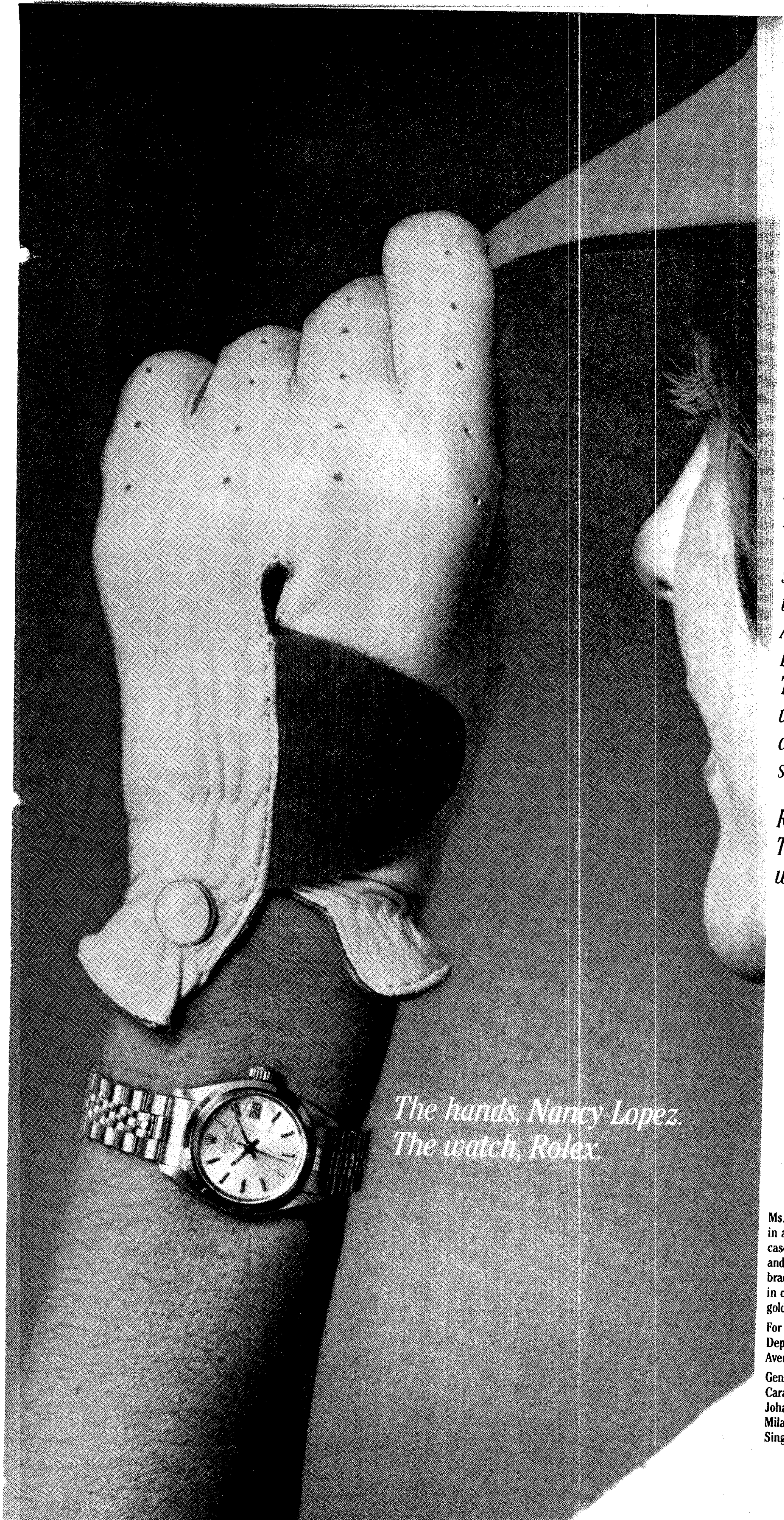
the probabilities and the difficulties of verification, but always in the context of ever-increasing Soviet numbers. It came to me that, with numbers so great, verification couldn't much matter. Suppose that by foul duplicity, compounded by American incompetence, the number of Russian warheads increased in the years immediately ahead from five thousand to thirteen thousand, rather than to only twelve. If an additional thousand mattered, surely an additional seven thousand mattered more. Well, not necessarily—only if the increase provided the Soviets some special edge. But they would have an edge on megatonnage in either event. Indeed, they already have that edge. There was something unreal about our inquiry. The possibility that the Soviets might increase their nuclear forces at a pace greater than agreed to was an object of much concern, but almost no heed was being paid to the fact that both they and (now) we are roaring ahead in an arms race, and using the treaty as an argument for doing so.

Was this "the bureaucratic mind at work"? Preoccupied with predictability, but scarcely at all distressed when what seems predictable is disaster? In part, yes. The Arms Control and Disarmament Agency has been in place for almost two decades now, and may be assumed to be as committed to the SALT process as the Bureau of Reclamation is to irrigation, and process can become sufficient unto itself. Jay Forrester, at M.I.T., has contributed the playful maxim that with respect to complex social problems intuitive solutions are almost invariably wrong. Among the intuitive and the severely logical alike, what is happening is known as a vicious circle.

There was, in any event, a more portentous paradox to be resolved, and as the Intelligence Committee hearings droned on my attention drifted away from verification toward the subject of doctrine. The SALT process has its premise in the doctrine of deterrence. The MX missile is incompatible with the doctrine of deterrence. It is, as its advocates in the Administration like to say, a "hard-target-kill counterforce weapon." But the strategic doctrine of deterrence specifically precludes either side from obtaining counterforce weapons. How, then, could we be building the missile that undermines the doctrine in order to sustain the doctrine?

A paradox? Yes, and the makings also of tragedy beyond human dimension. I had best be out with it directly. Deterrence was a stunning intellectual



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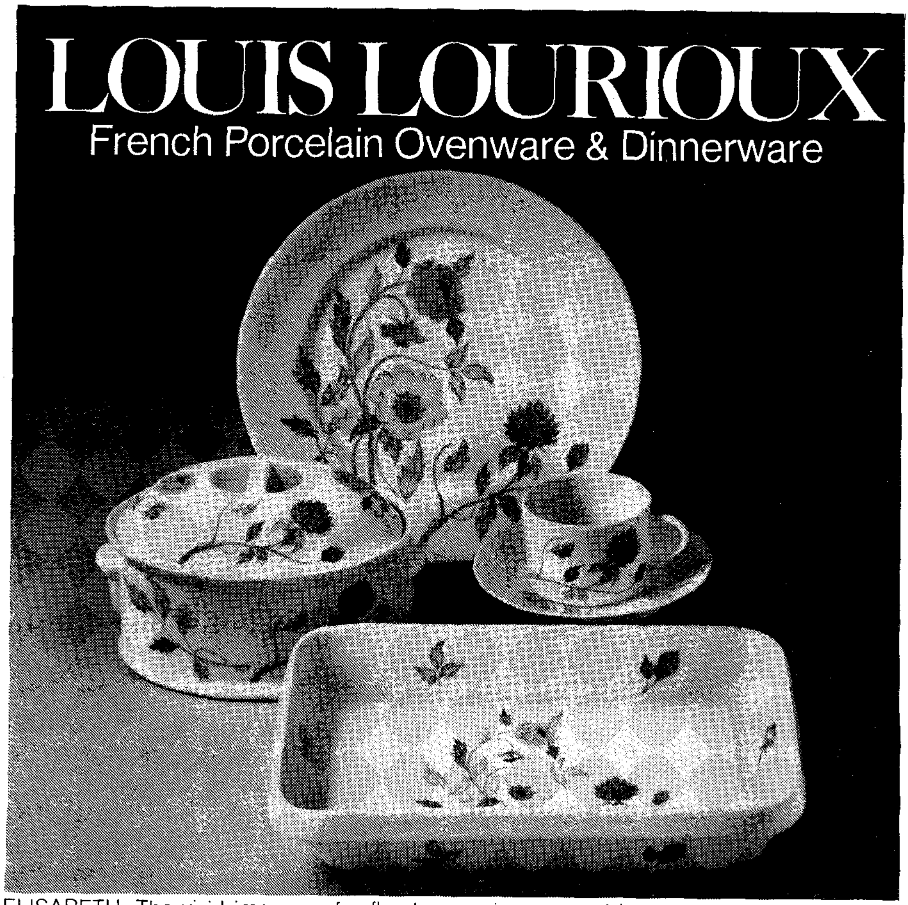

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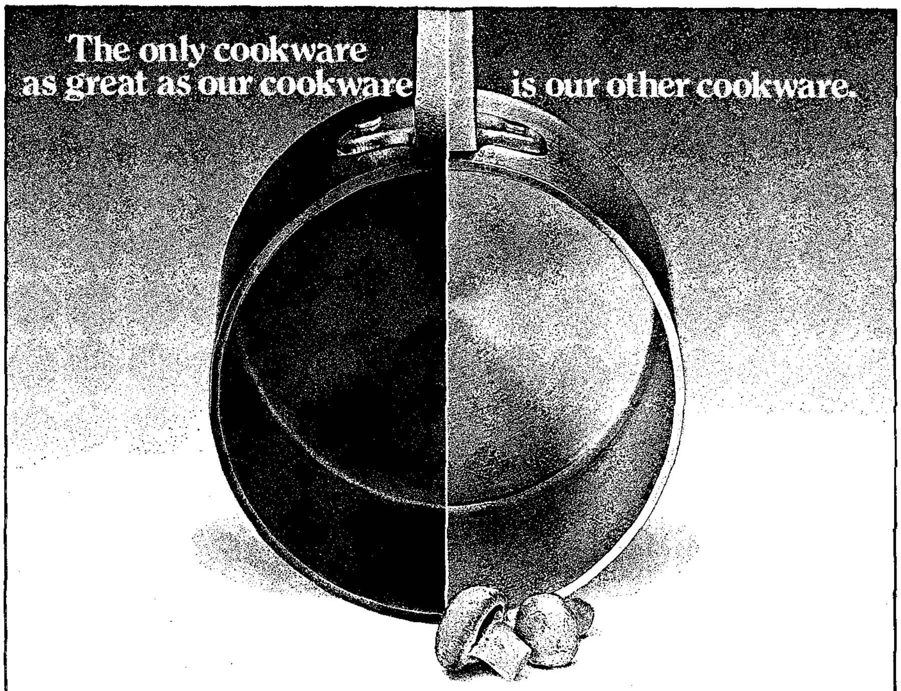

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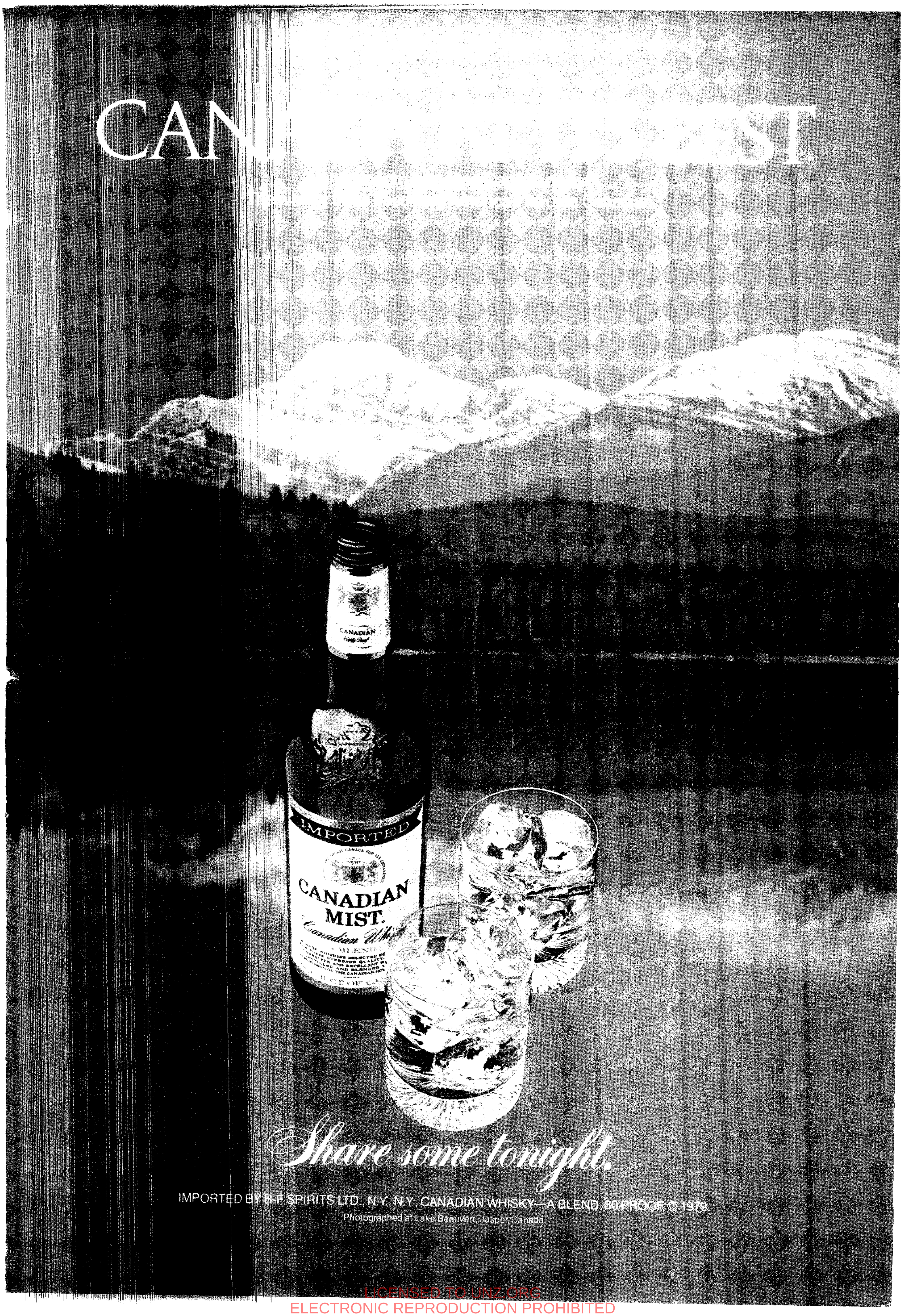
achievement. It "solved" the seemingly insoluble problem of how to control the use of nuclear weapons. But it was flawed and has been undone by the intuitive but wrong assumption that the Soviets would see the logic of our solution and do as we did. Especially that they would see the meaninglessness of strategic "superiority."

As no other subject, strategic-arms doctrine has been the realm of the intellectual and the academic. This is military doctrine, to be sure, but it has never, in this nation, been formulated by military men. It began with the physicists who created the weapons—men such as J. Robert Oppenheimer, Hans Bethe, and Leo Szilard—who were then joined by other physicists and scientists, and also by social scientists. These latter—men such as Albert Wohlstetter, Herman Kahn, Fred C. Iklé, Alain C. Enthoven, Henry Rowen, and Henry Kissinger—came to be known collectively as "defense intellectuals." They moved in and out of Washington, but in the main they kept to their campuses and think tanks, or almost always returned to them, where their task, in Kahn's phrase, was "thinking about the unthinkable." Indeed, they have been something of a caste apart, even in academia. Oppenheimer at Alamogordo as the first atomic bomb exploded—"I am become death, the shatterer of worlds"—gives something of the aura of it. They ate at their own tables in the faculty clubs, and held seminars to which few were invited. They met with Russians when few others did.

And they developed the doctrine of deterrence—a doctrine of weapon use of which the first premise was that the weapon must never be used first, and of which the principal object was that it never be used at all. The nuclear power was to deploy its forces so that if attacked it could attack back, inflicting assured destruction on the party that had attacked in the first place. This capacity could be achieved by a fairly limited number of missiles aimed at the cities of the potential adversary. Only two developments could undermine the doctrine. If the adversary developed and deployed a defensive weapon—an ABM—that could protect his cities, then his destruction would not be assured and he could become aggressive and threatening. Or if the adversary possessed an offensive weapon that could destroy the missile force aimed at his cities—which is to say a counterforce weapon—then, also, his destruction could not be assured and he could become aggressive and threatening. SALT I blocked the first devel-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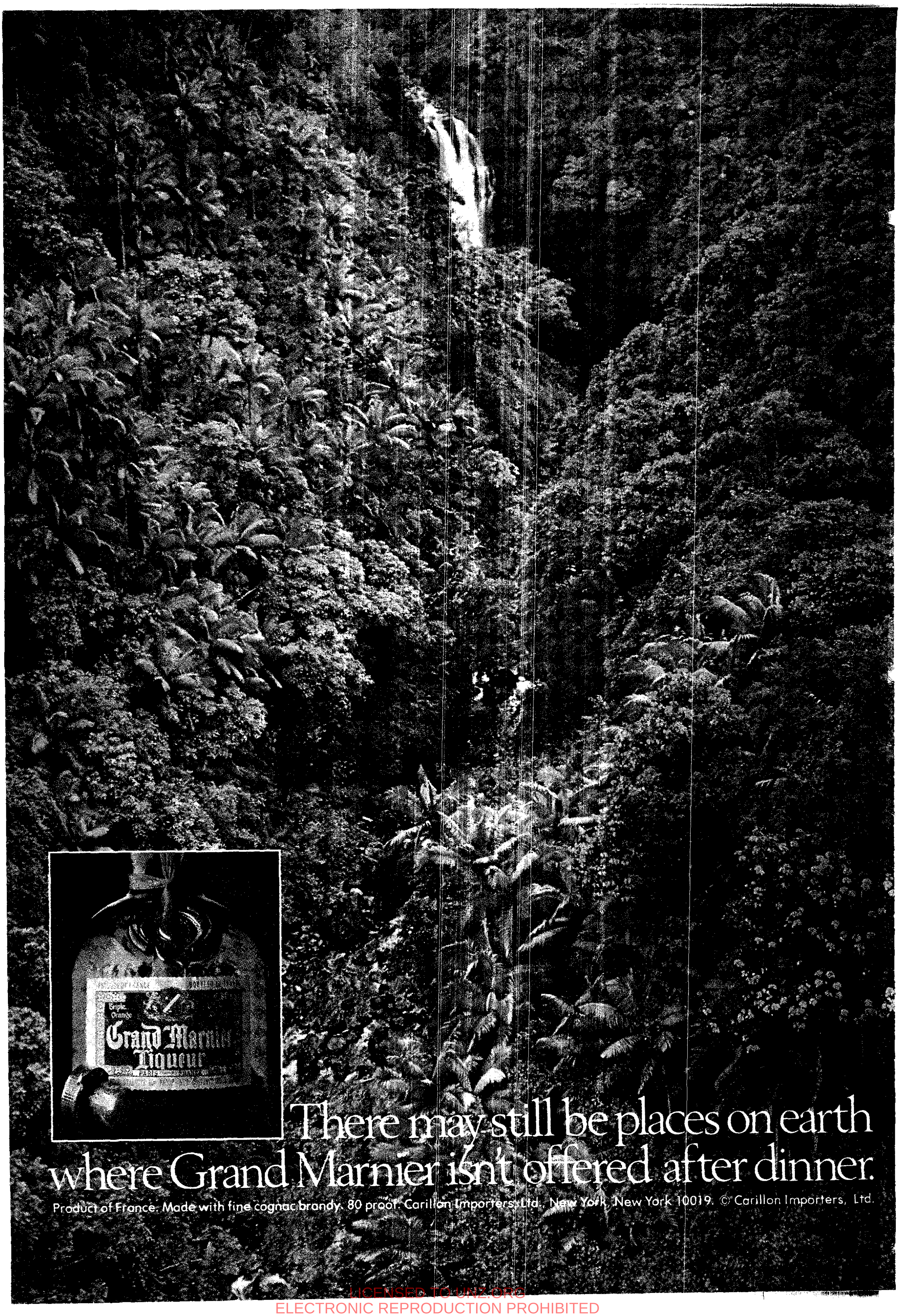
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opment. SALT II seems destined to insure the second.

This has come about, in the main, because the Russians did not keep to our rules. There has been nothing academic about their strategic doctrine, or at least not that we know of. They appear to have just gone plodding on, building bigger and better weapons, until, by an incremental process, they are on the point of being able to wipe out American land-based missiles—a counterforce ability. At one level, this achievement has been spectacular; at another, less so. For all the sophistication involved, nuclear weapons today are still nothing more than improved versions of the V-2 rocket with an atom bomb on top. But the improvements have reached the point where the doctrine that was to prevent their use has evidently been utterly undone. It had been the hope of the early arms-control negotiators that we would teach the Soviets our doctrine and they would abide by it. If there was something patronizing in the notion of "raising the Russians' learning curve," as the phrase went, there was also much respect in the belief that once we had come to the correct solution of a complex problem they could be brought to see that we were indeed correct. These were serious American academics, who held their Russian counterparts in full regard. But the enterprise failed. And why? Because the Russian situation is not our situation, the Russian experience not our experience. If intellect must fail, let it fail nobly; and it is in nobly rejecting the notion of failure that intellect fails most often.

Perhaps that is too strong. To state that an enterprise has failed is to suggest that it might have succeeded. Yet from the outset this has somehow seemed improbable. Let it be said for the postwar strategic nuclear theorists that they were not intimidated by their subject, nor immobilized by it. They did not shrink from action in the face of an incredible new dimension of war.

The influence of the theorists was to be seen early on, when the United States government, in 1946, proposed to turn its atomic bombs over to the United Nations—a proposal that the Soviet Union blocked. Then, for a period, the theorists receded from influence as the United States, with the only strategic nuclear force around, adopted, or said it had adopted, a policy of "massive retaliation," which contemplated the use of nuclear weapons in response to aggression by conventional ones. By the late nineteen-fifties, however, the Soviets commenced to have a strategic

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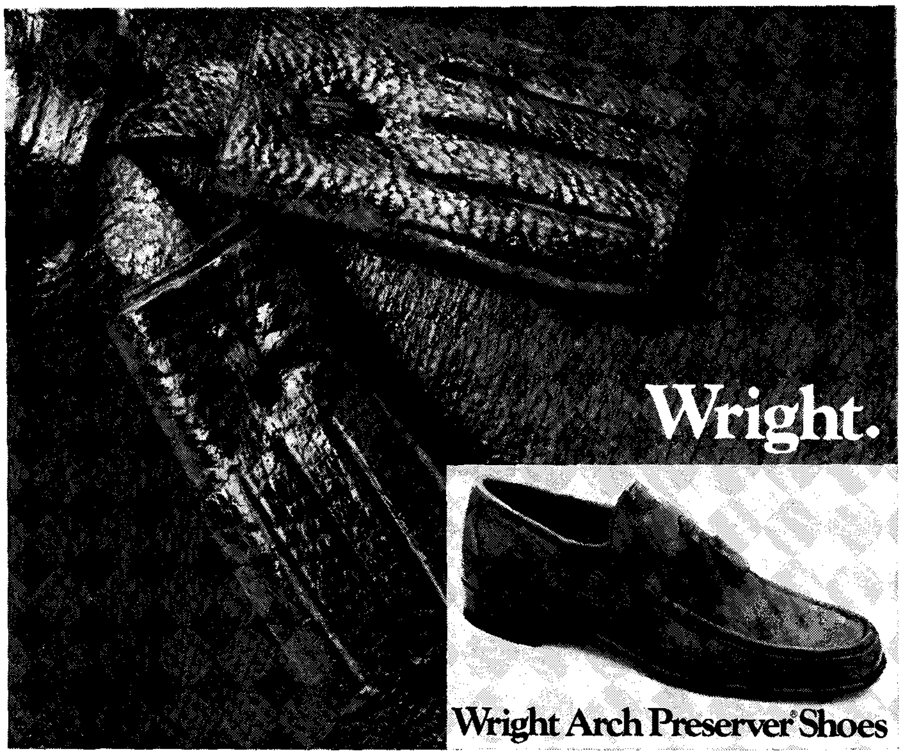

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nuclear force of their own, whereupon the true issue was joined: How to face an adversary with the same powers of destruction?

In one respect, this was an issue as old as the airborne bomb—a development recognized as revolutionary long before it became so. George Quester, in his fascinating book "Deterrence Before Hiroshima," has traced the "prehistory" of nuclear deterrence. In 1899, the First Hague Conference banned bombing from balloons, but the Germans went ahead even so to develop the first strategic bombing force, using dirigibles, while the British may be said to have prepared for them with a theory. In a study, "Aircraft in Warfare," published in 1916, a British mathematician, F. W. Lanchester, offered a quite contemporary notion of what we think of as the nuclear deterrent:

> A reprisal to be effective must be delivered with promptitude like the riposte of a skilled fencer. A reprisal which is too long delayed possesses no moral weight and has every appearance of an independent act of aggression; it may even plausibly be given as an excuse for a subsequent repetition of the original offence.... The power of reprisal and the knowledge that the means of reprisal exists will ever be a far greater *deterrent* than any pseudo-legal document.

There was much discussion in the pre-nuclear era of the utility of attacking cities, of the ability to defend cities, of preëmpting the enemy's offensive air forces, and the like. In a letter written in 1914, Winston Churchill revealed himself a firm advocate of what would be known as "counterforce." "The great defence against aerial menace," he wrote then, "is to attack the enemy's aircraft as near as possible to their point of departure." However, perhaps because the opportunity was so new, most thinking concentrated on attacking cities.

In this respect, the outlines of an enduring argument were apparent well before the technology itself was at hand. It was in the Second World War that technology created opportunities to implement speculation. What to do with a strategic bombing force? What to do with emerging missile forces? We now know from the United States Strategic Bombing Survey, conducted at the war's end, that the bombing of German cities was less effective in weakening Germany than was thought at the time. We also know that Hitler's V-2 rockets might have had significant impact if, instead of being used as terror weapons against city populations, they had been used against the Channel ports—the staging areas for the Allied offensive into

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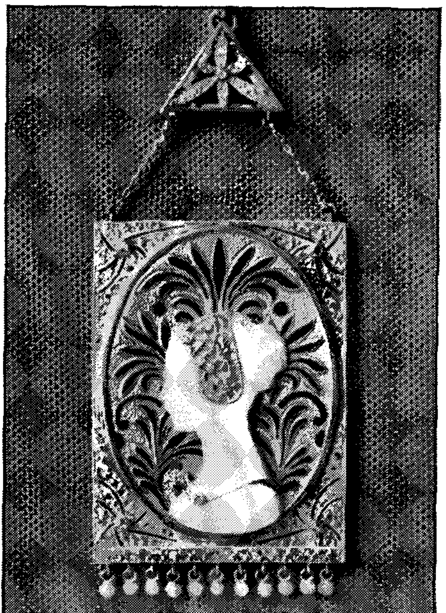
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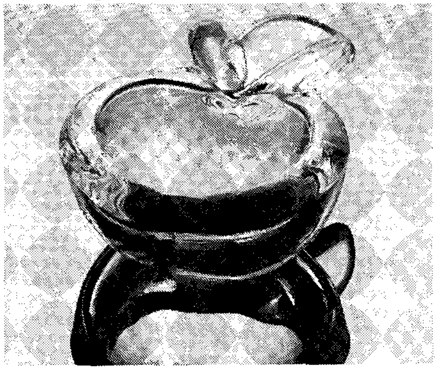
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the Continent—which is where some of the German generals wanted to send them.

Consideration of these issues in the nuclear era was surely colored by the use of the atomic bomb against Hiroshima and Nagasaki, in what current theorists would call a "countervalue" mode. So awesome was the scale of destruction from what, by today's standards, was a small bomb that the destruction of whole countries could now be envisioned. Had the distinction between military and civilian targets disappeared? It was this possibility, immobilizing to many, that brought forth the doctrine of deterrence. The problem for the United States, as earlier it had been for Great Britain, was to deter aggression. We were the great power, with no need or desire to attack others but wishing to avoid being attacked. We had not succeeded with Germany and Japan. But the nuclear weapon suggested that the power of retaliation had become awesome indeed—enough to inhibit any would-be aggressor who had any sense of the realities involved. Not only awesome but capable, in Lanchester's words, of being "delivered with promptitude," in contrast to the long buildup that had been required for American forces before they could be effectively used in the Second World War.

Albert Wohlstetter conceived the "second strike" as the key concept of deterrence. This is to say, the nuclear riposte. If an enemy strikes, you will strike back with devastating consequences. In addition, Wohlstetter offered two crucial insights. There is an essential requirement for the invulnerability of one's ability to strike back. The design of strategic forces and their emplacement has to insure this. But it is also the case that this can never be insured once and for all. *Any* force becomes vulnerable over time, especially if an adversary is working hard at making it so. Hence, there can be no final deterrent.

It was Wohlstetter's insights that made defense planners aware, in the late nineteen-fifties, that the bombers of the Strategic Air Command were becoming vulnerable to Soviet attack. When the Russians had few warheads and no missiles, two dozen dispersed SAC bases were secure enough. But as Soviet capabilities grew in the nineteen-fifties the airplanes became vulnerable. In response, however, from 1962 to 1967 the United States deployed a thousand Minuteman missiles in the Midwest in "hardened" silos—that is to say, in launchers dug deep and

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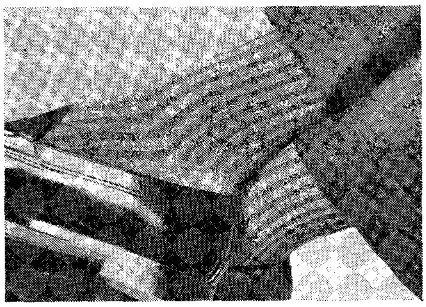

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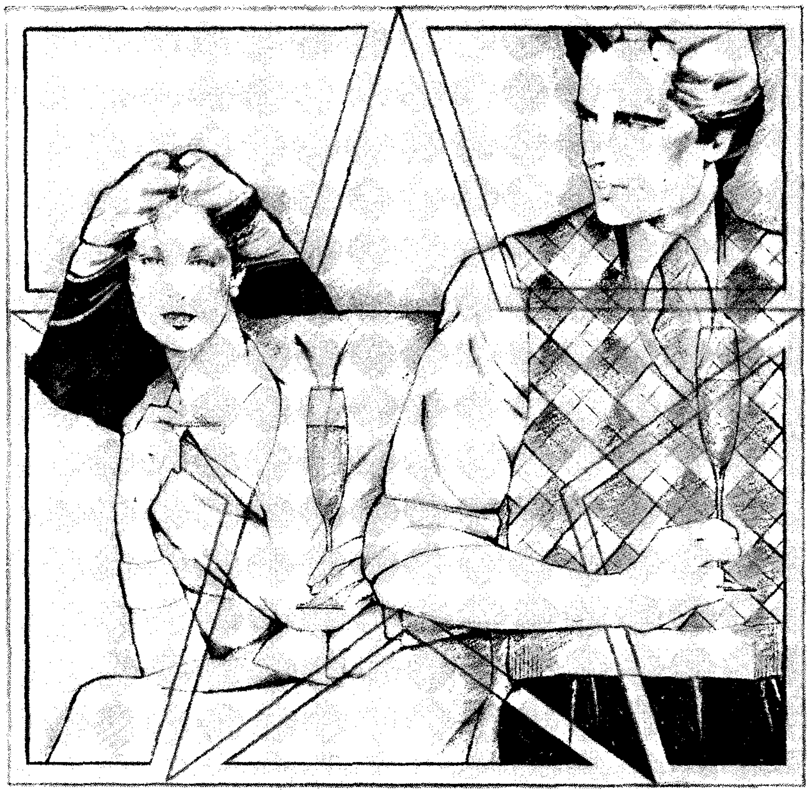
heavily protected. This was then an invulnerable second-strike force. But soon enough this invulnerability was in doubt. Not only did the Soviets acquire more missiles and more warheads, which was predictable, but an unpredictably rapid rise in accuracy also took place. Missiles once meant to hit within miles of a target now possessed accuracies prescribed in hundreds of yards. Hardened silos could be destroyed.

Another technology was also being developed—that of destroying missiles in flight with an anti-ballistic missile. Whereupon the issue of defense arose. Essential to the doctrine of deterrence was that neither side have any defense. In effect, each side exchanged hostages, whose lives thereafter depended on their side's good behavior. The Russians were given American cities, to be destroyed instantly if the United States launched a nuclear attack on Russia. This was our guarantee to the Russians that we would not launch such an attack. The Russians were deemed to have given us their cities. But now there was talk of hedging. It seemed the Russians might be developing a means to defend themselves against incoming missiles, much as anti-aircraft defenses were developed in an earlier period. ABM systems are highly technical in design but simple enough in concept. One bullet shoots down another bullet. But if the systems worked, if our second strike did not assure the destruction of Soviet cities, then the Soviets could contemplate a first strike, and deterrence would fail. In this scenario, the nation that defends its cities can strike first, knowing that its cities are no longer hostage. In another scenario, the nation watching this defense being built strikes first, before it has lost its hostage. This is how SALT began.

THEY are not impersonal intellectuals who made these calculations. Some are intense and committed as few men of the age. But to share their passion it is necessary to enter their logic. What do you mean, one could ask, when you say that we must not defend ourselves because if we do our enemy will attack? The problem of public perception was not great in the nineteen-sixties. A deference system—a willingness to leave difficult decisions to experts—which had been in place since the bomb was built, continued undisturbed. But then heresy appeared in the midst of the close-knit and almost closed community of experts. Some began to talk of defense, or "damage limitation," as it was



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termed. If damage limitation was possible, how could it be foregone? Wohlstetter talked of defending the missile sites. The logic was impeccable. The Air Force, understandably, was worried about the vulnerability of our Minutemen, and with a straightforward military logic proposed to double their number: with more targets, a Soviet first strike would have less chance of wiping out our second strike. But with twice as many Minutemen the United States could target the Soviets' missiles as well as cities, and so reduce their capacity for a retaliatory strike. Doctrine has it that, given available technology, two warheads must be aimed at a silo to have a satisfactory probability of a "kill." Given the number of Soviet missiles at the time, one thousand single-warhead Minutemen could not be counted on to "take out" the Soviet strike force, but two thousand could. (There is the ever-present problem of "fratricide," whereby the first warhead to land destroys its mate—but enough.) It was our doctrine to deny ourselves any such capacity, lest the Soviets understandably become alarmed. Better to keep to the one thousand, but to defend them. Not so, said others, most especially Robert S. McNamara, the Secretary of Defense. If we defend anything, the demand will spread to defend everything.

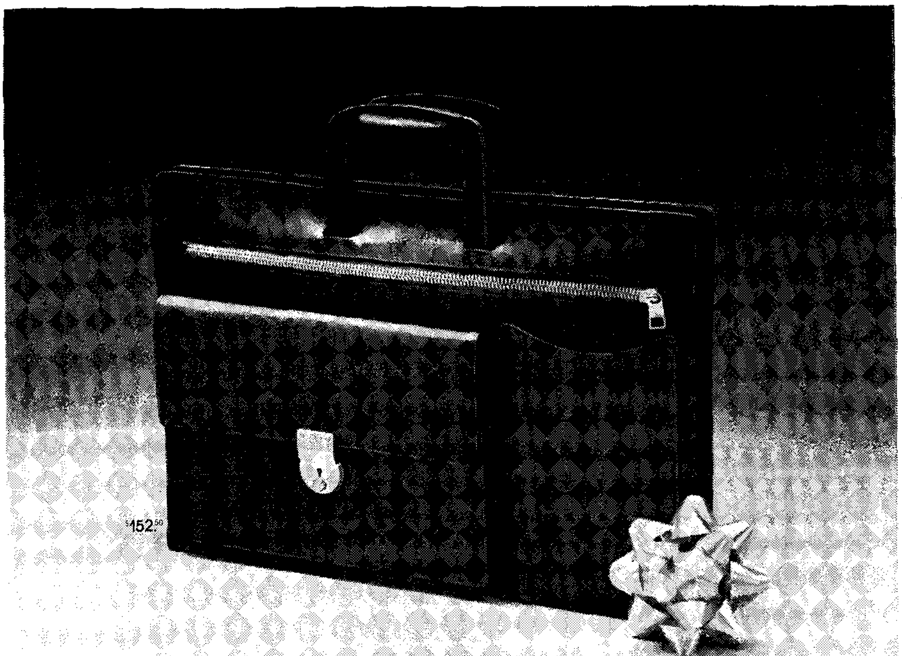
John Newhouse begins "Cold Dawn," his account of SALT I, which originally appeared in this magazine, by likening the debate to the disputations of the Church Fathers:

> So much of the substance and vocabulary of SALT are at least as remote from reality, as most of us perceive it, as early Christian exegesis.... As in the case of the early Church, contending schools form around antagonistic strategic concepts. The most relevant of these are known as assured destruction and damage limitation, and each can claim broad support and intellectual respectability. Debates between the two schools recall those between the Thomists and the essentially Franciscan followers of Duns Scotus. The Thomists prevailed, as have the proponents of assured destruction, who assert, for example, that ballistic-missile defense of population is immoral because it may degrade your adversary's ability to destroy your own cities in a second strike. His confidence undermined, he might then be tempted in a crisis to strike pre-emptively; in short, knowing you are effectively protected from his second-strike assault and fearing your intentions, he may choose to strike first. Thus, stability, a truly divine goal in the nuclear age, becomes the product of secure second-strike nuclear offenses on both sides.

This is the first thing to know about SALT: The decision to propose talks, and the first agreements, constituted a victory for a specific doctrine—"assured destruction." It was even then a contested doctrine and gave signs of how vulnerable it might be to ideological attack in the form of caricature. In 1969, Donald Brennan, of the Hudson Institute, labelled it "*mutual* assured destruction," so that the acronym "MAD" came into play, like some new weapons system all its own. But even earlier, in the 1964 film "Dr. Strangelove," Stanley Kubrick had caricatured a proposal of Herman Kahn, "the doomsday machine," which would automatically produce a second strike, so that the victim of a first strike could never hesitate to retaliate and decide instead to surrender. Making a second strike inevitable in order to prevent a first strike was eminently logical, but its proponents could also be made to seem crazy, like the mad scientist in Kubrick's film—a caricature which suggested that because so many of the defense intellectuals were German, their thinking must also be Teutonically rigid.

Looking back, it seems clear that the urgency with which the Americans approached the Russians in the hope of obtaining an arms agreement that would protect the assured-destruction doctrine arose as much out of concern to secure the doctrine in American strategic policy as to introduce it to the strategic policy of the Soviet Union. If it could be codified in an agreement with the Soviets which committed both sides, then the argument at home would be more secure. For good or ill, attacks on MAD had about them a quality of the political left. If the Russians could be shown to have the same dispassionate view of nuclear realities, this might mollify such opposition in the United States. Of course, if Americans of both left and right persuasions would argue later on that assured destruction is a strategy that places exceptional reliance on the good faith and good judgment of quite unreliable adversaries, the adversaries could well remark that this was our idea, not theirs.

But there was also a technological imperative. In the middle nineteen-sixties, the Soviets began to deploy their own missiles in hardened silos, which over time might give them a second-strike capability, and even a first-strike capability, to destroy U.S. land-based missiles in a surprise attack. No great technological feats were involved—just a steady creep of numbers, size, and accuracy. Planners in the Pentagon and defense intellectuals began to talk of



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defenses that would preserve our second strike. Wohlstetter advocated an ABM defense of the Minutemen. But doctrine decreed that this, too, would be destabilizing. Once an anti-ballistic-missile defense was perfected, the temptation to use it to defend cities as well as missile silos would grow. And the other side could never be sure that we weren't planning to do exactly that, as quickly as possible, at a time of our own choosing.

The decision point came on December 6, 1966—"the precise beginning of SALT," as Newhouse has it—at a meeting between McNamara and Lyndon Johnson, in Austin, Texas. Instead of going forward with an ABM system, as proposed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, McNamara urged that a decision be put off until the State Department could explore with Moscow the idea of talks on limiting strategic arms.

In these events, as in others, McNamara emerges as a man of deep feeling and utter integrity, but almost too much of the latter. A Captain Vere without serenity. It was his judgment that assured destruction required an ability to destroy twenty to twenty-five per cent of the Soviet population and fifty per cent of its industrial capacity in a retaliatory strike. He also judged that the Soviets must be convinced that they could do as much damage to the United States if it fell to them to retaliate. Hence, there must be no American missile defense. In a speech at Ann Arbor, in 1962, he had questioned the prudence, even the morality, of such a targeting doctrine, but thereafter he put qualms behind him and did his duty. He held unflinchingly to the proposition that deterrence "means the certainty of suicide to the aggressor." Through the nineteen-sixties, pressure grew for the United States to develop modern heavy missiles, as the Soviets had done, or to double the Minuteman force. He successfully blocked each effort, asserting, in 1967, when the United States had five thousand warheads, that this number was "both greater than we had originally planned and in fact more than we require." He repeatedly warned against the "mad momentum intrinsic to . . . all new nuclear weaponry," adding, "If a weapon system works—and works well—there is strong pressure from many directions to procure and deploy the weapon out of all proportion to the prudent level required."

In June, 1967, seven months after the meeting in Austin, Soviet Prime

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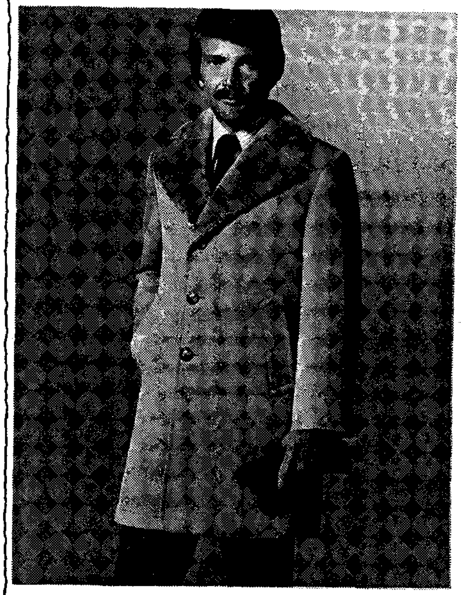

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Minister Alexei Kosygin arrived in Glassboro, New Jersey, for a summit meeting with President Johnson. Dean Rusk, who was Secretary of State at that time, later recalled for Newhouse that the Americans tackled Kosygin in a "go for broke fashion." The Russians, naturally, wondered what we were up to. When told of the dangers of the ABM, Kosygin replied, in effect, "How can you expect me to tell the Russian people they can't defend themselves against your rockets?" This surely is a recognizable political instinct. At about this time, Senator Richard Russell was saying that if there was a nuclear war and only two persons survived he wanted them both to be Americans.

A year later, on June 24, 1968, the Senate voted funds for the deployment of an ABM system known as Sentinel, which had been developed but not put in service. Three days later, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko announced that his government was ready to begin negotiations. Roger P. Labrie, of the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research, writes that "SALT, like all previous attempts at negotiating limitations on nuclear weapons, stemmed from the interaction of new weapon programs with prevailing strategic concepts."

Then the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia. The first SALT talk, scheduled for September 30, 1968, was put off, and before the atmosphere had cleared Richard Nixon had succeeded Lyndon Johnson. But the two Presidents differed little in strategic doctrine. Nixon, if anything, was the more concerned with the nuclear race. Finally, the talks began. Kissinger took over. SALT I was signed.

WHAT was SALT I? First, agreement was reached that neither side would deploy a general ABM defense. This was a success, surely—at least for doctrine. There would be little defense against strategic missiles. (Each party was to be allowed two truncated ABM sites, but no more.) Second, the Soviets obtained agreement to nuclear parity with the United States. This was a large achievement for them, in both symbolic and real terms, but one that doctrine allowed the United States to concede. At the time the SALT process began, McNamara calculated that the United States had a three- or four-to-one advantage in number of warheads, which he considered the true measure of nuclear power. But the doctrine of assured destruction minimizes the ques-

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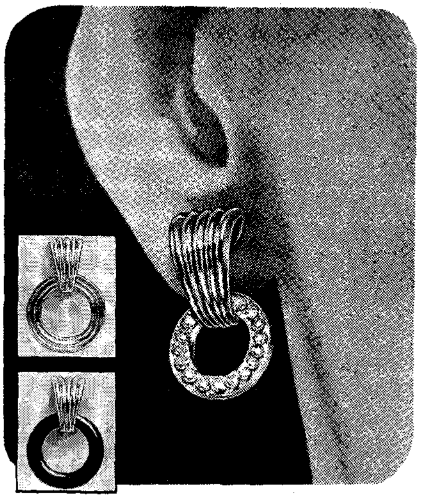

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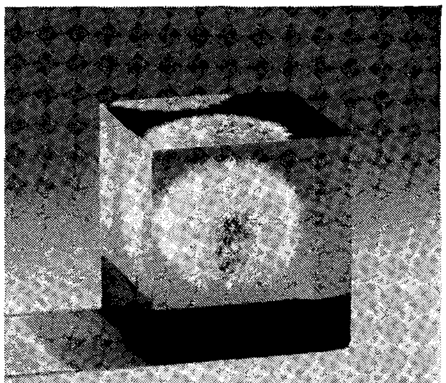

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tion of advantage. As long as the second strike is devastating, it is sufficient. Superiority, in this perspective, loses its meaning. In July, 1974, after the SALT II negotiations had begun, Kissinger responded to a question in a press conference thus: "What in the name of God is strategic superiority? What is the significance of it . . . at these levels of numbers?" After a point, numbers meant nothing—to us.

The doctrine of assured destruction holds that the curve relating numbers of weapons to strategic power flattens out at a fairly early stage. It may or may not be chance that this stage was seen to have been reached at about the number and extent of the weapons systems the United States already had in the mid-sixties. In 1971, two of the most gifted and experienced defense intellectuals, Alain Enthoven and K. Wayne Smith (the former an official of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, the latter an official of the Nixon Administration), wrote in their book "How Much is Enough?":

> The main reason for stopping at 1,000 Minuteman missiles, 41 Polaris submarines and some 500 strategic bombers is that having more would not be worth the additional cost. These force levels are sufficiently high to put the United States on the "flat of the curve."

It may be said that this judgment was reached at a time when the atmosphere of the Vietnam War made it pointless to consider any increases. Even so, there should be no question that the view was sincerely held.

Again, looking back, it seems clear that this doctrinal consideration took the edge off the American disappointment that SALT I did not provide for any real arms reduction. The United States had hoped to put a freeze on the development of any further heavy missiles, with their greater capacity to knock out an enemy's ability to retaliate after a first strike. But the Russians were going ahead with both their SS-18 and SS-19, and there was no stopping them. In ballistic-missile-firing submarines, the Russians were accorded a numerical advantage of sixty-two to our forty-four to "compensate" for the greater distances their underwater craft would have to travel to be on station. As noted above, they soon equipped these submarines with a longer-range missile, wiping out their disadvantage, and thus coming out ahead of where they had been. If we were disposed to think that such margins didn't matter, clearly the Russians were not. The United States very much hoped to ob-

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tain agreement that neither side would deploy a mobile intercontinental ballistic missile—e.g., the MX—but nothing came of this.

The great and debilitating failure of SALT I, however, is that it did not produce any agreement between the two nations on strategic doctrine. It might have seemed that it did, and certainly Americans hoped that it did, but it did not. This failure was made clear in July, 1972—two months after the treaty was signed—by William R. Van Cleave, a political scientist who has served as an adviser to the SALT delegation. In testimony before a Senate subcommittee headed by Henry M. Jackson, Van Cleave made a point that it was time some political scientist made:

> The U.S. arms-control community has always had an academic character and a hyper-rationalistic approach to arms control that assumes arms control to be an intellectual problem rather than a political one.

Van Cleave was critical of the "eagerness" of the American negotiators for an agreement that, he felt, led them repeatedly to change positions. He was scornful of the belief, as he saw it, that we and the Soviets shared an overriding common goal of strategic stability as defined by American strategic and arms-control concepts. The over-all evidence, he said, "is persuasive that the Soviet leaders do not share our assured-destruction doctrine. That they do is an unsupportable notion."

What doctrine *did* the Soviets espouse? This seemed evident enough to Van Cleave: "The Soviets—in contrast to the United States—have seen the strategic-force balance as an expression of political power." It had been McNamara's view, and it persisted, "that the strategic-force balance had no important political meaning." Whatever the case, it was clear to Van Cleave that the Soviets thought otherwise. To have the power to blow up the world three times was to have more power than did he who could blow it up only twice. The Soviet military seemed to have a simple notion that more was better than less. There were, at the very least, those among them who were prepared to think of nuclear wars as winnable, in the sense that one side would emerge better off than the other. This sort of thinking, of course, is incompatible with the doctrine of assured destruction.

The Soviet Union's military were, in any event, very much in control. Strategic doctrine in the Soviet Union is not made by professors. In his book

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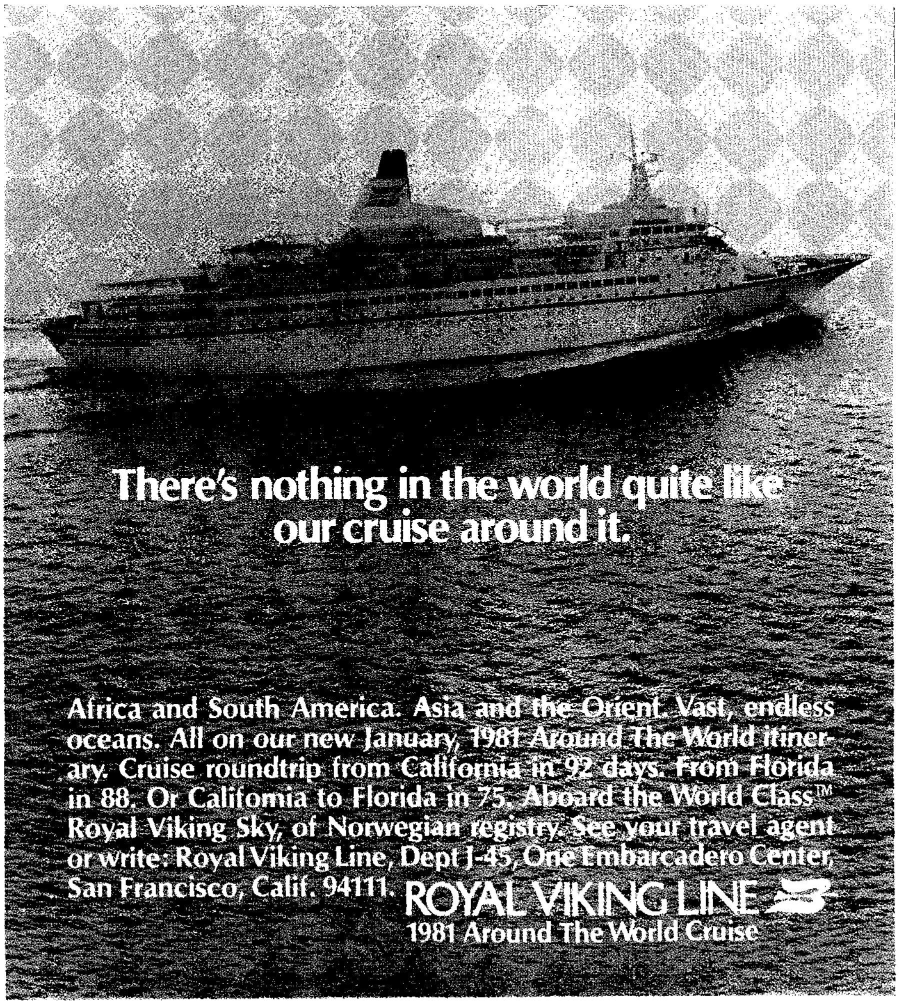
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"My Country and the World," Andrei D. Sakharov, the Russian physicist, recounts an event in 1955 in Siberia, where he had successfully tested a Soviet hydrogen bomb:

> The evening after the test, at a private banquet attended only by the officials in charge of the tests, I proposed a toast that "our handiwork would never explode over cities." The director of the tests, a high-ranking general, felt obliged to respond with a parable. Its gist was that the scientists' job is to improve a weapon; how it is used is none of their business.

The American negotiators of SALT I were to learn early on just how firmly the Soviet military were in charge when they found that they knew more about Soviet strategic forces than did their Soviet civilian counterparts. Military secrets are not widely shared in the Soviet Union, and at one point in the negotiations a Russian general suggested to an American that it wasn't necessary to talk about such matters in the presence of—what?—unauthorized listeners! Soviet military plans were not, in any significant measure, subject to negotiation with Americans or anyone else. In consequence, the Americans returned home to face a second negotiation with their own military. What seems to happen in SALT talks is that when negotiators have, in effect, agreed with the military forces of another nation that those forces should be increased they are almost required to return and agree with their own military forces that their forces should be increased also. It is a matter of relationships. If the Russians were building a Caribbean fleet, and the United States was either ignoring this or else snarling and snapping and threatening, American admirals, while they would certainly be urging a Baltic fleet or some such countermeasure, could nonetheless be told to stay out of the argument and leave foreign affairs to the President. But once the President had agreed with the Soviets that it was quite acceptable for them to have a flotilla in the Caribbean he simply would not be in a position to tell his own admirals that they would be allowed no compensatory increases. He could, of course, but he would be discredited as a man who preferred the interests of other people's military to his own. In a situation where the Soviet military always insists on more, the process will always end with the American military insisting on more as well.

One display Secretary Brown brought to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last July compared the Poseidon

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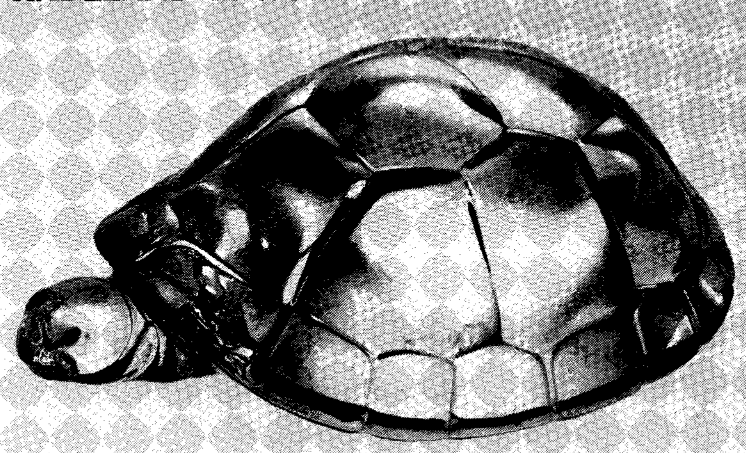

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missile, now deployed in the Poseidon nuclear submarines, with the Trident missile that has been designed for the new Trident submarines, the first of which will go to sea sometime next year. Secretary Brown's display ticked off the revelant information:

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* Explosive power—twice as great

Those who follow weaponry would have noted that the new missile, with far more destructive power, is nonetheless about the same size as its predecessor. In fact, Trident I missiles can be fitted in the launchers of the Poseidon submarine. (This is now being done, with the result that our submarine fleet will have much greater megatonnage in its warheads even before the new Tridents begin to be commissioned.)

As one thought connects to another, I found my attention drifting away from Secretary Brown's exhibit and back to a sunny June day in 1977, my first year in the Senate, with many things still unfamiliar. The Navy was launching a new submarine, the U.S.S. New York City—the first warship ever named for our town—and I had been asked to speak at the ceremonies in the shipyard of the Electric Boat company, in Groton, Connecticut, where it was to be launched. I had done a spell in the Navy at the end of the Second World War, and shipyards were familiar. But as the official party walked along to the ways where the modest New York City awaited us, a never equalled leviathan hove in sight. There, broadside to the river—for it would fair stretch to the opposite bank if launched in the conventional manner—was the hull of the first Trident submarine. There has never been such a thing, and anyone who has been to sea would know it. My U.S.S. Quirinus, 40-mm. gun mounts and all, could have been taken on board as a ship's launch. James R. Schlesinger, then Secretary of Energy, was walking beside me. He had been Secretary of Defense during the period when the Trident program was getting under way, and he recalled expressing misgivings about it, saying that the boats were too big, too vulnerable—that smaller ones would have done better. What had possessed us? I asked. It was the price of SALT I, he replied.

And so an American buildup of sorts commenced, ending the long freeze of

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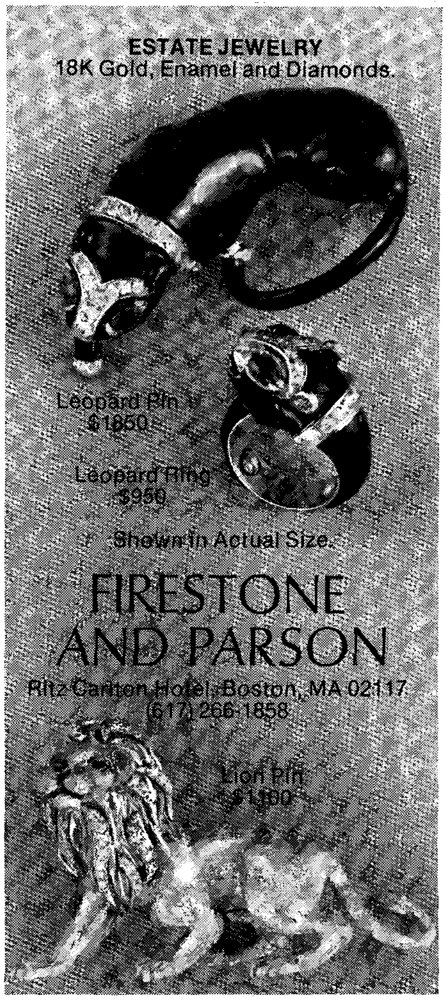

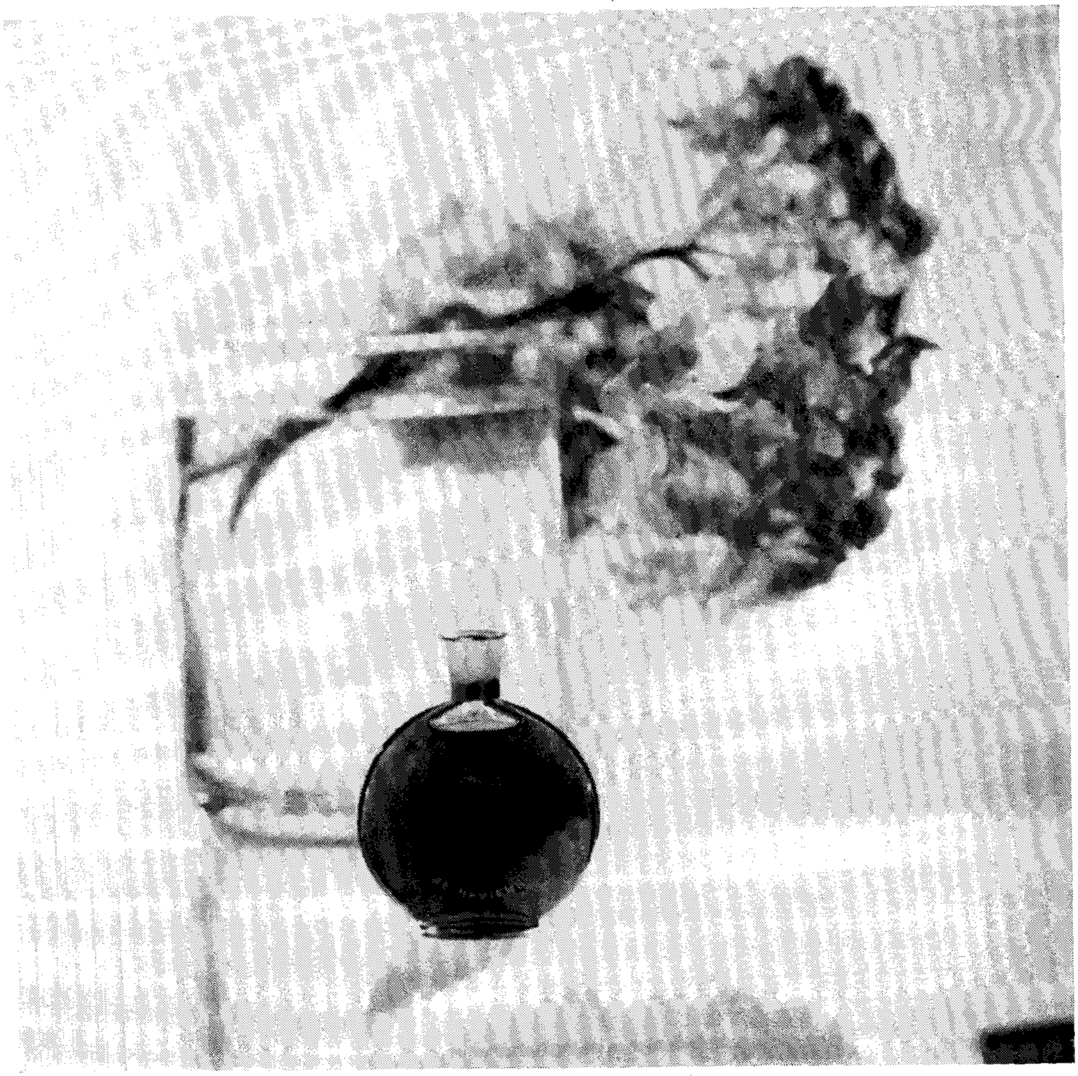

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the late nineteen-sixties. But we hadn't our heart in it; we just did it. We never admitted to ourselves that the Russians did not accept deterrence as doctrine; that, unless stopped by the most forceful intervention, they would build until they achieved superiority. They might, for example, have been told in 1969 that this would be a wholly unattainable goal. That we would outspend them two to one. That we would still be spending when they were bankrupt. But this was a threat we could not make, even though, ironically, it is one we could have carried out. I fear that those may turn out to have been the days when the peace of the world was irretrievably lost.

THEY did not seem so. Nixon deeply desired that a SALT II agreement—a permanent treaty this time—would put an end to increases in nuclear weapons and possibly bring about actual decreases. But he fell, and negotiations made no progress in that direction under President Ford, although he, too, was altogether committed to the process. Then came the new Carter team, including many old faces from the Johnson years. They were hopeful, even exhilarated by the opportunity they now had, and they moved quickly with a bold proposal.

In March, 1977, the Carter Administration, in the person of Cyrus Vance, who had been Deputy Secretary of Defense under Johnson and was now Secretary of State, proposed to Moscow a significant reduction in nuclear weapons. This Comprehensive Proposal would have reduced the number of launchers for MIRVs (multiple independently targetable reëntry vehicles) from 1,320, which had emerged as the lowest level the Soviets would accept, to between 1,100 and 1,200, with a separate sublimit of 550 on the number of MIRVed ICBMs, the most accurate and worrisome kind. (A MIRVed missile has more than one warhead, each of which can be independently aimed at a different target. As the "bus" travels through space, it ejects first one warhead, then another, in different trajectories and at different velocities.) Five hundred and fifty is the number of MIRVed ICBMs the United States has deployed.

Paul Nitze, who has been officially involved in arms negotiations under Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon (there are not many qualified persons in this field, and careers show greater durability than in any other field of policy), has testified that Vance's 1977 proposal offered the So-

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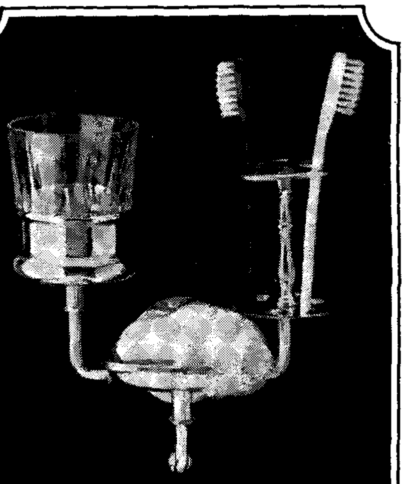

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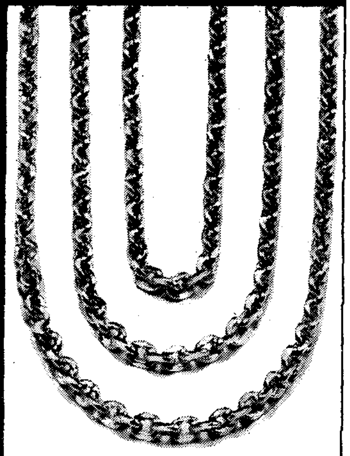

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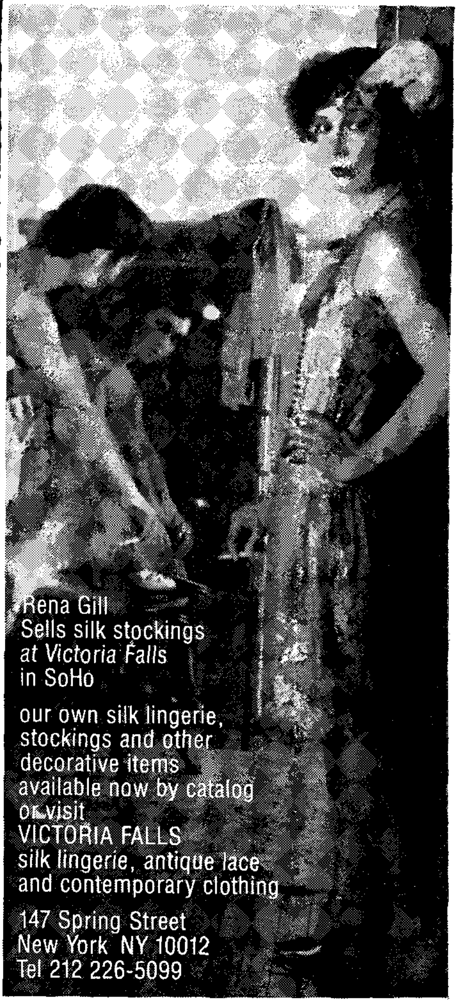
viets "complete assurance against any significant counterforce threat from the United States." But the Russians abruptly turned it down. Gromyko was scarcely polite. He all but suggested that to propose to the Soviets that they reduce strategic arms was an insult. (To be sure, his actual remarks were addressed to the suddenness with which the proposal was made.) In any event, with significant reductions dismissed, the SALT II negotiations proceeded to a wan conclusion, the basic numbers almost unchanged after two and a half years of negotiations by the new team. At Vladivostok, in 1974, President Ford and General Secretary Brezhnev had agreed that each party should have 2,400 strategic nuclear delivery vehicles (missiles and bombers), with a sublimit of 1,320 MIRVed missiles plus bombers capable of carrying cruise missiles. (A cruise missile is essentially a pilotless plane. Unlike a ballistic missile—which simply goes where it has been aimed, like a bullet—a cruise missile can be directed in flight.) SALT II reduces this over-all limit to 2,250 by 1981, but without any consequence. The Soviets will scrap some antiquated missiles they have probably kept around only for bargaining purposes. We will hold on to our B-52s—planes that are now as old as the pilots who fly them. SALT II limits the number of warheads per MIRVed ICBM, but each side is to be permitted an entirely new ICBM and to improve its existing ones within limits that may or may not permit fundamental advances. There are no limitations of significance.

Once again, a second negotiation took place back in Washington. The result was the MX. Recall that a principal American objective in SALT I was to prevent the Soviets from building any more heavy missiles, which they proceeded to do regardless. Again, no reduction in modern heavy missiles could be agreed to; thus SALT II provided that the Soviets should continue to have 308 and we should continue to have none. Opponents of SALT II make much of this "imbalance." But, as Ambassador Ralph Earle II, chairman of the American delegation to SALT, told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in July, the MX, while not a heavy missile, does have as much "equivalent effectiveness as Soviet heavy ICBMs." In a word, the MX is a counterforce missile. And that is what the issue has been from the first. The United States would now do what we vowed we would never do. And so SALT II produced precisely the advance in counter-



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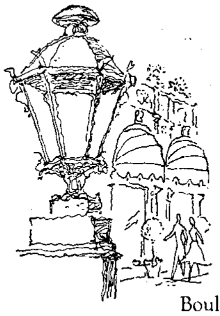

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force weaponry which SALT I had hoped to prevent. Spokesmen for the Carter Administration began to stress that the content of the treaty really didn't matter much, that it was the process that had to be preserved.

But if the process meant anything, it had to be one that protected assured destruction as a strategic doctrine. The proposal to go ahead with the MX implied that we ourselves were abandoning that doctrine. Of course, by 1979 assured destruction was already in ideological danger in its own sanctuaries. Newhouse, likening much of the debate in the nineteen-sixties to earlier debates about heresy, also notes that heresies somehow never die out. However much orthodoxy always asserted itself in the end, McNamara continued to have doubts. In 1964, less than two years after his Ann Arbor speech, he declared in a Defense Department "posture statement" that "a damage-limiting strategy appears to be the most practical and effective course for us to follow." Such a strategy would involve trying to destroy some of an adversary's missiles in order that his retaliatory strike would not be so devastating. (Of course, implicit in this concept is the possibility that the United States might, after all, strike first—in response, for example, to a Soviet invasion of Europe.) At this time, United States missiles were presumably aimed at Russian cities. McNamara acknowledged that a damage-limiting strategy would require greater forces than the "cities only" strategy, but he thought it would be worth it, especially with a Chinese nuclear force coming on line. In 1966, he appeared to favor an anti-Chinese ABM system. This would be a "thin" system, designed to defend against only a few missiles. The Russians would know that such a system was not directed against their large and growing force, simply because it would offer no effective defense. The proposal is worthy of note as an example of logic producing illogic. The reasoning that led to the decision was flawless, save that the Chinese had no missiles. McNamara soon enough recanted. In the middle of the Vietnam War, he could scarcely ask for more nuclear weapons, but his doubts were on record. He was not alone.

In the spring of 1968, just as the SALT talks were about to begin, Harold Brown, then Secretary of the Air Force, told the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee:

> In addition to the basic deterrent capability, our measurement of deterrence should include two other criteria, less

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central but still important: (1) ratios of surviving population and industry must not be badly adverse to the United States, and (2) the surviving military balance should remain in our favor...if deterrence should fail, a favorable surviving military balance could make it easier for us to negotiate an end to the war and limit further damage to the United States.

At this time, Schlesinger, still at Rand, commenced to argue that the United States could not allow the Soviets to develop an "asymmetric capacity against us." That is to say, they should not have a counterforce capability greater than our own. For either side to have such a capacity would be fatal to the doctrine of assured destruction, properly construed; for both to have it would be doubly fatal. Schlesinger persisted, and in 1973, as Secretary of Defense, he proposed that the United States develop a "heavy throw-weight" missile to offset Soviet developments. This missile became the MX.

More to the point, in the course of the nineteen-seventies Pentagon officials began to talk openly of targeting Soviet military facilities in terms of "limited strategic options." The Trident II missile, to be deployed aboard the giant submarine, would verge upon a counterforce capability. (Submarine-launched missiles are still not as accurate as land-based missiles. Thus, while they are fully effective in an assured-destruction mode—they can be sure of hitting Leningrad, for example—they are less so in a counterforce mode, where the target is a hole in the ground ten or fifteen feet in diameter, requiring that a warhead land within several hundred feet or so in order to "kill.") Nothing dramatic by way of a great debate ending in a break with previous policy occurred. Rather, as the Soviets crept toward a first-strike capability, American strategic doctrine slowly changed also. This was never really acknowledged, except in the edginess and growing anxiety of those who could sense the drift of events but could not arrest them.

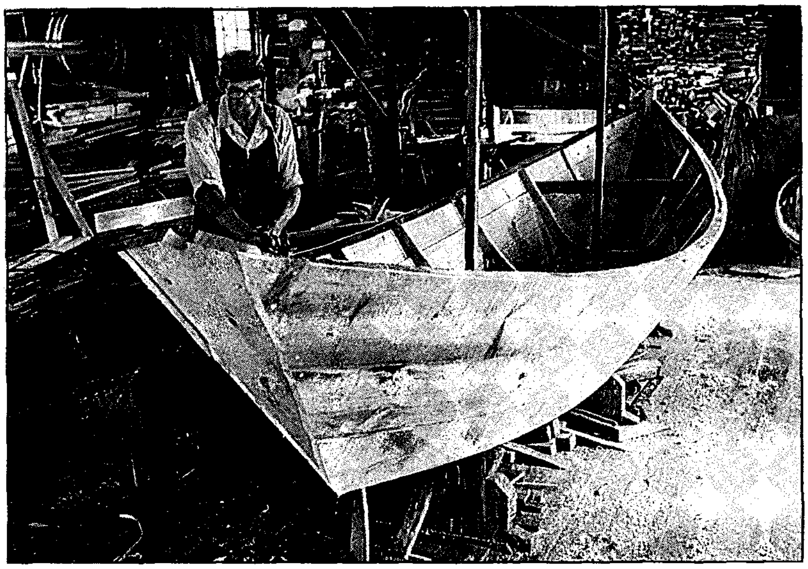
An episode in the fall of 1976 revealed the depths of this anxiety. Once each year, the intelligence community produces the National Intelligence Estimate, known locally as the N.I.E. A measure of grumbling began about the relative optimism concerning Soviet intentions and kept being repeated. Leo Cherne, of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, had the inspired notion to set up competing teams, one to defend the official estimate and one to challenge it. George Bush, as Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, had the self-confidence and good grace to agree. The exercise went forward and was concluded. The B Team made a powerful case—more so than had been anticipated. In October, word of the exercise leaked; in December, the *Times* reported the results. The B Team, headed by Richard Pipes, of Harvard, had come to the conclusion that the Russians were seeking strategic superiority.

The indignation in Washington was palpable. The very suggestion was greeted with horror, as will happen when a doctrine grows rigid. The B Team members were near to anathematized. They had been invited to challenge the conventional wisdom, but they had made too good a case. Senator Malcolm Wallop subsequently observed:

> While consciously refusing to entertain the Soviets' own conception of what they are about militarily, the authors of the NIE's over the years have evaluated Soviet strategic forces using indexes which tend to stress our own doctrine of MAD.

The 1976 N.I.E., Wallop noted, did mention that the Soviets seem to think in terms of ability to win nuclear wars. Nevertheless, the estimates continued to interpret both United States and Soviet forces according to the criterion of assured destruction. But how could this interpretation be reconciled with Soviet conduct? By 1976, they were (as they still are) spending twelve to fourteen per cent of their gross national product on defense—the sign, if the nineteen-thirties offer any evidence, of a country planning to go to war. "Bureaucratic inertia" was an explanation put forth, and it could well be the right one, although "momentum" might be the better term. But after a point larger possibilities had to be confronted. In his 1978 annual report as Secretary of Defense, Brown said that because of "a substantial and continuing Soviet strategic effort," the strategic balance "is highly dynamic." Although puzzled as to "why the Soviets are pushing so hard to improve their strategic nuclear capabilities," he noted that "we cannot ignore their efforts or assume that they are motivated by consideration either of altruism or of pure deterrence." Then, in May, 1979, in the commencement address at Annapolis, Brown asserted that Moscow had long sought to threaten American land-based missiles and would probably be able to achieve this capability in the early nineteen-eighties. In an analysis of the speech, Richard Burt, of the *Times*, a formidably well informed

CANADA



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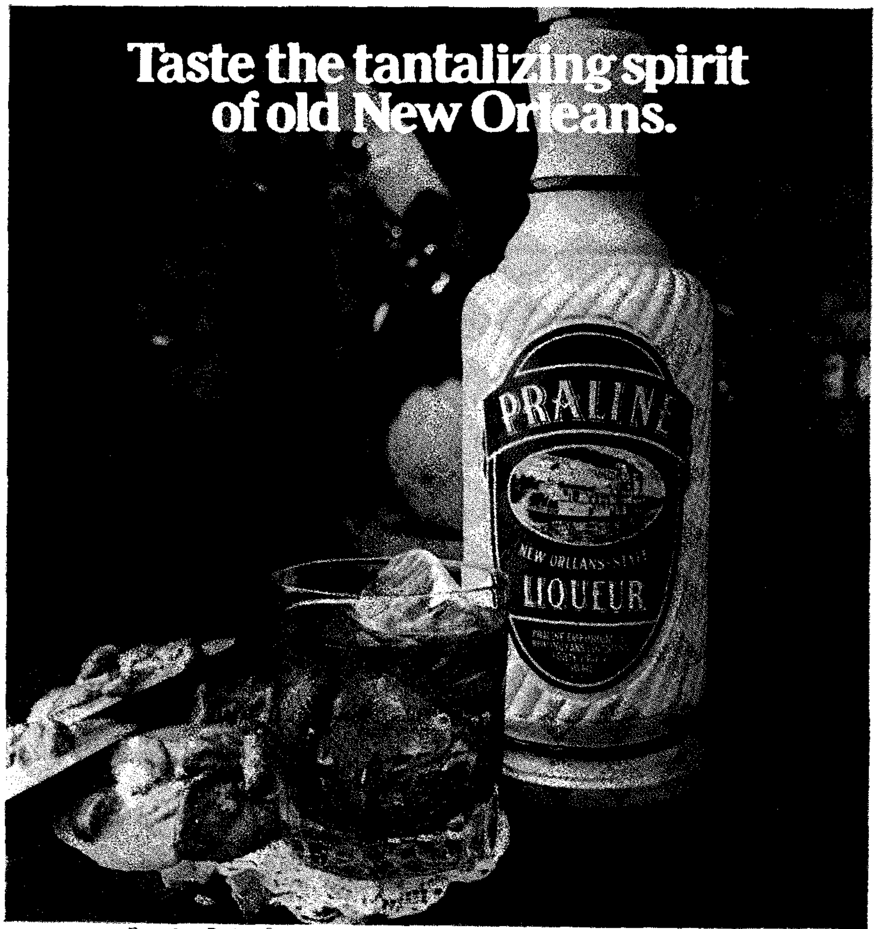

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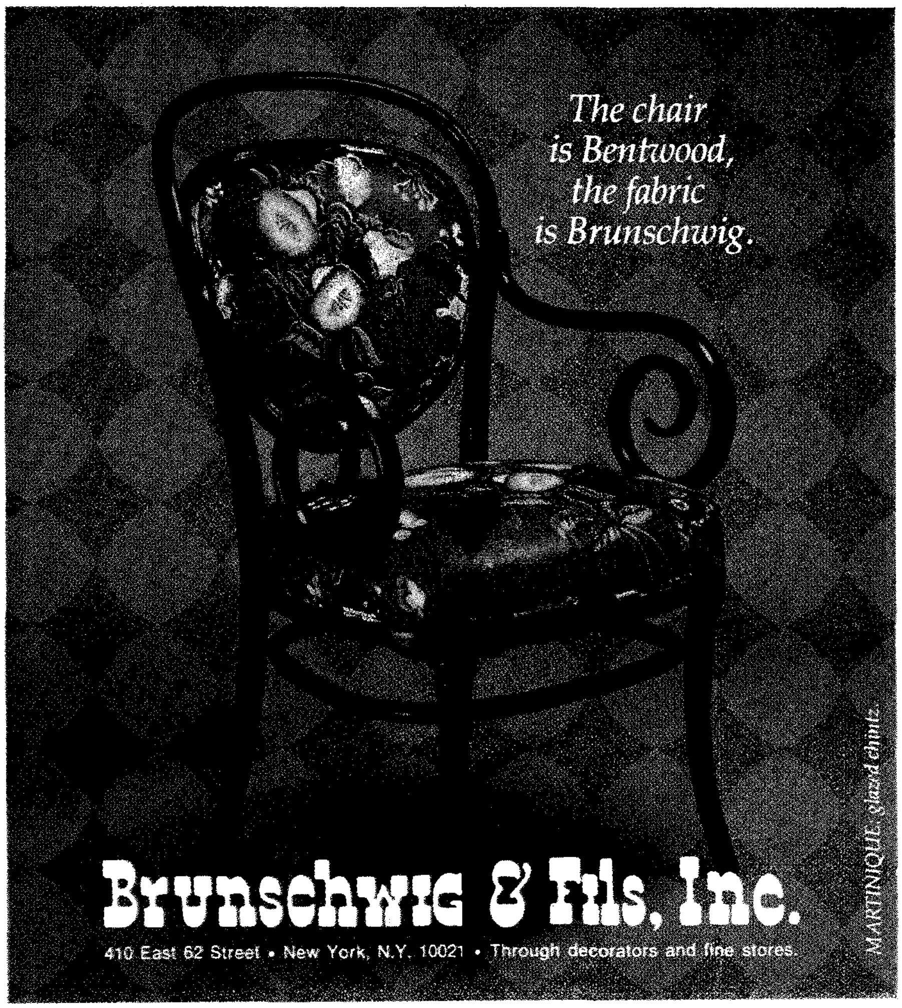

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and well connected journalist, offered the judgment that Brown had accepted the B Team's analysis.

As perspectives on Soviet conduct began to change, American conduct began to be seen in different light also. Was it the case that the Soviets were "catching up"? Were we "falling behind"? It must be understood that these were new questions. In the McNamara era, it had been assumed that American strategic superiority was as certain as was the validity of American strategic doctrine. But now it began to be noted that while the United States budget for strategic arms had been level for a decade and a half, that of the Soviets had continued to rise. In rough terms—they can only be that—the Soviets since 1968 have been outspending the United States in strategic forces by a margin of two to one. Dr. Perry reported to the Foreign Relations Committee that current United States spending on strategic forces is about $12 billion a year, while the Soviets spend on the order of $25 billion. (More recently, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency reported that the Soviet Union spent a total of $140 billion on all its armed forces in 1977—almost one-third of all military spending in the world. The United States spent $101 billion. Wohlstetter calculates that American strategic spending, in constant dollars, actually peaked back in fiscal 1952.) The Soviet buildup has been steady over a generation now, leading an arms-control expert from the Kennedy era to remark recently that if the familiar man from Mars were to be presented with a chart showing the rise of Soviet weaponry over the past three decades and told that somewhere during that period an arms-limitation agreement was signed with the United States, the visitor would be quite unable to pick the year.

The result is to be seen in numbers of warheads. If plotted, it would be seen that the Soviet curve has been steeper for some time now—up from a more than five-to-one disadvantage in 1967 to less than two-to-one today, on to parity in 1985 and to superiority thereafter, if the trends persist.

Number of warheads, however, is not the only measure of nuclear power. Size matters, and accuracy matters even more. It is not a question of projecting a time when the Soviets will have attained superiority; they have already done so. In this area, Nitze's estimates are indispensable, both because they are his and because they are public. In throwweight—the pounds of "payload" that can be sent aloft—Nitze estimates that the Soviets by 1977 had an advantage of 10.3 million pounds to the United States' 7.6 million, this being the effect of the Soviet heavy missiles. By 1985, he projects a widened gap: 14.5 million for the Soviets, eight million for the United States. The gap is even more dramatic in the critical category of explosive power—in what is called "equivalent megatonnage." Nitze gives the Soviets a nearly three-to-one advantage for 1977: 9,319 equivalent megatons for the Soviets, 3,256 for the United States. For 1985, he projects a slightly widened gap but not greatly increased amounts of megatonnage on either side.

HOW did this come about? As near an answer as we are likely to get is that a synergistic relationship developed between the doctrine of assured destruction and the combined restraints on the United States imposed by the experience of Vietnam and the hopes aroused by détente. If this seems complicated, let it be said that nothing simple is likely to explain how the world's most powerful military nation lost its advantage over an economically and technologically inferior competitor in the course of a decade—and with almost no one noticing.

The doctrine of assured destruction, as I have noted, holds that the curve relating numbers of weapons to strategic power flattens out at a fairly early stage. One of the virtues of the assured-destruction doctrine was that it permitted the civilians in the Pentagon and in the Bureau of the Budget to form an estimate of what the military really needs. How many warheads, for example, were required to insure that fifty per cent of the industrial capacity of the Soviet Union would be destroyed in a second strike? The doctrine fitted in surprisingly well with the management ethos that McNamara and others brought to defense issues. It suited even better the needs of the government leaders of the later nineteen-sixties who, while seeking strategic-arms limitations, were also waging war in Vietnam. Holding back expenditure in the strategic area eluded the fury that would have arisen had they proposed otherwise, and may have moderated opposition to the war. (An interesting aftermath: those most bitter about the Vietnam policies of the Johnson era are today likely to be most supportive of the strategic policies put

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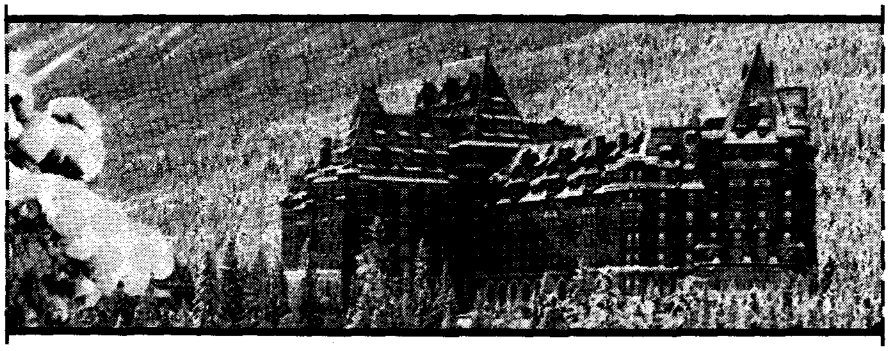

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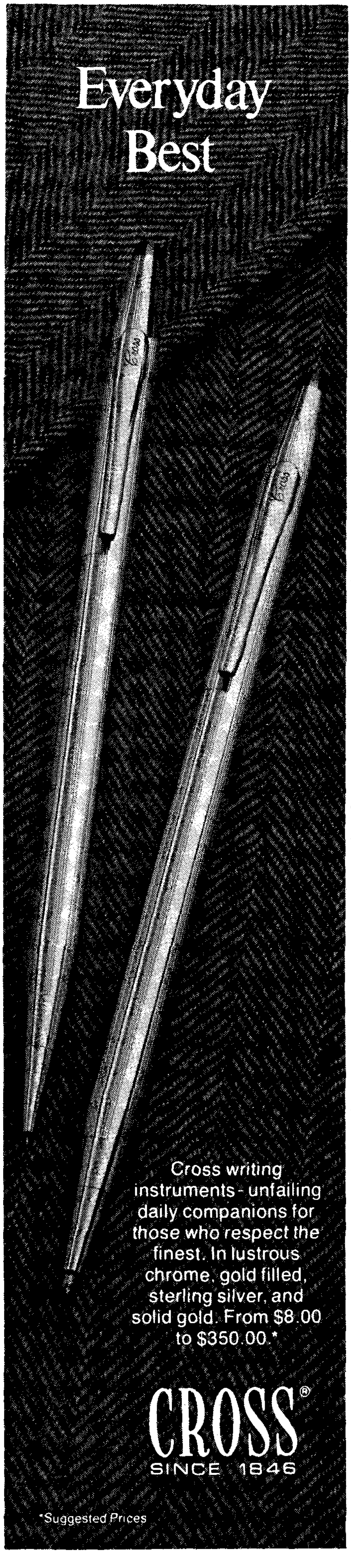

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in place by that Administration, while those who supported Johnson in Vietnam are likely now to be suspicious of SALT.)

These considerations were, if anything, even more intensive in Nixon's first term. Certain defense intellectuals of the Johnson era began to assert that Soviet strategic behavior was basically imitative of ours—two apes on a treadmill, as the image went—overlooking, presumably, that the fondest hope of the community in the early sixties was that Soviet behavior *would* become imitative. In any event, this was presented as an argument against increasing American forces. Then Nixon embarked on the policy of détente with the Soviets, which added further grounds for allowing United States force levels to remain frozen. And that is what happened.

The irony of all this was nicely illustrated in an article in *The New Republic*, in August, 1979, by the journalist Morton Kondracke. At the end of July, Henry Kissinger had testified before the Foreign Relations Committee, declaring himself not so much opposed to SALT II—he allowed he would have initialled the treaty—as in favor of great new military expenditures to prevent a further weakening of the United States of a sort that, he said, had brought about a "crisis situation threatening the peace of the world." Kondracke interpreted this as the familiar (although puzzling) charge that Democrats are somehow soft in these matters. He seems to have taken the charge personally. In any event, he retorted with some vehemence:

> According to Kissinger, when the US left Vietnam, the Republican administration of which he was a part planned to build major new strategic weapons systems: the B-1 bomber by 1981, the MX missile by 1983, the Trident submarine and missile by 1979, and various kinds of cruise missiles in the 1980s. These weapons would have reversed the trend toward Soviet superiority, "but every one of these programs has been canceled, delayed, or stretched out by the current administration."
>
> Kissinger's version of history scarcely squares with the facts or with Pentagon figures. Far from trying to reverse the strategic doctrines of the Johnson administration, Kissinger and President Nixon accepted them completely. The US land-based missile force was not increased by a single launcher during eight years of Republican administration. In fact, the Nixon and Ford administrations cut back on strategic spending from the levels reached in the closing Johnson years. Johnson's last budget called for $22 billion in strategic outlays, but the Ford and Nixon administrations averaged $10 billion a year in comparable

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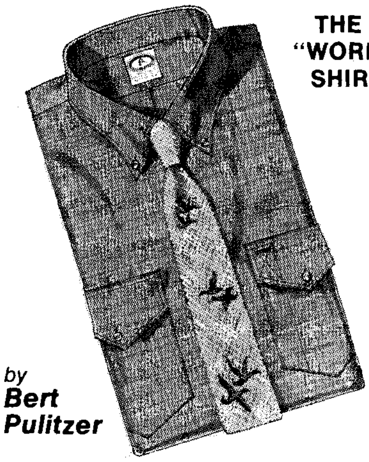

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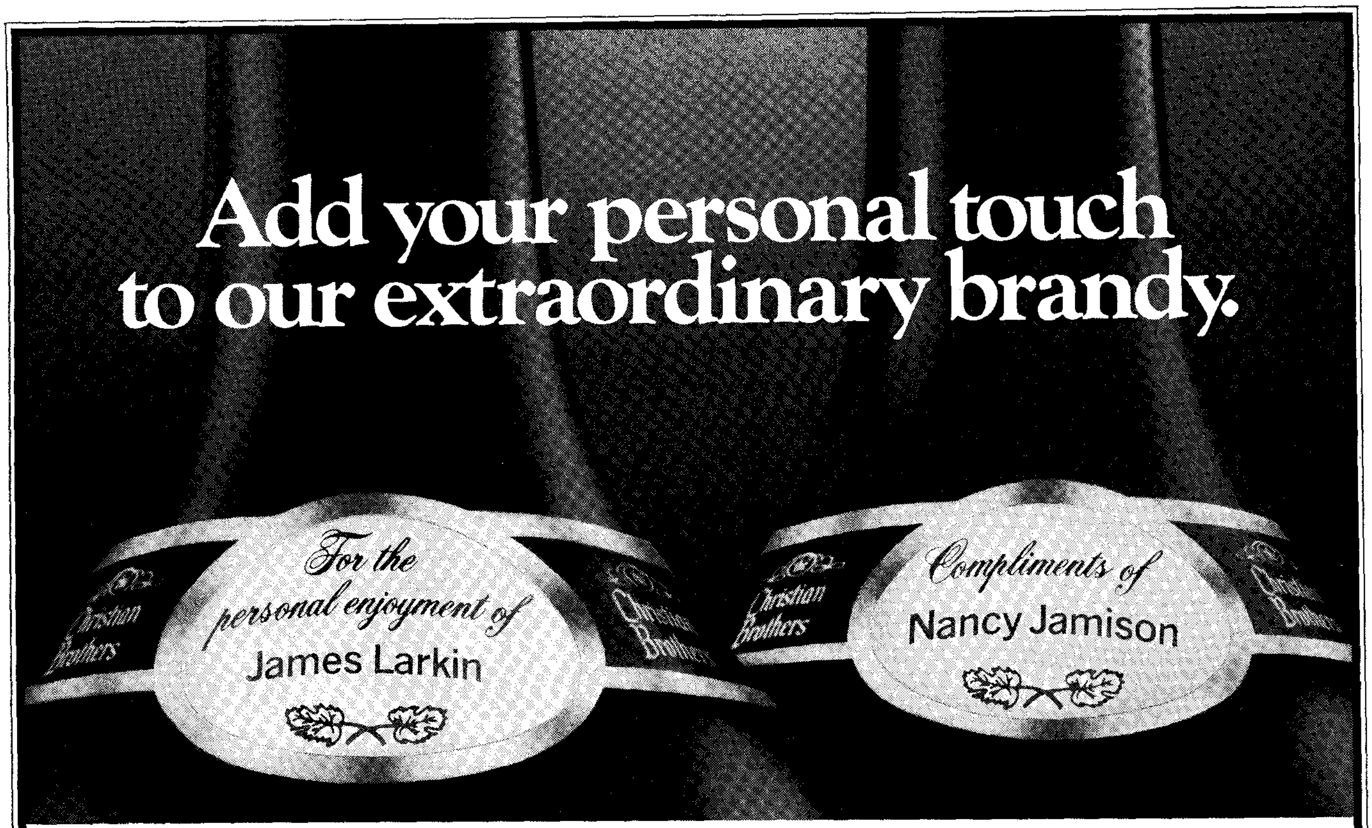
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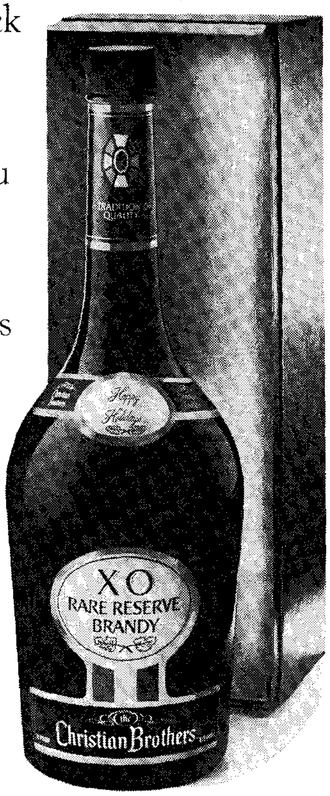
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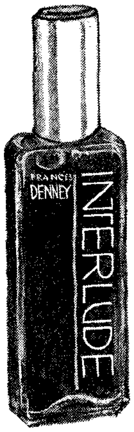

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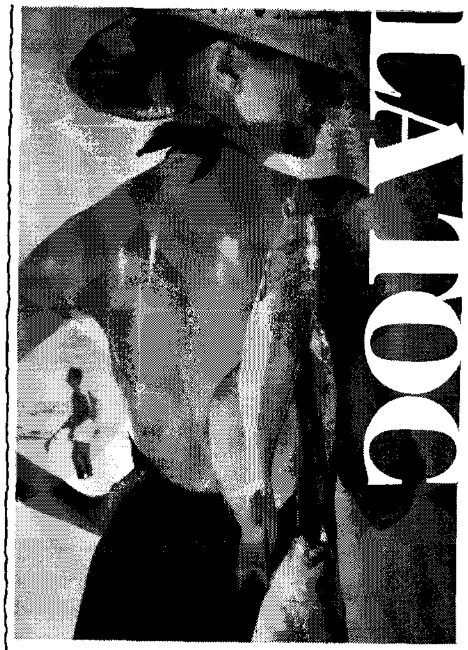
dollars. Some cuts were imposed by Congress, but most were called for in Nixon-Ford budgets. It's true, few liberals were impressed when Republican officials boasted that they were continuously cutting defense spending, but they really were.

All true enough. The Nixon-Ford years were a time of unprecedented increase in social spending, and of decline in military spending. Rather like the Hitchcock film in which the diamond is hidden in the chandelier, this information was effectively concealed from the American people by publishing it in the budget. It may well prove that the historic mission (as Governor Jerry Brown might say) of the Carter Administration is to increase defense spending and cut social spending. There is a mild law of opposites in American politics. Republicans frequently do what Democrats promise, and the other way around. President Carter was the most dovish of candidates in 1976, promising to cut the defense budget by five to seven billion dollars a year. Nothing of the sort happened, however. Social spending was effectively frozen, but defense spending began immediately to rise. In an address in Washington on September 27th of this year, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, made a good deal of this:

> While our critics say they would have been strong for defense if they had remained in office, in fact, defense spending in constant dollars declined in seven of the eight years of the Nixon-Ford Administration. For the past decade, there has been a steady decline in the level of the defense budget in real dollar terms. We began to reverse that trend in the first three budgets of the Carter Administration, and President Carter is the first President since World War II to succeed in raising defense spending for three straight years in peacetime.

Brzezinski was not just taking credit for increasing defense spending. He was asserting that his Administration, unlike its predecessors, was awake to the Soviet challenge. It has been a quiet development, this emergent challenge. Those who espy some special cunning at work have a difficult case to make. The plain fact is, as Van Cleave testified in 1972, that the Soviets never gave any indication that they accepted assured destruction as a strategic doctrine and would not seek nuclear superiority. How does the proverb go? The fox knows many things, the hedgehog knows one thing. The one thing their hedgehog generals seemed to know is that more is better. So they kept getting more. In this



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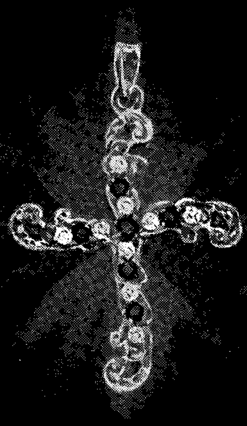

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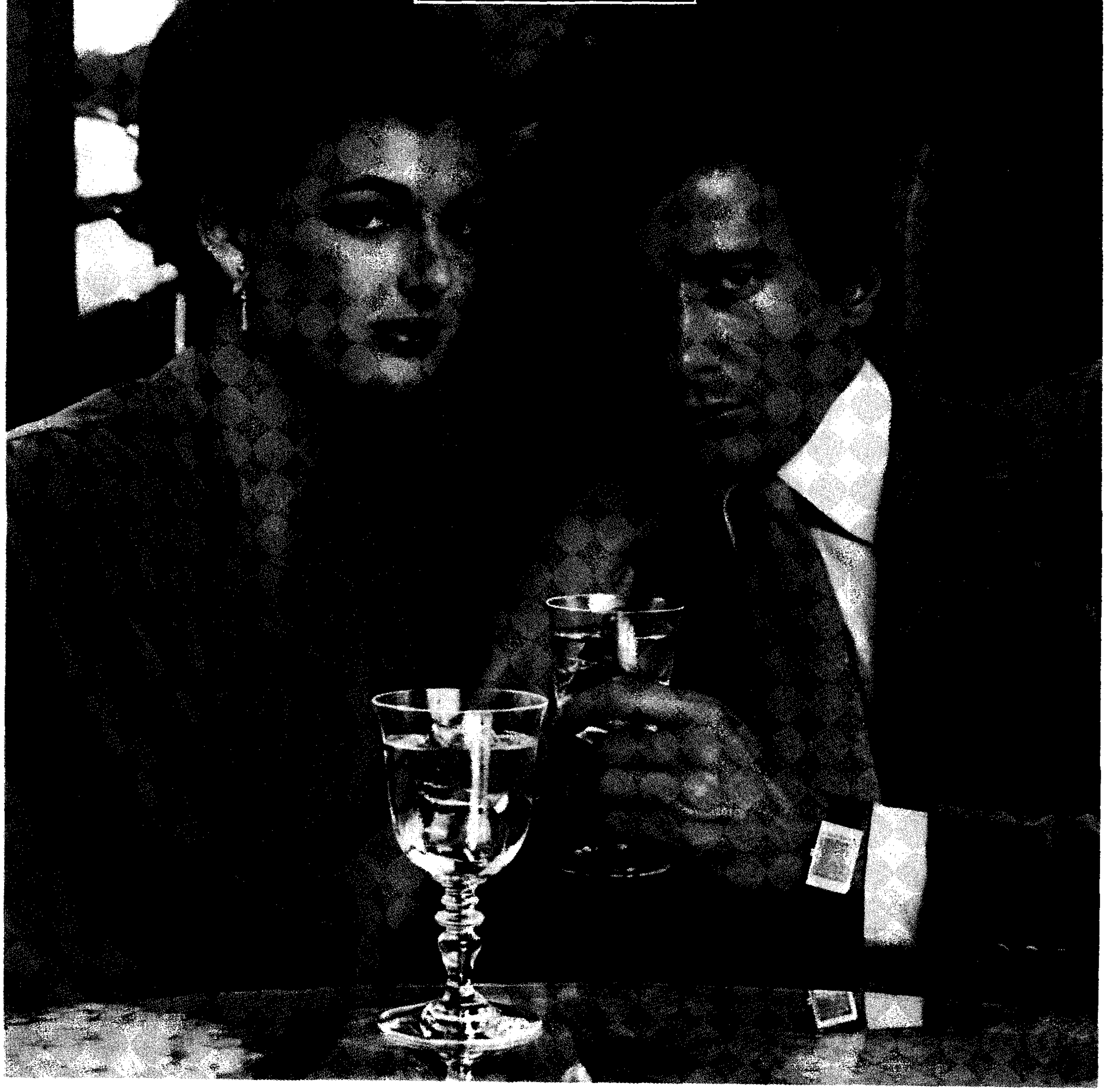

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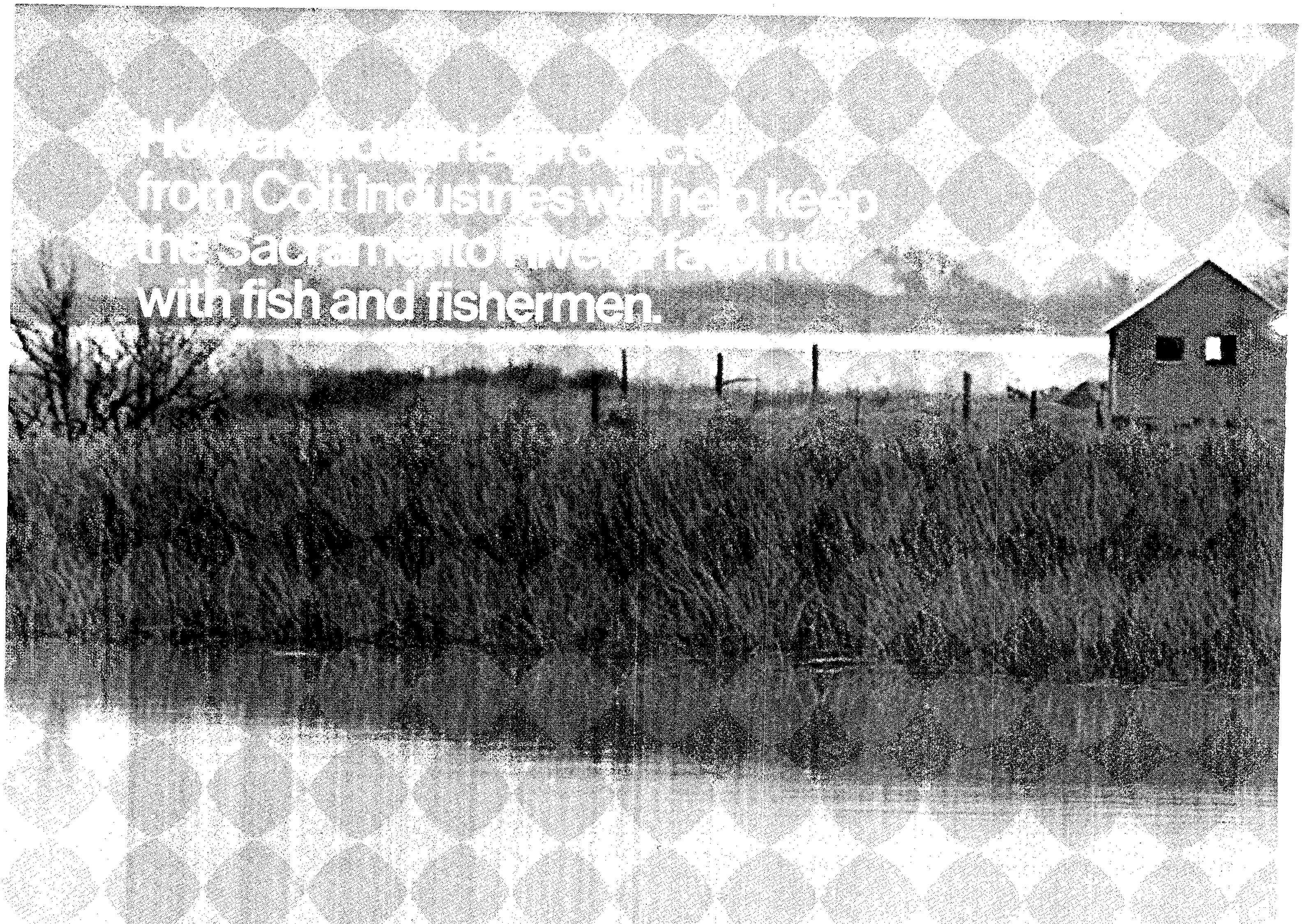

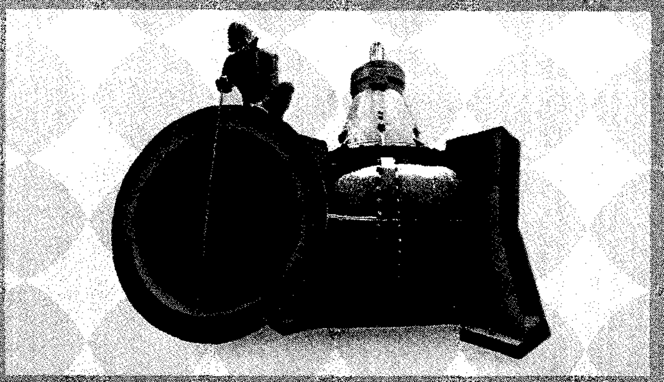

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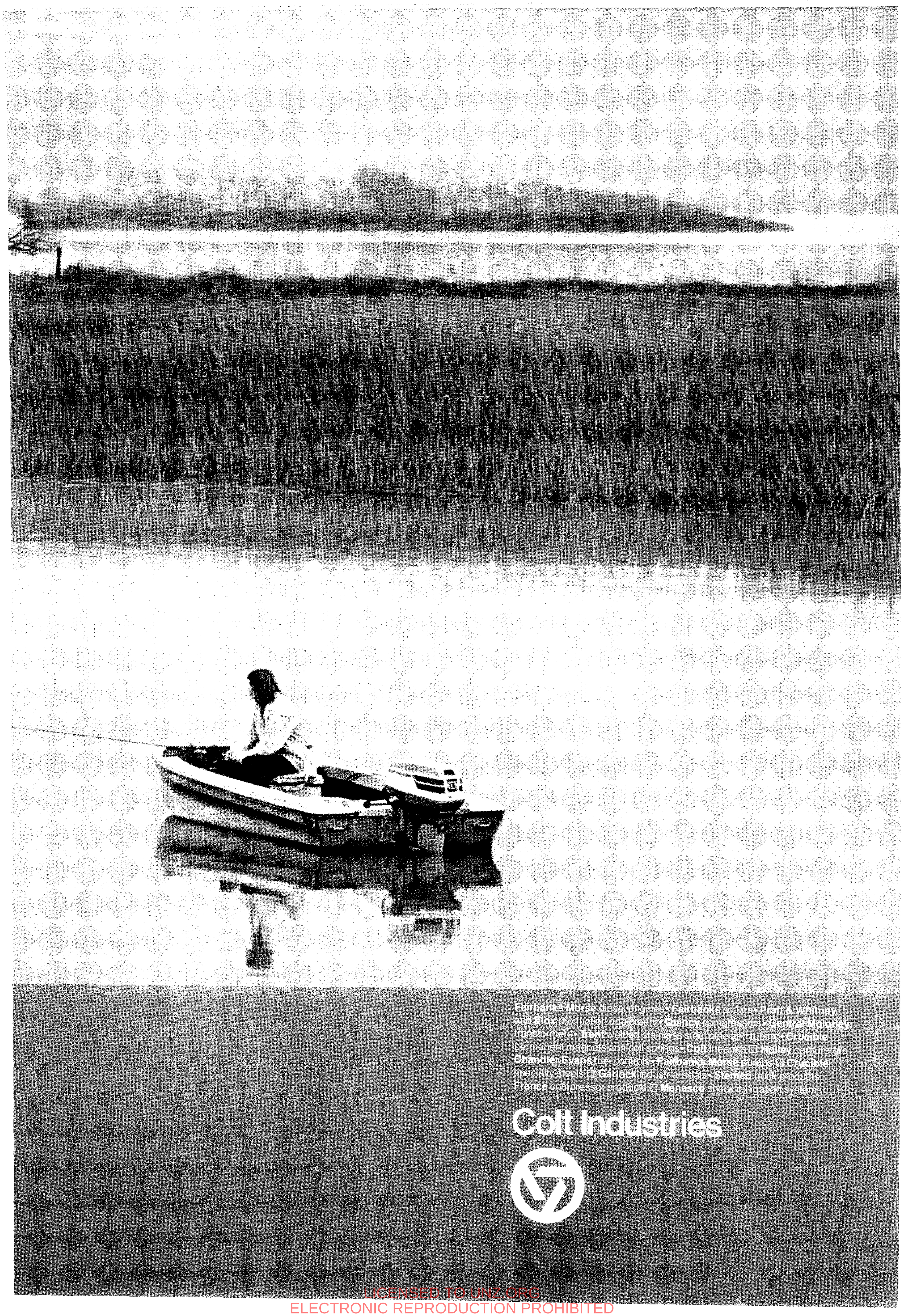

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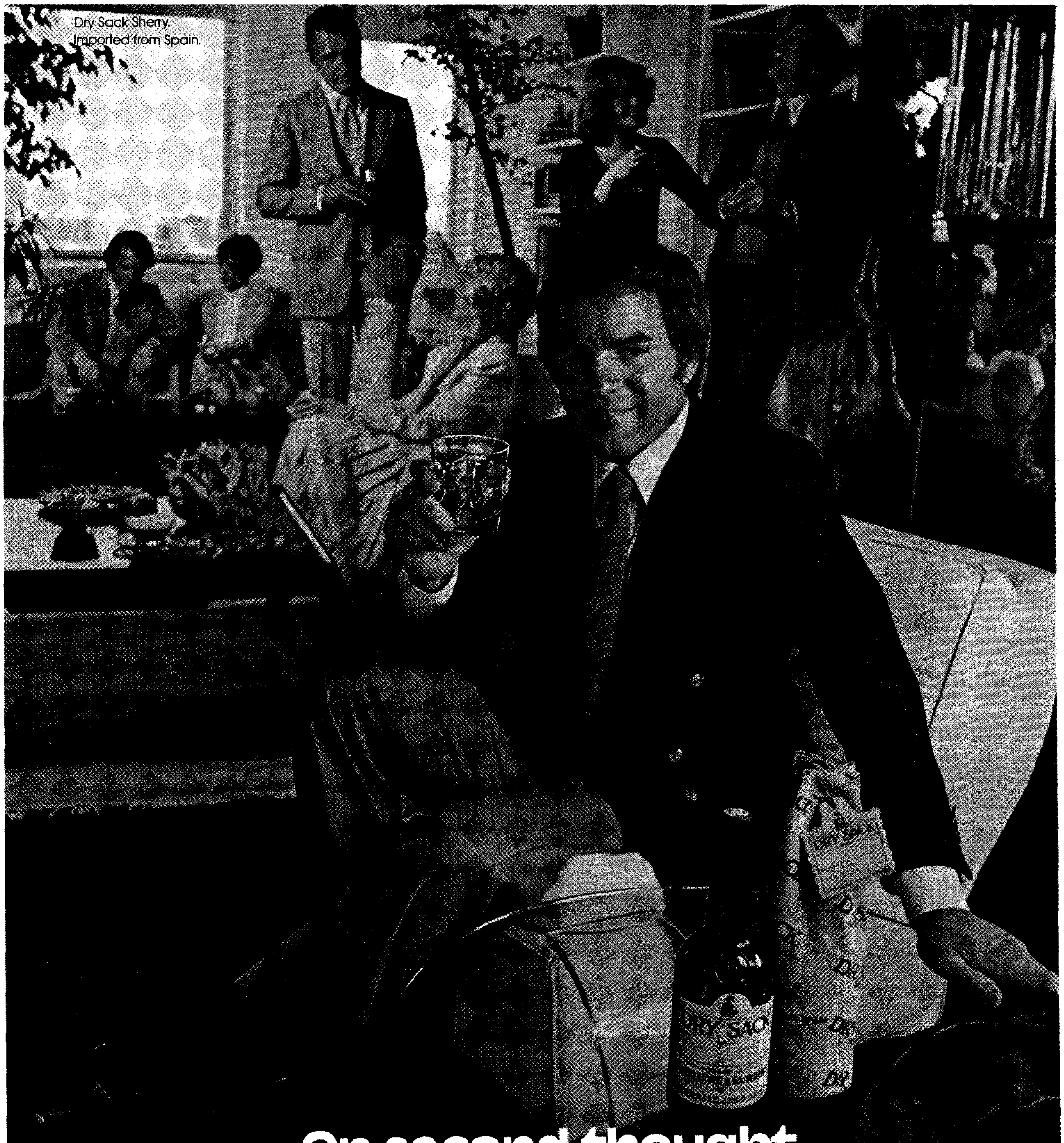

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manner, the Soviets have acquired, or are about to acquire, a first-strike capability against our land-based ICBMs. We hope to do the same to theirs. Everything the SALT process was designed to prevent has come about.

The Soviets did not do this by cheating or by startling technological breakthroughs. They did it by the steady accumulation of more missiles (an additional thousand in the course of the nineteen-seventies) with greater accuracy, and more warheads with greater explosive power. They aimed them, as evidently they have always done, at our silos—in violation, that is, of our doctrine that they should be aimed at our cities, so that they could retaliate with vast destruction in case we attacked first. They either now can or soon will be able to take out our silos, leaving the United States with a much reduced second-strike capability. Not enough, it is generally thought. Besides, Nitze writes, the Soviets now have a third and fourth strike—an ability to deter our retaliatory strike by threatening our surviving cities and population. If it is all unthinkable, the Soviets seem nonetheless to have been thinking about it.

As have we. Heresy and recantation abound, and one of the more striking events of the SALT II debate so far is that both Secretary Brown and Kissinger appear to have joined Schlesinger. In his testimony before the Foreign Relations Committee on July 11th, Brown said that the Administration's primary goal was maintaining essential equivalence with Moscow in nuclear forces, but that to do it "we need to show the Soviets that they do not have an advantage in attacking military targets—that we, too, can do so." And he elaborated a bit, in response to a question from Senator George McGovern: "It is not a matter of us pushing the Soviets into being able to destroy our silo-based missiles. They have gone that route." Brown stressed that the mobile MX missiles, in addition to being able to survive attack, had another attribute: "Because of their accuracy and their warhead capability they will be able to hit Soviet silos, and that will, indeed, give the Soviets a motive for going away from silo-based missiles."

A month after testifying before the Foreign Relations Committee, Henry Kissinger spoke in Brussels at a meeting of military experts. As reported, he said he now believed that successive United States Administrations, including the Nixon and Ford Administrations, were wrong in thinking they could adequately protect the United

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States and Western Europe against Soviet attack with a strategic nuclear force primarily designed to wipe out Russian cities and factories rather than to strike at missile silos and other military targets. The policy of mutual assured destruction had created a "paradoxical world [in which] it is the liberal, humane, progressive community that is advocating the most blood-thirsty strategies." It was absurd, he continued, "to base the strategy of the West on the credibility of the threat of mutual suicide." It was necessary for the United States to develop a new nuclear "counterforce capability" consisting of missiles designed to be used against military targets rather than civilian ones.

Herein resides the final irony of the SALT process. Not only has it failed to prevent the Soviets from developing a first-strike capability; it now leads the United States to do so. The process has produced the one outcome it was designed to forestall. And so we see a policy in ruins.

WHAT are we to do? First, we must try to get some agreement on what our situation is. Is it wrong to think that something of the sort is emerging? The Washington *Post* noted on August 1st, "Here it is barely midsummer, and a growing chorus of important voices (whose opposition had been most feared) is saying that the treaty itself is no villain, that its ratification is almost a matter of indifference, that the fundamental strategic problems that most concern them are in fact beyond the power of the treaty, *as such*, either to remedy or even make much worse."

Jimmy Carter is the exception. On July 31st, the same day Kissinger testified before the Foreign Relations Committee, the President declared, in Bardstown, Kentucky, that SALT II will "stop the Soviets' buildup." It will not do anything of the sort. Nor does anyone in the Carter Administration who is in a position to know argue any longer that it does. Last spring and summer, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, testifying before the Senate Armed Services Committee, were unanimous in their conclusion that Soviet strategic power, under the agreement, would expand beyond what it is now. At the July 11th meeting of the Foreign Relations Committee, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, General David C. Jones, said, "Some may conclude that the agreement, by itself, will arrest the very dangerous adverse trends in Soviet strategic forces, including current

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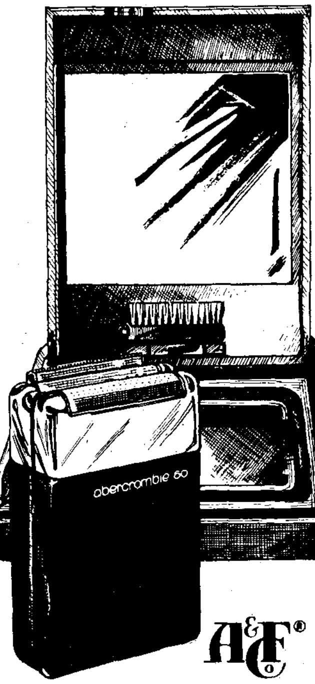

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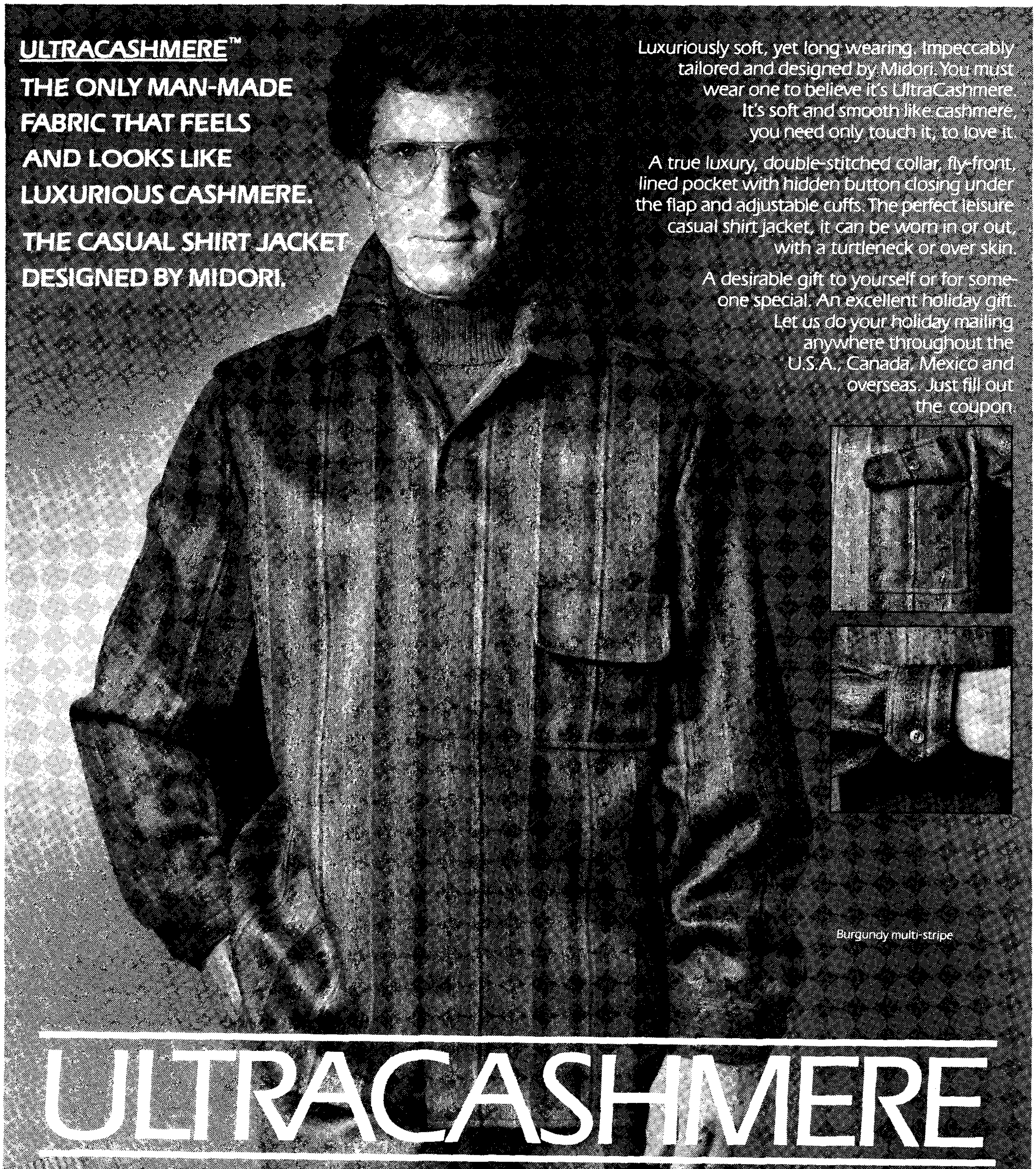

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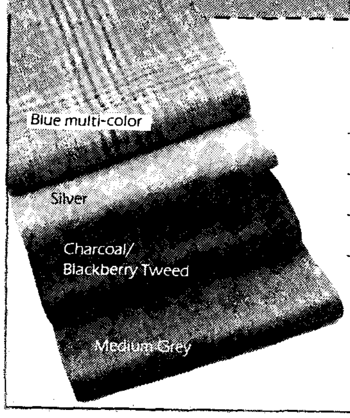

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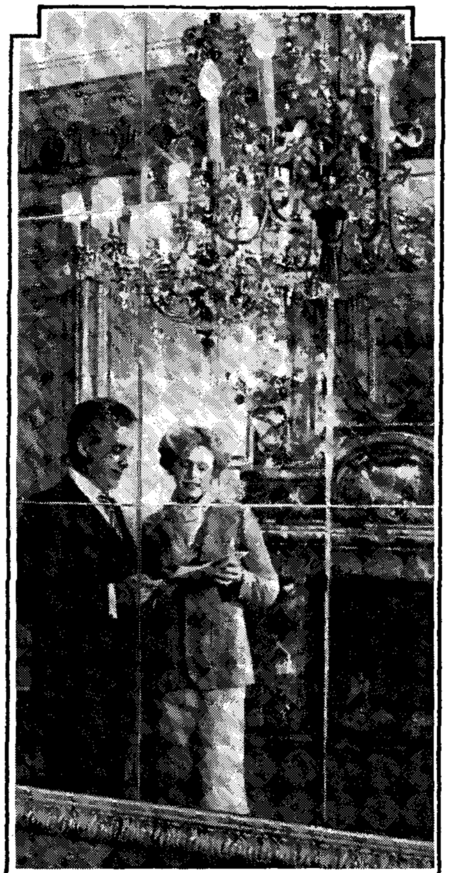

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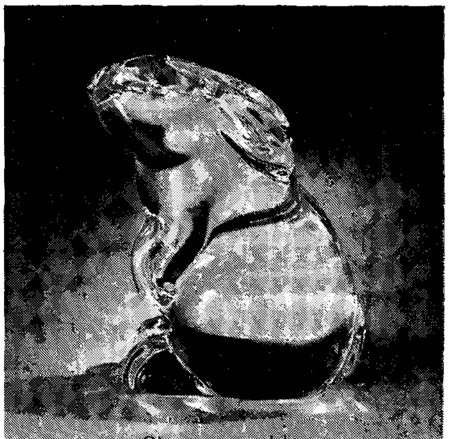
and projected qualitative improvements. This is simply not the case." And later: "Similarly, the focus on constraining what the Soviets could do without a SALT agreement had obscured the more fundamental recognition of what they have done, are doing, and can do within the SALT framework." The director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, George M. Seignious II, has stated that the Soviets will continue to engage in a "relentless" strategic-arms buildup with or without the SALT II treaty.

We can hope that the President now knows he has been wrong. If this is so, we can hope he will say so. The SALT II treaty is in trouble, because many senators feel it has been misrepresented. A profound change could take place if the President were simply to say that it is a chilling agreement but the best he could get, and that it is in our interests only if SALT III brings true reductions. Secretary Vance, in his letter of June 21, 1979, submitting the treaty to the President for transmission to the Senate, said, candidly enough, "For the first time, we will be slowing the race to build new and more destructive weapons." If the President were to say only as much—that we are at most slowing the race—things could be different. If he does not, there is no alternative save to oppose him on the facts, and try to develop a national policy without him. This is not easily done *with* a President engaged. But, in my view, it must be done. For those in charge of American strategic policy—including the President, whether or not he has thought it through—are now advocating a course of action which, if successful, will bring about the very nuclear face-off that not ten years ago was unhesitantly defined as the worst-case condition. This is to say that the United States and the Soviet Union will be confronting each other knowing that both have the capacity to attack and destroy the other's land-based missile forces, and can do so in forty-five minutes.

If still further irony is desired, it may be noted that, in the most explicit way, American behavior has turned out to be imitative of the Soviets. This was implicit in the aftermath of SALT I, when the Trident submarine and the B-1 bomber were agreed to. But these weapons were at least compatible with an assured-destruction doctrine. The price of SALT II, negotiated within the Administration before the treaty was even signed, was the MX missile. From



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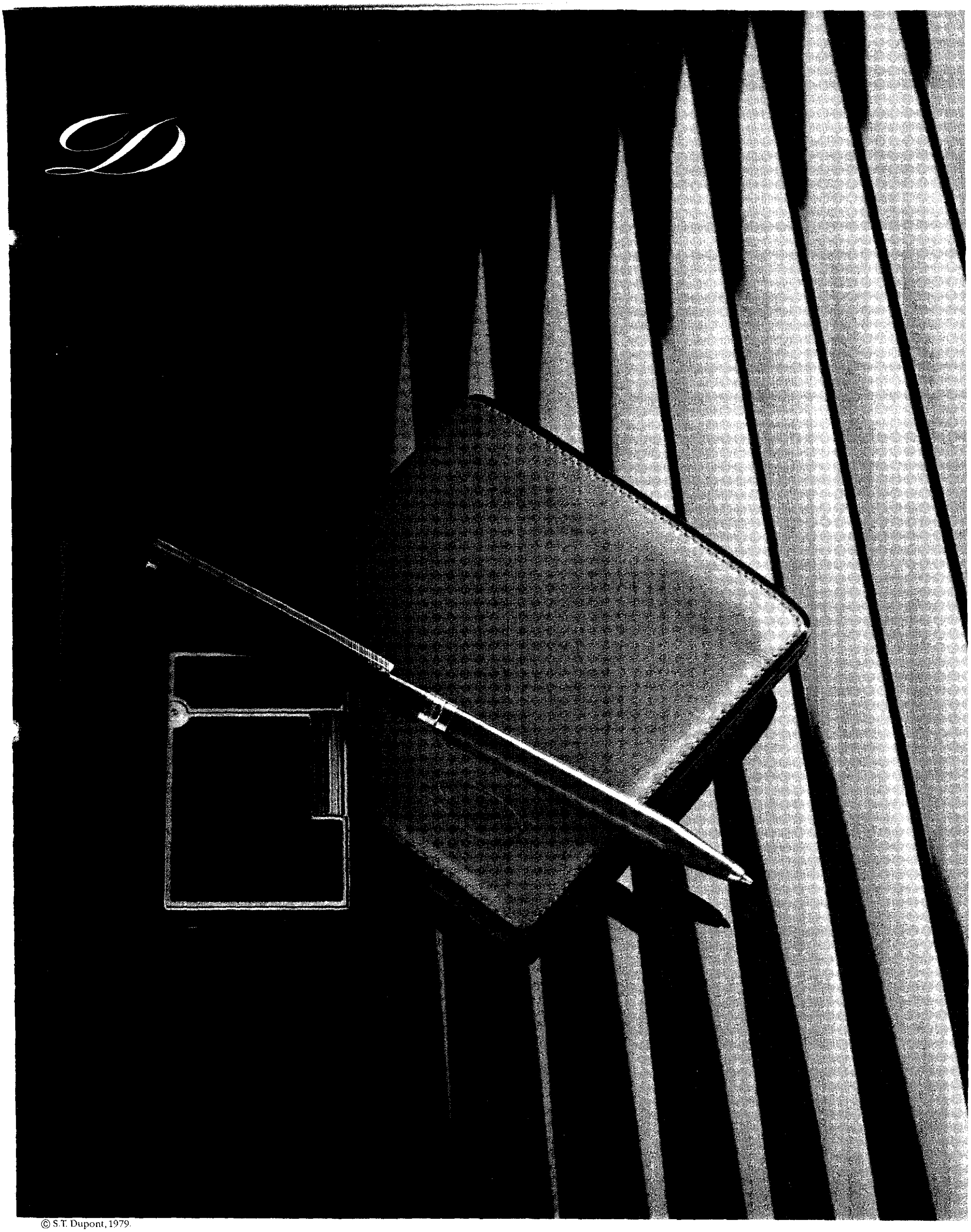

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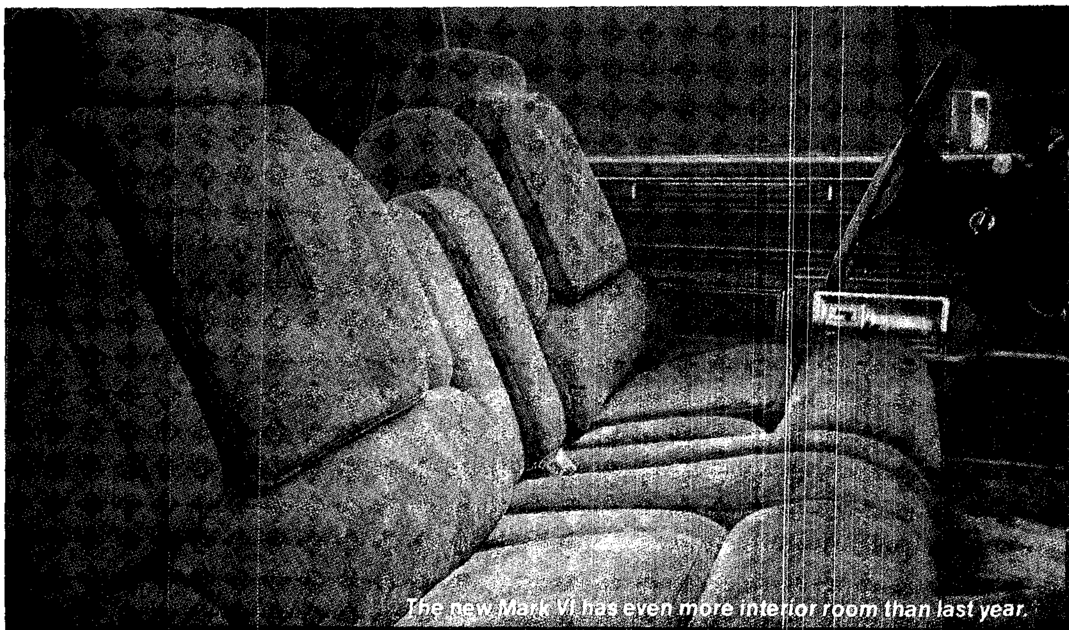
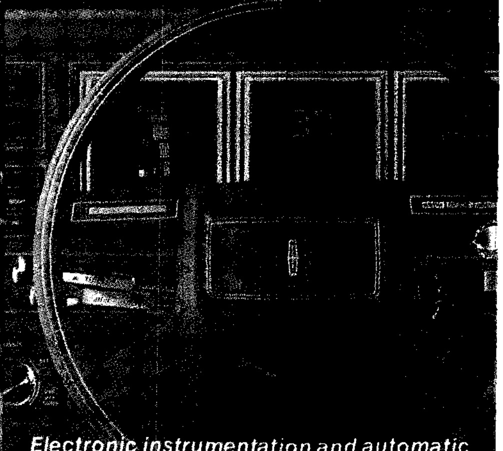


The new Mark VI has even more interior room than last year.



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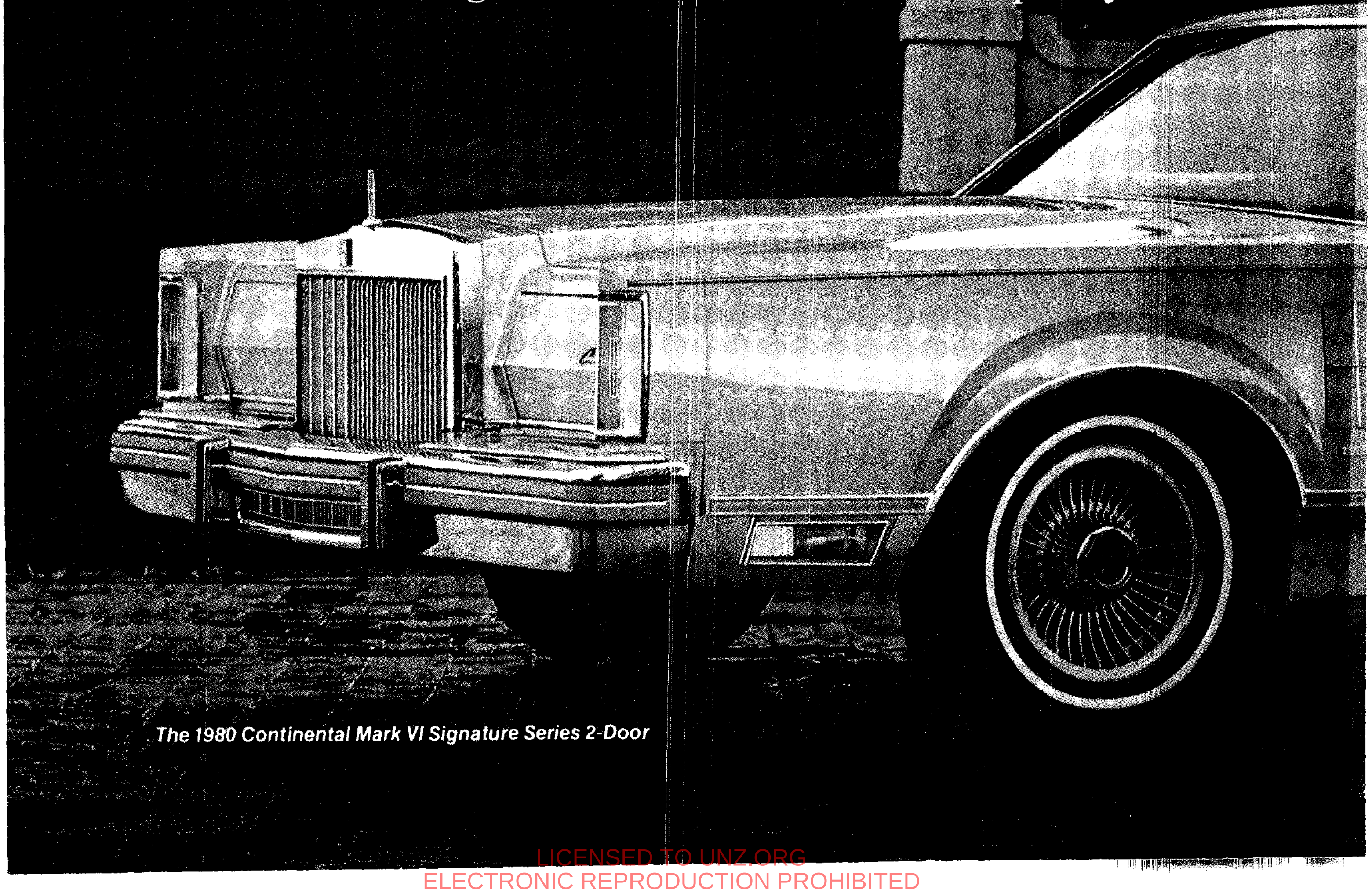
Standard on Mark VI is an extraordinary electronic instrument panel with a message center that actually communicates with you. By pressing the appropriate buttons on the keyboard, you can ask the system a variety of questions. You may want to know, for instance, how many miles you can travel on your remaining fuel, or the estimated time of arrival at your destination, your average speed, or even your average distance per gallon. The answer is electronically computed and displayed on the message center.

The message center also informs you of the status of eleven different vehicle functions, such as oil pressure, engine temperature, windshield washer fluid level and many more. In all, the system has the capability of supplying 20 separate items of information. In addition, distance figures are given in either miles or kilometers.

Introducing Continental Mark VI for 1980.

The look is legendary, yet a remarkable improvement in fuel efficiency ratings makes this Mark most contemporary.



The 1980 Continental Mark VI Signature Series 2-Door

The 1980 Continental Mark VI Signature Series 4-Door

Electronics are at work to increase the operating efficiency of the new Continental Mark VI, as well. Standard are electronic fuel injection and an electronic engine control system. These, along with a new automatic overdrive transmission, help contribute to a remarkable improvement in fuel efficiency ratings over last year. And with all this, Continental Mark VI has even more interior room than last year† and greatly increased trunk space, too.

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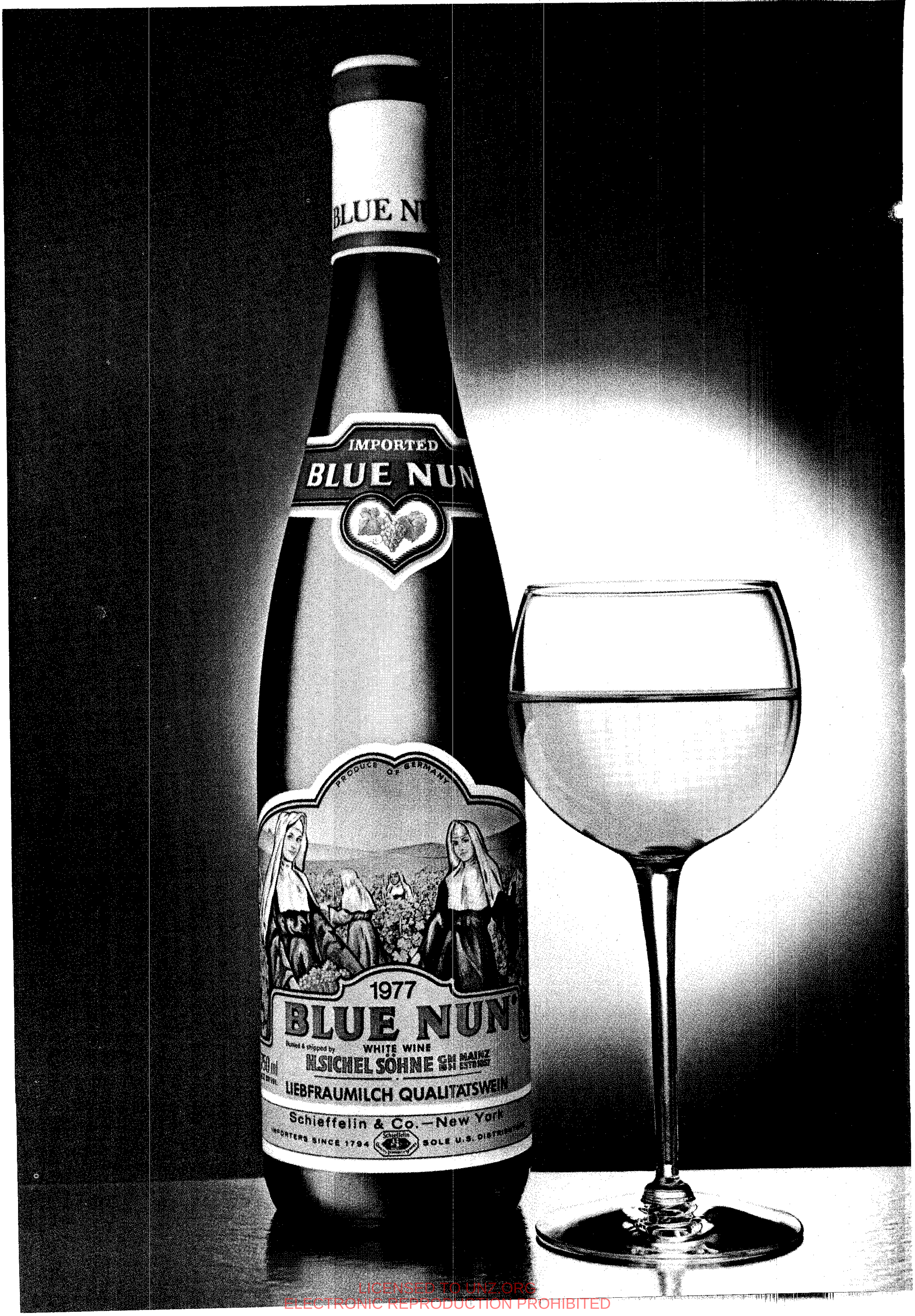
***Compare this estimate to the estimated MPG of other cars. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. California estimates and percentages are different.*

†Based on EPA interior volume index.

CONTINENTAL MARK VI

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford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the time Schlesinger first proposed it, it has been understood that the MX is a counterforce missile. In other words, after only two rounds of negotiations, acquiring a counterforce capacity has become the condition of salvaging the very negotiations that were begun with the object of preventing either side from obtaining a counterforce capacity.

In any event, the world is sure to be different for the United States, and considerably less secure. Within months, the Soviet Union will have the capacity to destroy the Minutemen, our land-based deterrent. These are the missiles that were meant to deter the Soviets from initiating any nuclear exchange. Following such a first strike by the Soviets, an American President could send in bombers and launch our submarine missiles. No one can estimate the horror that would follow in the Soviet Union and then, of course, in the United States. It may be that this prospect will be sufficient to deter the Soviets from launching a first strike, whatever the degree of provocation or panic. But is there reason to suppose that nuclear superiority will have no effect on their international behavior? Certainly men such as Nitze think otherwise. He writes:

> To some of us who lived through the Berlin crisis in 1961, the Cuban crisis in 1962, or the Middle East crisis in 1973, the last and key judgment in this chain of reasoning—that an adverse shift in the strategic nuclear balance will have no political or diplomatic consequences—comes as a shock. In the Berlin crisis of 1961 our theater position was clearly unfavorable; we relied entirely on our strategic nuclear superiority to face down Chairman Khrushchev's ultimatum. In Cuba, the Soviet Union faced a position of both theater inferiority and strategic inferiority; they withdrew the missiles they were deploying. In the 1973 Middle East crisis, the theater and the strategic nuclear balances were more balanced; both sides compromised.
>
> It is hard to see what factors in the future are apt to disconnect international politics and diplomacy from the underlying real power balances. The nuclear balance is only one element in the overall power balance. But in the Soviet view, it is the fulcrum upon which all other levers of influence—military, economic, or political—rest.
>
> In any international crisis seriously raising the prospect that the military arms of the United States and of the USSR might become engaged in active and direct confrontation, those directing U.S. and Soviet policy would have to give the most serious attention to the relative strategic nuclear capabilities of the two sides.
>
> Unequal accommodation to the Soviet Union would then have resulted not in coöperation and peace but in forced withdrawal.

It has been said that the Soviets have learned to live with American nuclear

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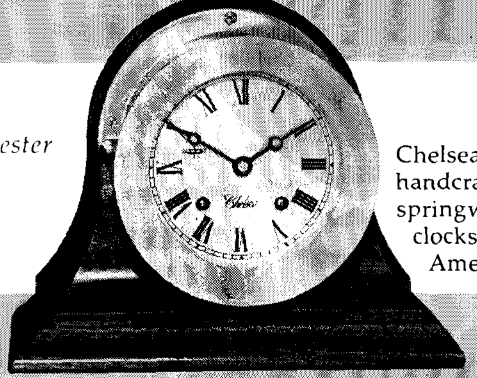

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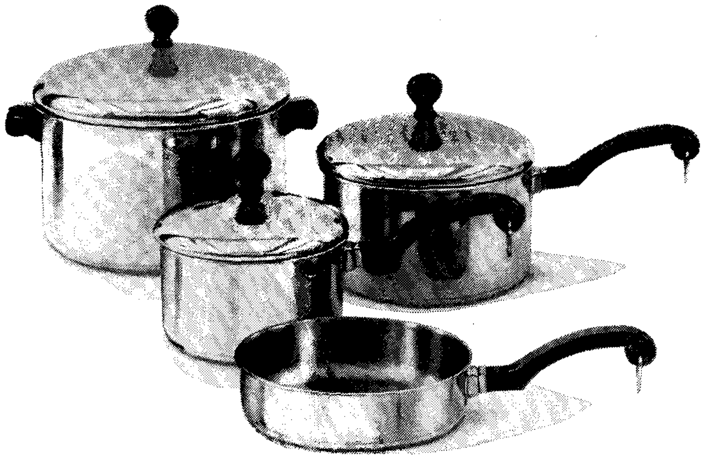

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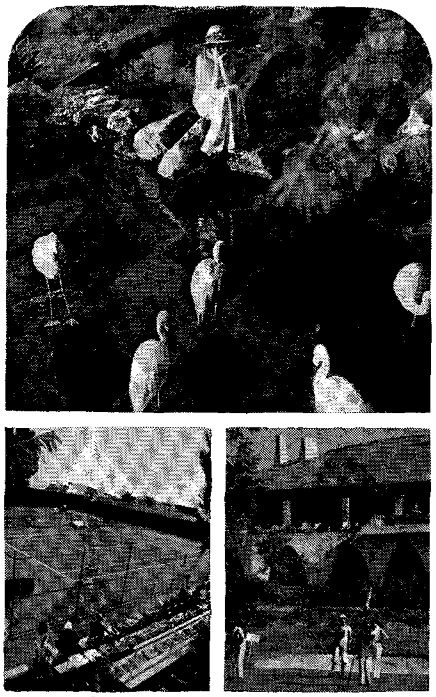

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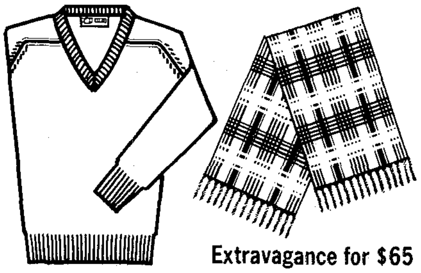
superiority and that we can learn to live with theirs. No doubt we can. But will anyone assert that in such circumstances we will not be living differently? And if one is drawn to the unhappy conclusion that the SALT process has not limited the number of weapons in the United States and the Soviet Union, what are we to think about the nature of world politics when many nations possess the nuclear weapon? What will be *their* views—the views of India, Pakistan, South Korea, Israel, South Africa, Libya, Argentina, Brazil, perhaps others—on deterrence, assured destruction, and the rest? Kissinger suggests that once the present state of affairs is understood, "panic" will spread through the world.

THE decisive technological event that led to the shift in the balance of power, it seems to me, was the deployment of MIRVs—a term first used in public in 1967. Packing a number of warheads on each missile no doubt seemed an elegant and economical solution to the problems that the Johnson Administration faced. (In the United States, development of MIRV began in 1965. The first flight tests took place on August 16, 1968. The first Soviet test took place five years later, in August, 1973.) But it profoundly transformed the significance of the Soviets' huge rockets, with their tremendous throweight. Once the Soviets could install MIRVs, they were bound to be "ahead." As viewed in hindsight, it might have been perceived that the MIRV technology would work ultimately to the Soviet advantage. If it were the case that the American interest in MIRV was related to a desire to overcome a putative ABM system in Russia, the elimination of ABM should have argued simultaneously for the elimination of MIRV as well. But this assuredly did not happen. So long as no one had a defense, deterrence doctrine tended to ignore the proliferation of offensive weapons.

In what sense, it is asked, do the Soviet heavy missiles mean that the Soviets are "ahead"? This is the question with which adherents to assured destruction automatically respond when the Soviet superiority is mentioned. President Carter, in his 1979 State of the Union Message, reported that "just one of our relatively invulnerable Poseidon submarines . . . carries enough warheads to destroy every large and medium-sized city in the Soviet Union." His proposal that the giant new mobile missiles be deployed on a race-track system was

MERRY CASHMERE



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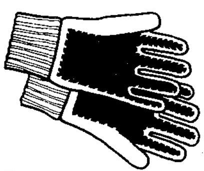

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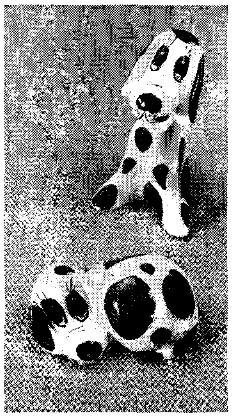

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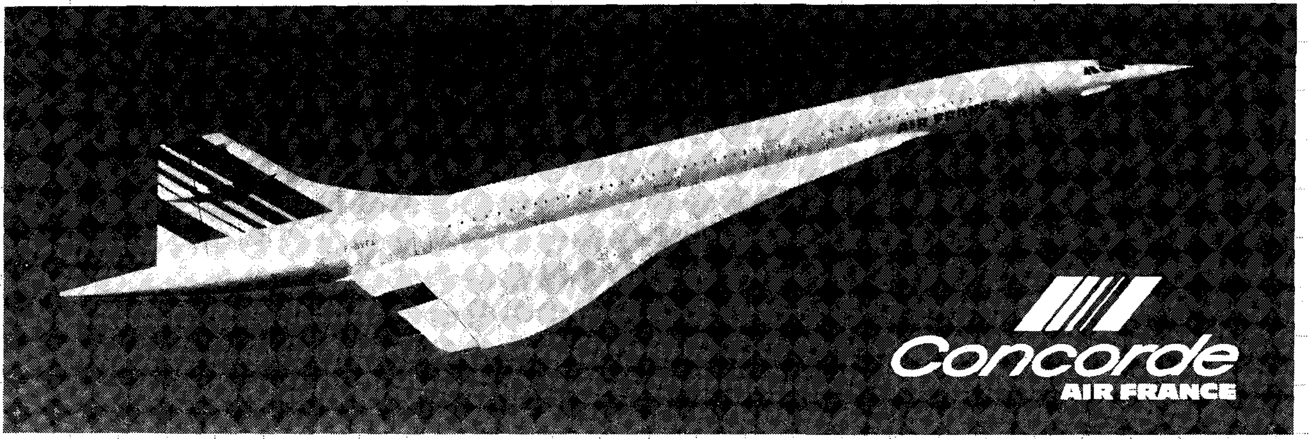

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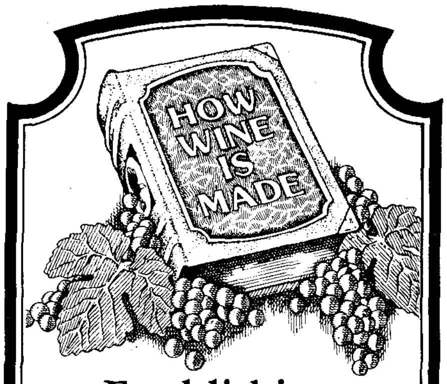
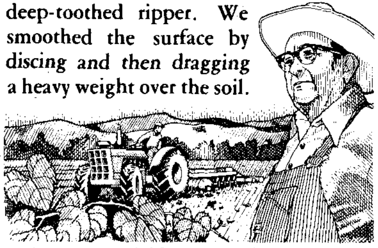


Establishing A Vineyard

6 To produce wine grapes of a truly premium nature, you must begin with a properly established vineyard. We recently added 80 acres to our Sonoma Valley vineyard, a project that involved many steps over several months.

We first cleared and contoured the land. Next we "ripped" or loosened the soil to a depth of 5 feet with a tractor and deep-toothed ripper. We smoothed the surface by discing and then dragging a heavy weight over the soil.



A surveyor laid out a grid of 96 foot squares and working within one square at a time, we laid out a row every 12 feet with vines spaced 8 feet apart. Vine locations were marked with chalk and a stake driven at each.

Vines were planted by hand, the roots carefully spread and watered before covering. The entire vine was then covered by a mound of loose soil to prevent sun damage while young. Trellis wires were strung throughout the vineyard to support future growth and finally we installed a drip irrigation system, a major project involving construction of a new reservoir.

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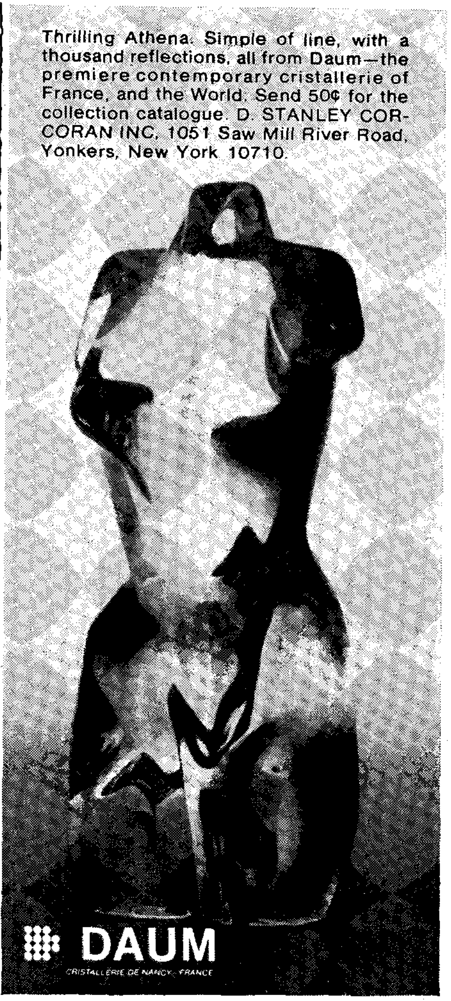
H6

openly a response to those who question whether submarines alone provide assured destruction. The *Times*, on September 11th, stated that "President Carter's choice of a new basing system to make American missiles mobile and invulnerable to surprise attack removes the only real obstacle to ratification of the SALT treaty." This is, of course, the Administration's view also; as long as a second strike is assured, received strategic doctrine remains valid, and technicalities such as the size of an adversary's forces are not relevant. This is to say that if the Soviets are "ahead" merely in the sense that they have more, it just doesn't matter that much.

And what happens if we don't, in fact, build the MX? The deference structure that previously surrounded nuclear strategy is no more. (Who, reading this article, can remember noting that the Johnson Administration had decided to develop a multiple independently targetable reëntry vehicle?) In a nation where nuclear power plants can no longer be built, does anyone seriously suppose that the government can dig up Utah and Nevada to put in place our largest missiles without arousing passionate opposition, of which the statement of the Federation of American Scientists is merely a foretaste? The opposition to the Alaska pipeline will be recalled; a key amendment protecting the pipeline from court challenges by environmentalists passed the Senate by one vote. The Air Force has identified thirty-eight federal laws that could have bearing on the MX and on the vast network of shelters that will have to be dug in Utah and Nevada in order to hide it. (This list still overlooks the Wild, Free-Roaming Horse and Burro Act of 1971.) In Washington, it is all too plain that a considerable body of opinion is remaining muffled on the MX so as not to jeopardize SALT II. Once SALT II is adopted, this opposition will become open, and will find leadership in the political world from prominent, even dominant figures such as Governor Brown, who has opposed the MX with special intensity.

If environmental obstacles fail, opposition will surely arise to the spending involved. Indeed, it already has arisen. Early in the debate on SALT II, it was reasonably safe to assume that there was a high correlation between support for the treaty and opposition to defense spending. The correlation was not perfect, but it was significant. Thus, on January 26th, Senator Edward M. Kennedy, a dependable critic



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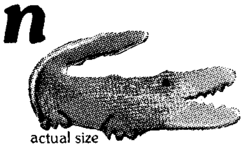

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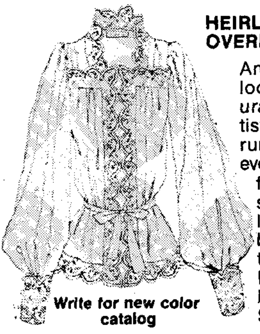

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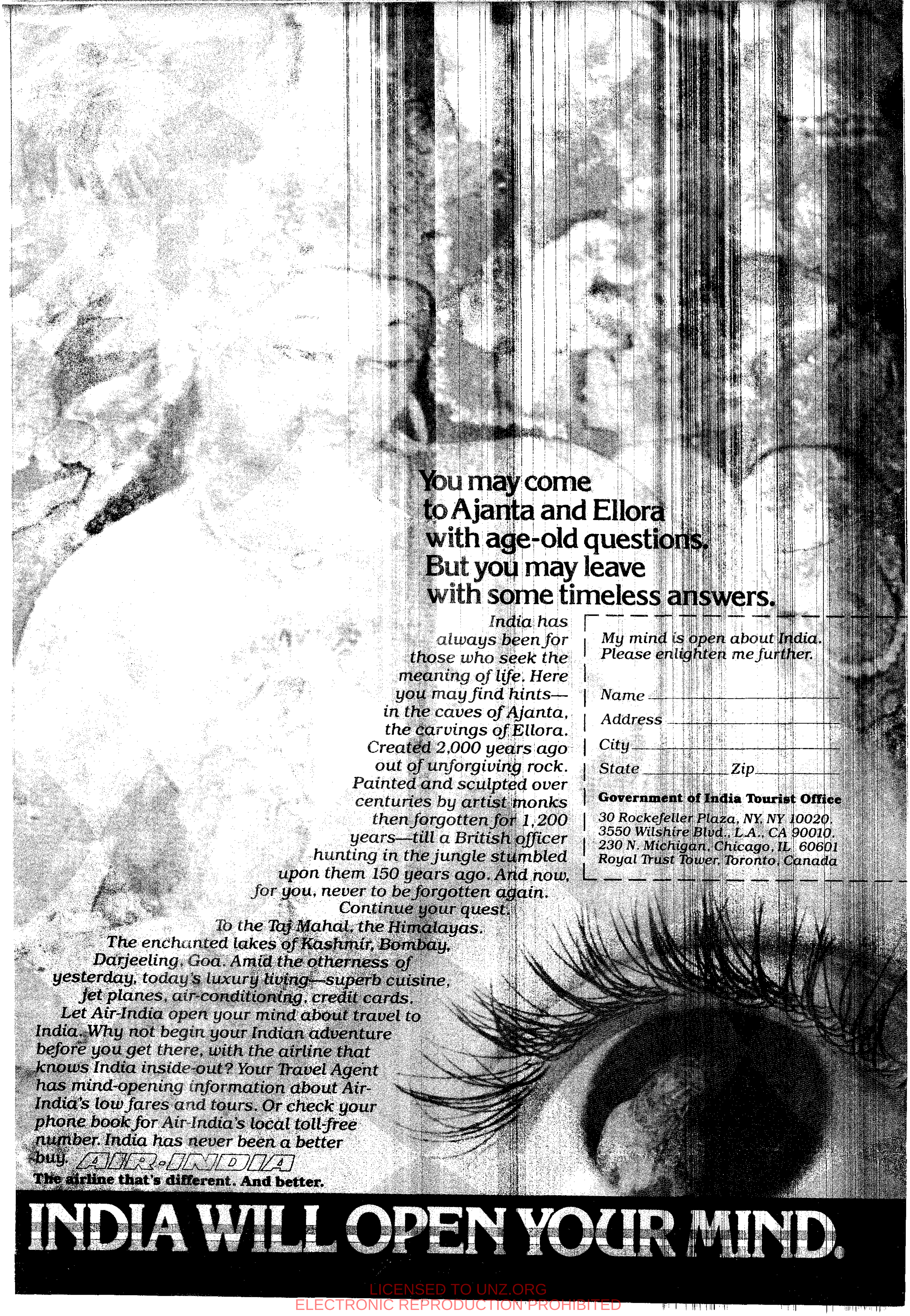

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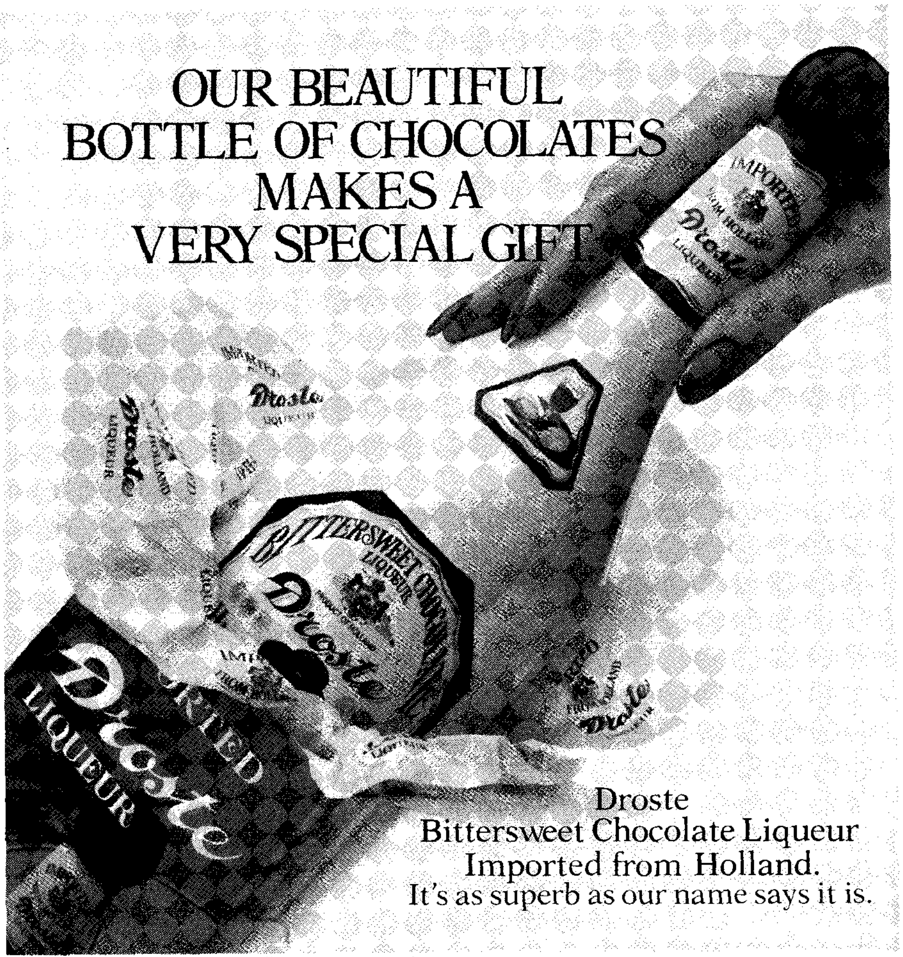
of military spending, said, in a detailed statement fiercely attacking the Carter Administration's 1980 budget, "Only defense receives a real increase in funding." He said these increases should be given the closest scrutiny:

> First, in the strategic field, we should not reorient our defense posture more to fight a nuclear war than to prevent it. We should not develop weapons systems that increase the threat of nuclear war. We should not buy weapons to appease the opponents of SALT.
>
> Here our number one concern ought to be the MX missile and its basing system. The Administration plans to spend nearly $1 billion in the FY 1979 Supplemental and the FY 1980 budget. This billion is but a foot in the door for many additional billions. Even without cost overruns, the system will cost us at least $30 billion to build and deploy.
>
> The MX missile is highly accurate and devastating. It is so threatening to Soviet nuclear forces that it could tempt Soviet leaders to strike us first in a crisis. The result will be unparalleled destruction to both societies.

But President Carter went ahead in any event. And then went beyond that. Carter had accepted increases in defense spending; he now began to advocate them. Public-opinion polls showed that the strongest argument for SALT II was that it would improve our strategic position. The public felt strongly that we should not cut defense spending if there was a new SALT treaty, and many seemed to think the right course was to have both—SALT II and a bigger defense budget. Whatever the case, SALT II was no more than signed when the President—"to the consternation of liberals," as the political scientist William Schneider observes—began to argue that the new treaty allows for higher United States military spending in order to reach parity with the Soviet Union. More immediately, a number of senators, such as Sam Nunn, began to state that they could not support any treaty unless there was such an increase in military spending. The Administra-



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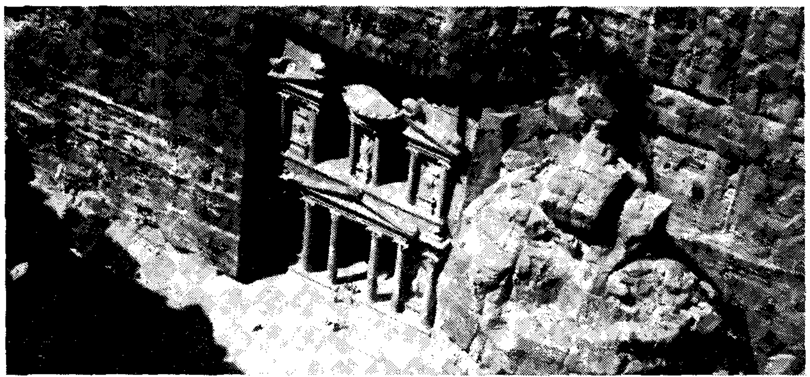

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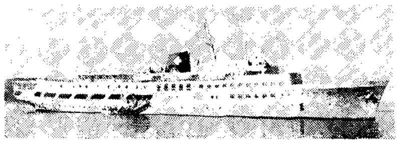

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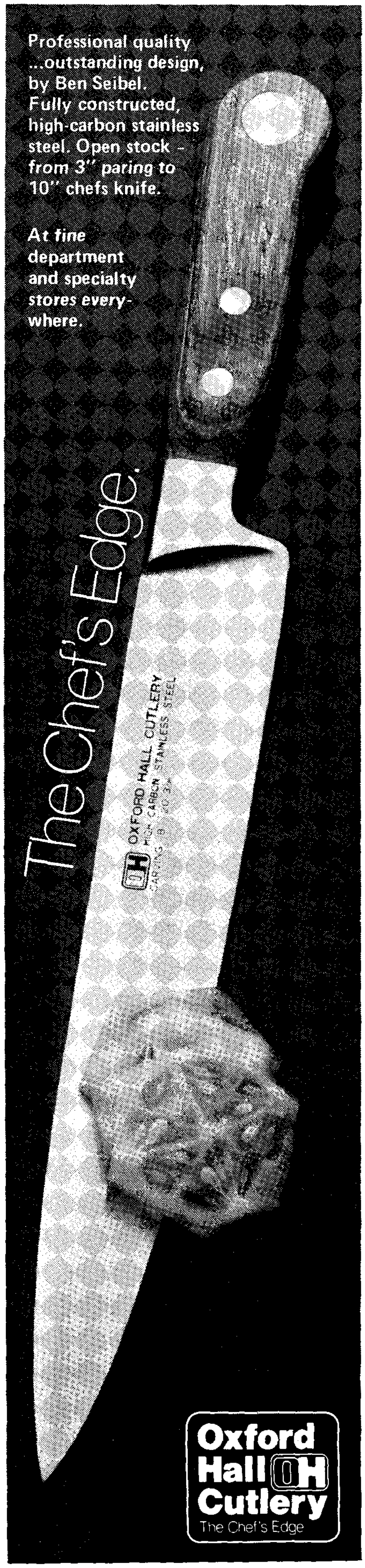
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tion agreed, and before long the SALT debate had produced what Richard Falk, of Princeton, who does not at all approve, has called "a mood of bipartisan militarism." Senator Ernest F. Hollings said:

> The SALT hearings did have a shocking effect on this Congress and on the people of the United States.... Rather than a disarmament arms limitation, we had, in contrast, rearmament hearings and a rearmament conference and a rearmament treaty between the American people and our leadership.

In the course of all this, the Senate doves of a sudden found themselves in a hawk trap. In 1972, the SALT I ABM treaty passed easily, by a vote of 88 to 2, but by the autumn of 1979 it was hard to count thirty-five votes for SALT II. If a resolution of ratification were to pass, a great many undecided votes would have to be obtained, and many of these set as their price an increase in defense spending. Senator Nunn called for a true increase of five per cent per year for the coming five-year period. On September 18th, the Senate, by an overwhelming 78–19 vote, agreed to a true increase of three per cent for the coming fiscal year. (Kennedy voted for the increase, and has come out in favor of development, but not deployment, of the MX.) Next, by a surprising 55–42 vote, a five-per-cent true increase was agreed to for fiscal years 1981 and 1982. The 1982 defense appropriation would be in the neighborhood of $170 billion. The total outlay for fiscal 1976 was $87.9 billion.

A case can be made for this fall's increases. (I supported both.) But not for the blindness with which the Administration and its supporters are going about it. The dominant mood in the last Congress was to bring a halt to increases in federal spending. This culminated in an amendment to a tax-cut bill in 1978 which was sponsored by Senator Nunn and Senator Lawton Chiles, both Democrats. The amendment, which was passed by the Senate but failed of adoption in the House, would have required that total federal outlays as a proportion of the gross national product decline by stated intervals from 21.5 per cent in 1979 to 19.5 per cent in 1983. Very simply, if the country wants the over-all budget ceiling to come down and the military budget floor to rise, social spending will be crushed. A pretty price for an arms-limitation treaty that increases arms.

Of course, advocates of social spending are at least as influential as those who want to see military outlays in-

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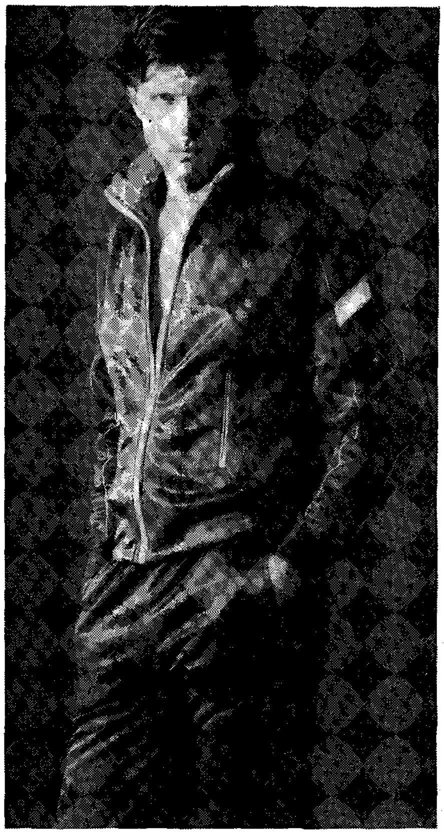
creased. The record over the decade, as Dr. Brzezinski's speech of September 27th suggests, is that they are more powerful. There is every reason to think that once SALT II is ratified they will withdraw their support for the military increases, having realized what such costs—the defense budget would about double, to $250 billion by fiscal 1985—will mean to domestic outlays. There is room for much misunderstanding and not a little bitterness in all this.

And if these pressures are not sufficient, the Soviets will surely launch a determined propaganda campaign. The MX, they will say—have said!—is contrary to the "spirit of SALT." Those who supported SALT will be rallied to oppose this abandonment of SALT principles. In 1978, the Soviets demonstrated that they could reverse with relative ease the United States' decision to deploy the neutron bomb—the "capitalist" bomb that "destroyed people but not property." The MX missile will certainly arouse yet fiercer passions.

For two decades now, the doctrine of deterrence has led us to believe that strategic superiority doesn't matter. "What in the name of God is strategic superiority?" Kissinger asked. There is a simple answer. Strategic superiority is the power to make other people do what you want them to do. Already, the Soviets, approaching a palpable strategic superiority, give signs that it is their intention to control our defense policy. They set out to block the deployment of the neutron bomb in Europe, and they did. They evidently intend also to try to prevent our deployment of intermediate-range Pershing II missiles in Europe. They have given plain notice that they will not permit the United States to deploy an MX missile that would in fact be an "invulnerable" counterforce weapon. In the best of circumstances, the missiles could not be in place until late in the nineteen-eighties. SALT II, if ratified, expires in 1985. By then, the Soviets will know all there is to know about the capabilities of the new American weapon. They know enough already to be certain that it is a counterforce missile, and we do not pretend otherwise. It will have a combination of yield and accuracy that gives to each warhead a kill probability against a Soviet silo without precedent in our missile force. In response, the Soviets need only say that if we go ahead they will have to abandon the "fractionation" limits of a maximum of ten warheads per land-based missile which are imposed by SALT II. President Carter has



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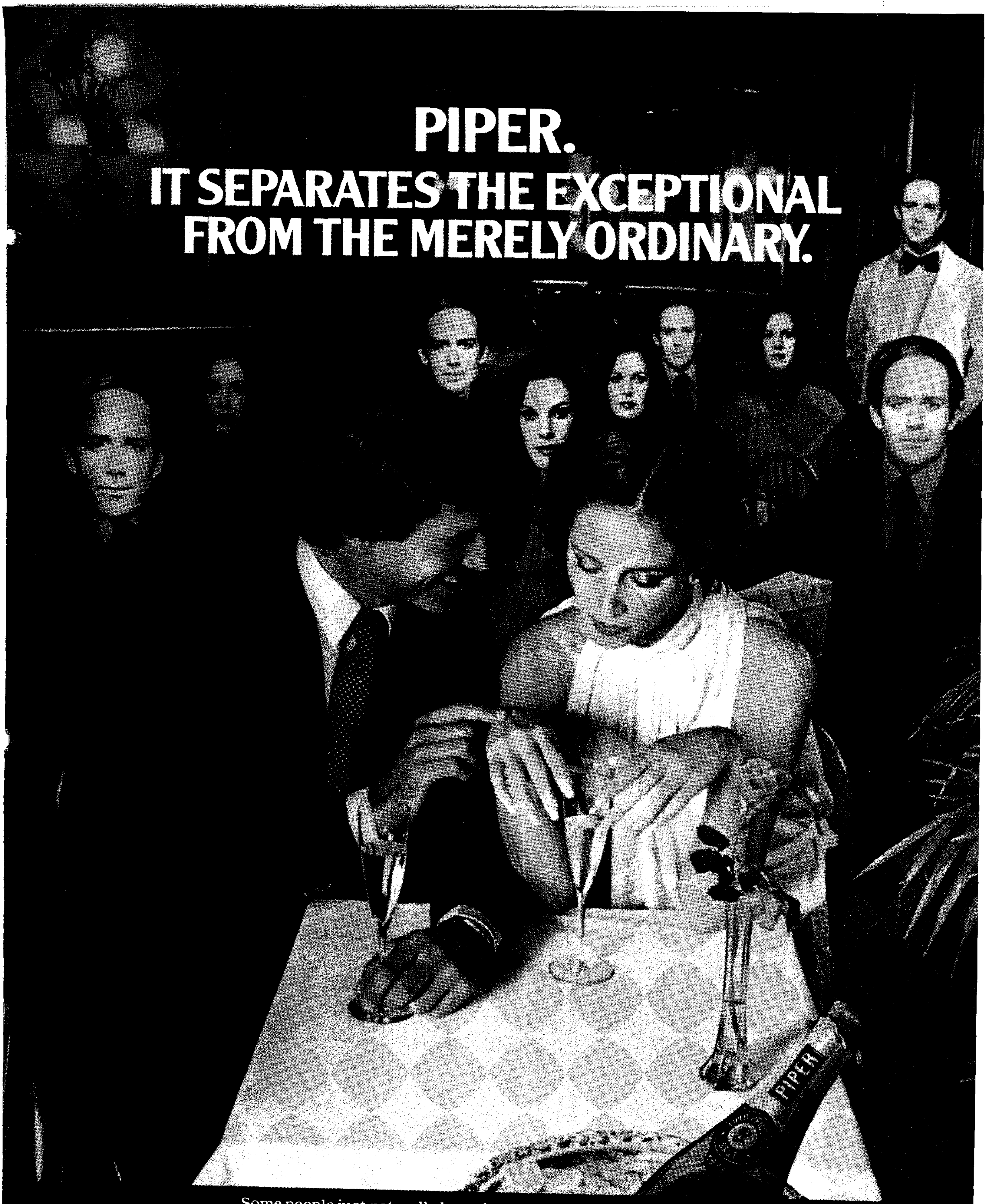
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said that it is these limits which make the MX viable. If the Soviets went to, say, thirty warheads per missile, as the size of their heavy missiles permits, they would effectively have a first-strike capability against the MX. Tom Wicker, writing in the *Times*, states:

> Without the limit of 10 warheads per missile . . . the treaty would impose, the Soviets could put so many warheads on their giant SS-18 missiles that not even the mobile MX missile system could be made safe.

This, alas, is not the likely "scenario." When the Soviets announce that they are increasing the number of warheads per missile, as they will be permitted to do once SALT II expires at the end of 1985, the President of the United States, whoever he is, will announce that in view of this Soviet action our reaction must be to double the size of the MX. Whereupon the Soviets will announce that they are putting mobile missiles on highways. (A trench system will be too expensive for them.) SALT II will have effectively brought an end not only to the hope of arms limitation but to the SALT process itself.

Is there no hope? There is some, if not much. We should be clear that we are in for a very bad time, and that the longer we put off recognizing our condition the worse it will become. It may just be possible to join hawk and dove, liberal and conservative (hopeless, deceitful terms!) in recognizing that we have held to a strategic doctrine that cannot be sustained. It would work only if the Russians shared it, but evidently they do not, and neither do a growing number of Americans. The physicist Freeman Dyson has argued most vigorously that only defense weapons are moral in a nuclear world, making the nice point that we don't have such defenses in part because there is no elegance in their development. In his memoir, "Disturbing the Universe," some of which originally appeared in this magazine, Dyson writes, "The intellectual arrogance of my profession must take a large share of the blame. Defensive weapons do not spring, like the hydrogen bomb, from the brains of brilliant professors of physics. Defensive weapons are developed laboriously by teams of engineers in industrial laboratories." Engineers!

Dyson continues:

> Mutual assured destruction is the strategy that has led the United States and the Soviet Union to build enormous offensive forces of nuclear bombers and missiles, sufficient to destroy the cities

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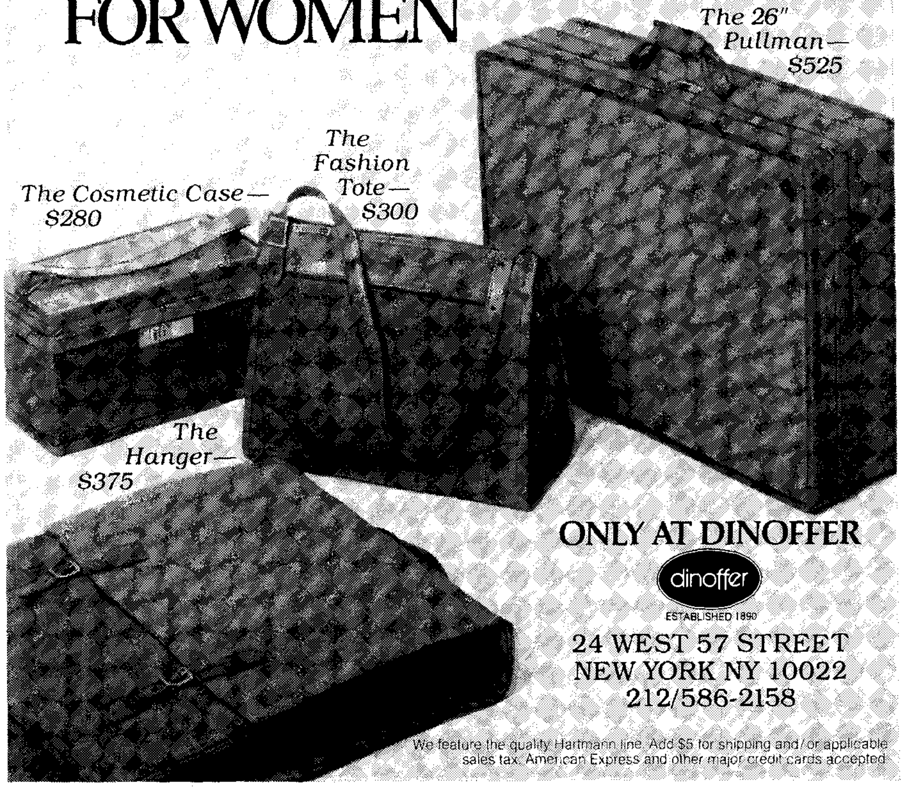

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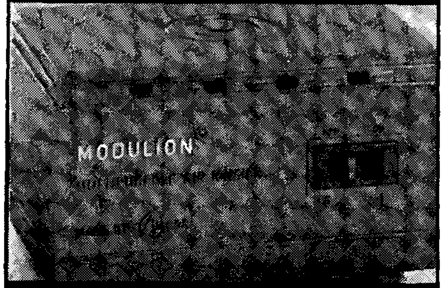

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and industries of both countries many times over, while deliberately denying both any possibility of a defense.... The basic idea of mutual assured destruction is that the certainty of retaliation will stop anybody from starting a nuclear war.

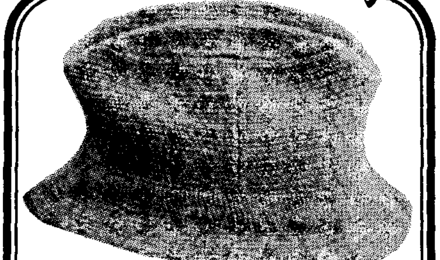
Dyson is a believer in damage limitation:

> The ground on which I will take my stand is a sharp moral distinction between offense and defense, between offensive and defensive uses of all kinds of weapons. The distinction is often difficult to make and is always subject to argument. But it is nonetheless real and essential. And at least its main implications are clear. Bombers are bad. Fighter airplanes and anti-aircraft missiles are good. Tanks are bad. Anti-tank missiles are good. Submarines are bad. Anti-submarine technology is good. Nuclear weapons are bad. Radar and sonar are good. Inter-continental missiles are bad. Anti-ballistic-missile systems are good.

Just as Dyson's views were being published in *The New Yorker*, the political scientist Karl O'Lessker was making almost precisely the same point in *The American Spectator*, an organ of pronounced conservative views:

> Older readers will recall that most notorious of all presidential campaign television commercials, *the one in 1964* that showed a little girl plucking the petals from a daisy while the voice-over recited the countdown to an all-obliterating nuclear explosion. Paid for by the Democratic National Committee, it was designed to impute to Senator Barry Goldwater a degree of recklessness, bordering on insanity, that would, were he to be elected President, in all likelihood lead to a nuclear holocaust killing tens of millions of little children around the world. The ghastly irony of that commercial is that at the very time it was receiving the personal approval of President Johnson, his own Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara, was fixing in concrete an American military strategy that had no options other than this nation's surrender or the indiscriminate slaughter of countless millions of civilians here and in the Soviet Union in a militarily pointless nuclear exchange. What makes it all the more appalling is that the Russians, by contrast, were then elaborating a strategy designed to gain victory by destroying Western armed forces while minimizing civilian casualties: an application of classic Clausewitzian doctrine....
>
> It is this reality that underlies the anti-MAD, anti-SALT partisans' call for the development of city-protection systems, from fallout shelters to anti-ballistic missiles. And it is one of the sovereign ironies of our age that the proponents of MAD have succeeded in portraying the anti-SALT camp as being indifferent to the horrors of nuclear war, while in point of fact it is MAD, and MAD alone, that postulates the nuclear annihilation of great cities as the logical culmination to international conflict.

Andrei Sakharov, a fervent supporter of SALT II, in a review of Dyson's



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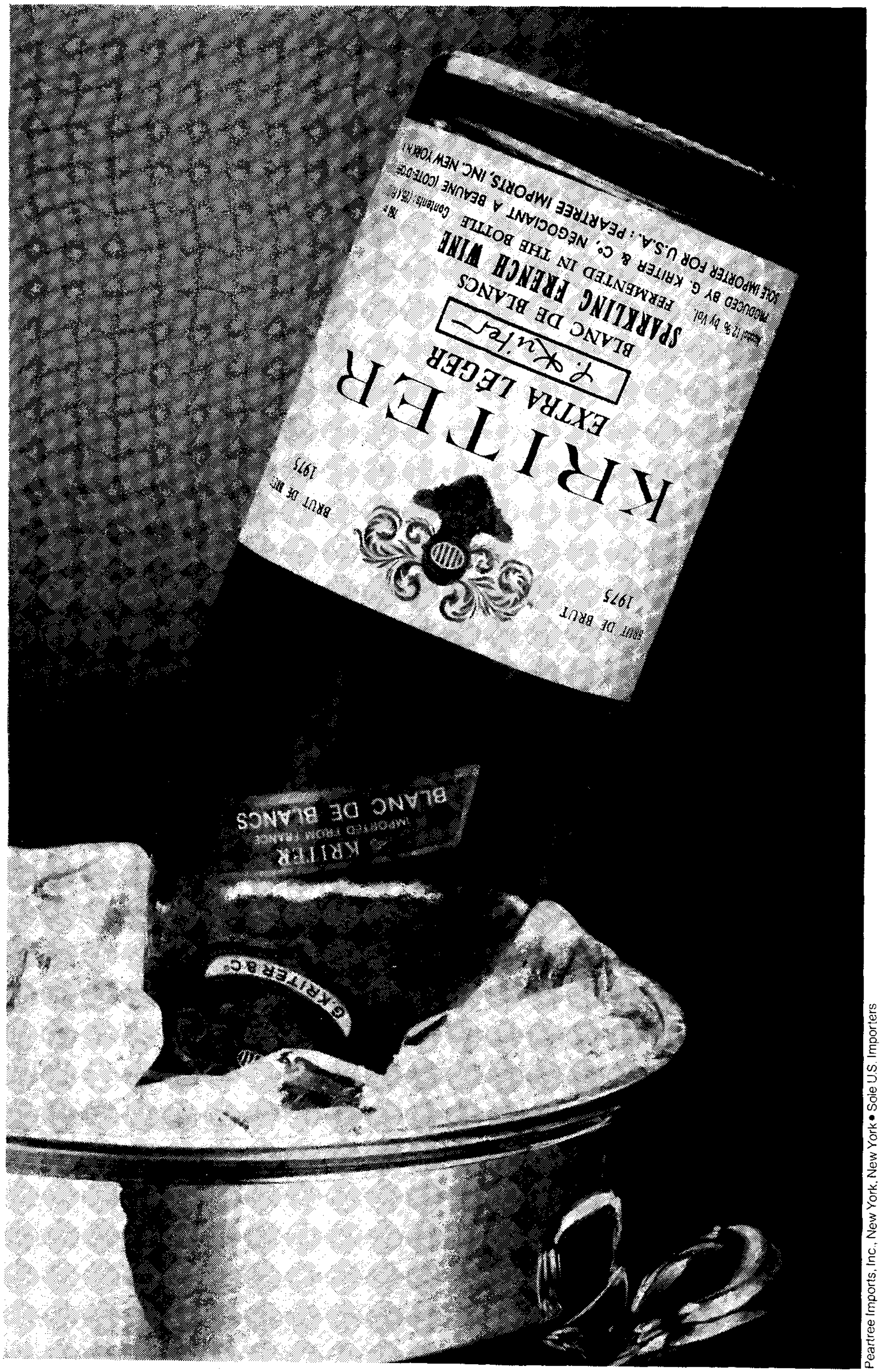

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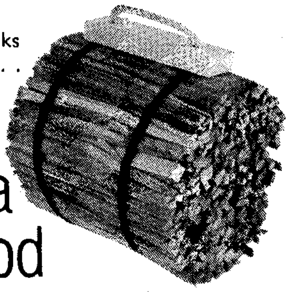

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book in the Washington *Post*, made a similar point. Sakharov repeats Dyson's words "Somewhere between the gospel of nonviolence and the strategy of Mutual Assured Destruction there must be a middle ground on which reasonable people can stand—a ground that allows killing in self-defense but forbids the purposeless massacre of innocents." Sakharov then comments, "With all my heart and soul, I support this thesis," adding his agreement with George Kennan that first-strike nuclear weapons are both amoral and, in the West, can lead to, in Sakharov's words, "dangerous complacency with regard to conventional weapons." (He refers to the decline of Western conventional arms.)

Moving and humane as such a comment may be, it ignores the fact that, in principle, assured destruction was not an offensive strategy. Cities would be levelled only as a response to aggression: the very terribleness of the response to aggression was supposed to prevent it. It were well that, before abandoning the doctrine, we remember why we adopted it in the first place. But that, in a way, is the most telling point. It is *hard* to remember just why we did it. As a set of ideas, deterrence theory was perhaps not very complex; but it was too complex.

Political ideas must be simple. Which is not to say they must be facile. To the contrary, the most profound propositions are often the simplest as well. Whitehead's rule to "seek simplicity and distrust it" is appropriately cautionary, but he did first of all say: seek simplicity. Imagine explaining assured destruction to a rally. There was a time when no one had to do that, when the essential information was held in a few hands and a deference system made it possible for decisions to be made without much being questioned. That was the political situation in which assured destruction was adopted as national strategy. That situation no longer exists. We will never knowingly agree to start building the MX merely as a bargaining chip, as some have suggested, intent on stopping as soon as a bargain is reached. A shift in American strategy to defensive modes that the Soviets could not think aggressive or destabilizing would now require an open debate on strategic doctrine of the kind we have not had. For what it may suggest, let me note that after a year's immersion in the subject I have no view of my own, save the disposition to think that political ideas, in order to be viable, must be simple. Assured

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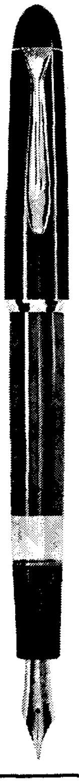

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destruction is the kind of idea that wins acceptance in a faculty seminar. Damage limitation, by contrast, is instinctive—the idea of defending oneself is easy to grasp.

BUT, above all, is it not possible to return to the simplicity of the idea that nuclear arms should be controlled? Wohlstetter has remarked of SALT that it is a problem posing as a solution. Part of the problem has been the attachment of the process of negotiation to the specific assumptions of a strategic doctrine that only one side entertained. Yet a further problem has arisen from the unreal notion that there is somehow a distinction between "strategic" nuclear weapons and other kinds. The Pershing II missile, which the United States would like NATO to deploy in Western Europe, is as much a strategic weapon as far as Britain and Holland are concerned as is the Trident in the United States. Almost the best case for SALT II is that SALT III could engage the whole panoply of nation-busting nuclear arms. The United States and the Soviet Union today have far too many nuclear weapons. They ought not to have any. Yet while the other does, both will. But need we have more and more? Need we sign treaties to legitimate an arms race that neither side might be willing shamelessly to go forward with unilaterally?

An agreement on principles accompanying SALT II asserts that it is the intention of the parties to achieve in SALT III what are called "significant and substantial reductions in the numbers of strategic offensive arms." But already the Carter Administration—this strangely ambivalent Administration whose pronouncements Senator Charles McC. Mathias, Jr., has described as "an antiphonal chorus of hawk and dove"—has been warning us not to expect anything of the sort. Gelb, in his *Foreign Policy* article, noting that "many people insist that only through reductions can one achieve 'real arms control,' " warned against "a fascination with reductions." Not many weeks after the article appeared, this became a distinct Administration line. When the Foreign Relations Committee began in mid-October to "mark up" the SALT II treaty, "highly placed" sources were all over Capitol Hill warning against the very thought that SALT III might produce arms reductions. Vernon A. Guidry, Jr., reported in the Washington *Star:*

> One key SALT analyst still in government, who did not want to be named,

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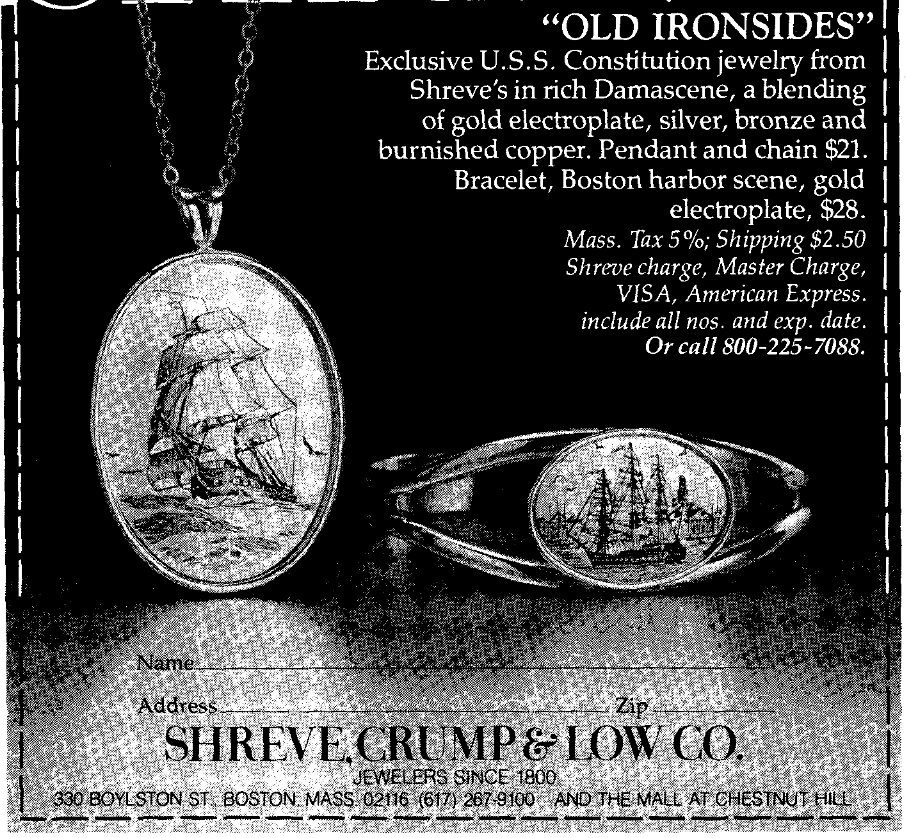

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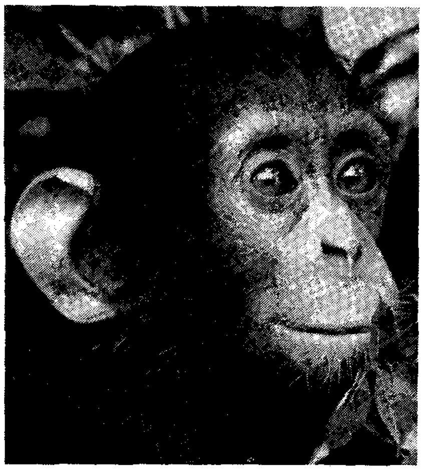

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says any new treaty will have to include reductions because they have come "to represent strategic seriousness."

But as for making "deep cuts" the test of any new agreement, he says, "we've got to get our arms control constituency thinking in a more sophisticated and mature way about these things."

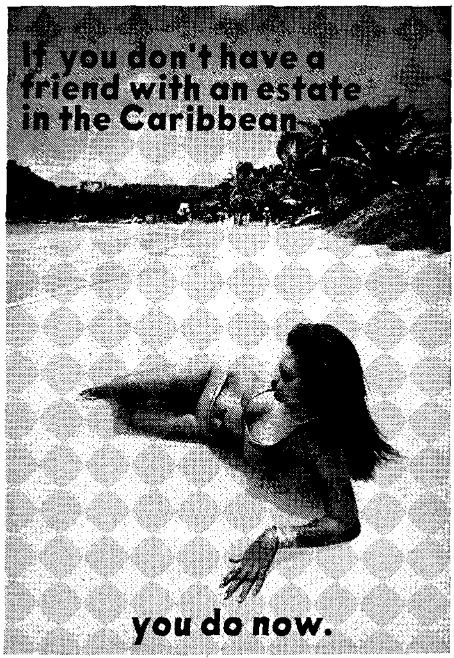
Gelb and other analysts point to the need to look more closely at elements within the over-all total of strategic weapons, such as agreements that would help keep missile submarines safe.

Within government, thorough examination of these questions has only recently begun. There is no expectation of breakthrough negotiations next time. "The next SALT agreement will indeed be modest," said one knowledgeable Pentagon official.

Is it truly not possible to propose to the Soviets that some reductions be negotiated forthwith? So that the world, ourselves included, will know that the time is coming when the strength of our respective forces will at last begin to decline? And if the Russians refuse then at least we will know what we are in for.

A senator can take refuge in what the body calls the "pending business." And that is the SALT II treaty. The debate over its ratification ought to be an opportunity for the illumination of our situation, an opportunity to examine the quality of the ideas that have brought us to our present pass. On August 1st, I proposed an amendment to the treaty in the hope that it might prove clarifying. I have taken the language about "significant and substantial reductions in the numbers of strategic offensive arms" from the Joint Statement of Principles and Basic Guidelines for Subsequent Negotiations which accompanies the treaty and inserted it as the last paragraph of the treaty and specified that unless such reductions are agreed to by December 31, 1981, the treaty terminates.

This date corresponds to the period of a protocol accompanying the treaty which prohibits either side from deploying mobile ICBM launchers—an MX, for instance—or deploying sea-launched or ground-launched cruise missiles with a range in excess of six hundred kilometres, of the sort we now contemplate placing in Western Europe. The Joint Statement of Principles provides that these issues will be discussed in SALT III. But on October 26th President Carter assured Senate Majority Leader Robert C. Byrd that he was utterly and irrevocably committed to going forward with both the MX and the cruise missiles and would never bargain them away in return for Soviet reductions. And so it has come to this. Determined above all else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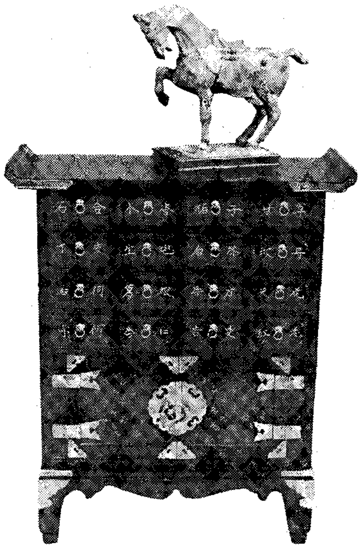

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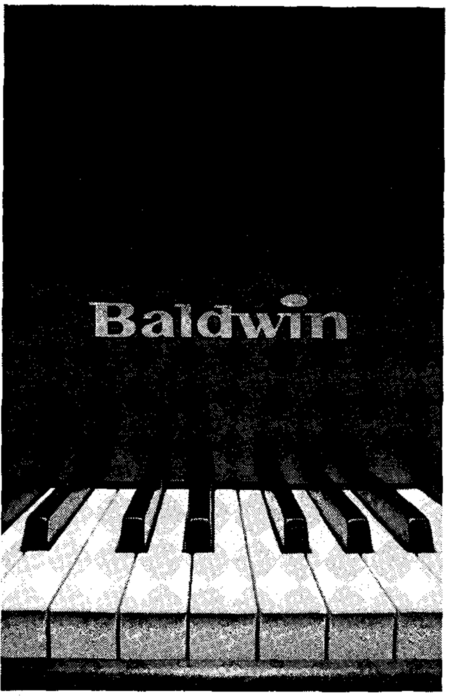

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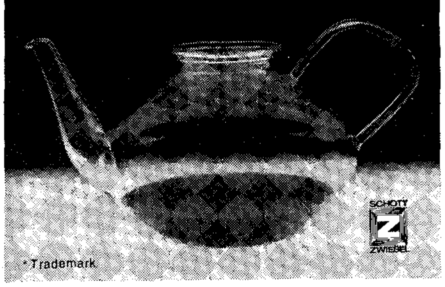

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to win Senate approval for a treaty with arms limitation in the title, a President pledges himself never to limit arms but rather to raise them to unprecedented levels. This, of course, will mean the collapse of SALT III—unless we agree now that by a time certain in the near future actual reductions will be agreed to. This is to say, before the MX momentum is so great that the Russians shift into a yet higher gear in order to outrace us, while we become ever more panicky as the realization spreads that two decades of deterrence have left us desperately exposed to Soviet threat.

I expect all manner of criticism of my particular initiative. It will be argued, by defenders of the SALT process, that two years is too short a time to complete the task. I will be told that wisdom dictates that the pace of arms-reduction negotiations not be forced. Yet one wonders whether such objections by defenders of the process do not indict that very process—by pointing out the futility of trying to make it do what it is supposed to. I will be reminded that the Soviets resisted the proposals for armed reductions offered by Secretary Vance in March of 1977. If they would not agree even to discuss them in 1977, why should they do so now? I believe this question needs to be answered, and as soon as reasonably possible. I think it best that the SALT II treaty itself oblige the Soviets to give us their answer—one way or the other—so that we are no longer able to delude ourselves about our prospects.

We *did* delude ourselves after SALT I. An amendment by Senator Alan Cranston to the Joint Resolution of Congress that endorsed the Interim Agreement called on the President at the earliest practicable moment to begin "Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (SART)" with the Soviet Union, the People's Republic of China, and other countries. In a prescient speech on the Senate floor on September 14, 1972, Cranston said:

> As I look ahead, I see what looks like endless series of escalators broken only by occasional landings which lead in turn to other escalators. A partial limitation will be followed by a new build-up, which may in turn be limited by a new freeze and superseded by new and sophisticated forms of escalation. And so it will go.

An amendment by Senator Edward S. Brooke declared:

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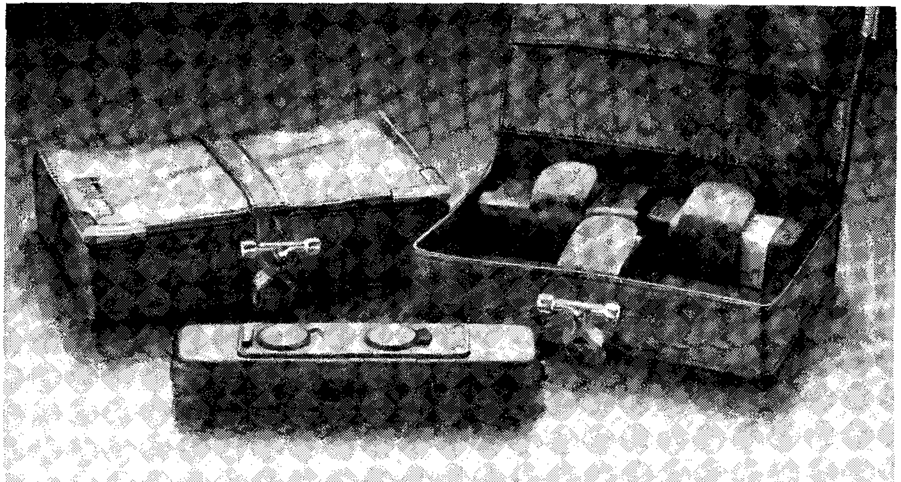

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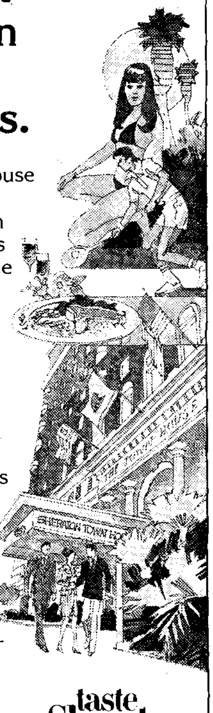

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the preservation of longstanding United States policy that neither the Soviet Union nor the United States should seek unilateral advantage by developing a first-strike potential.

Clearly, neither expression of congressional intent and desire had the least effect on the outcome of SALT II.

But have we ever probed deeply into Soviet feelings on this matter? We have never asked them to face, directly, the intellectual dilemma of an arms-limitation negotiation that produces arms expansion. Or is this what the Soviets have wanted all along? Surely, they have prospered militarily and geopolitically during the life of the SALT negotiations. Has that been their purpose? We have nothing whatever to lose if we try to find out. At the least, I have been convinced that the SALT process is not self-corrective, and that, accordingly, the energy necessary to change its present direction must be generated from outside the SALT process. It is a process grown unreal, producing results opposite to those intended but thereupon defended as valuable in their own right. Gibbon has been described as detecting a "leakage of reality" in the late Roman Empire. There was a Pope then, and it didn't help, and it may not help that there is one still. But John Paul II certainly had a point when he said, at the United Nations, that the nuclear buildup shows there is "a desire to be ready for war, and being ready means being able to start it."

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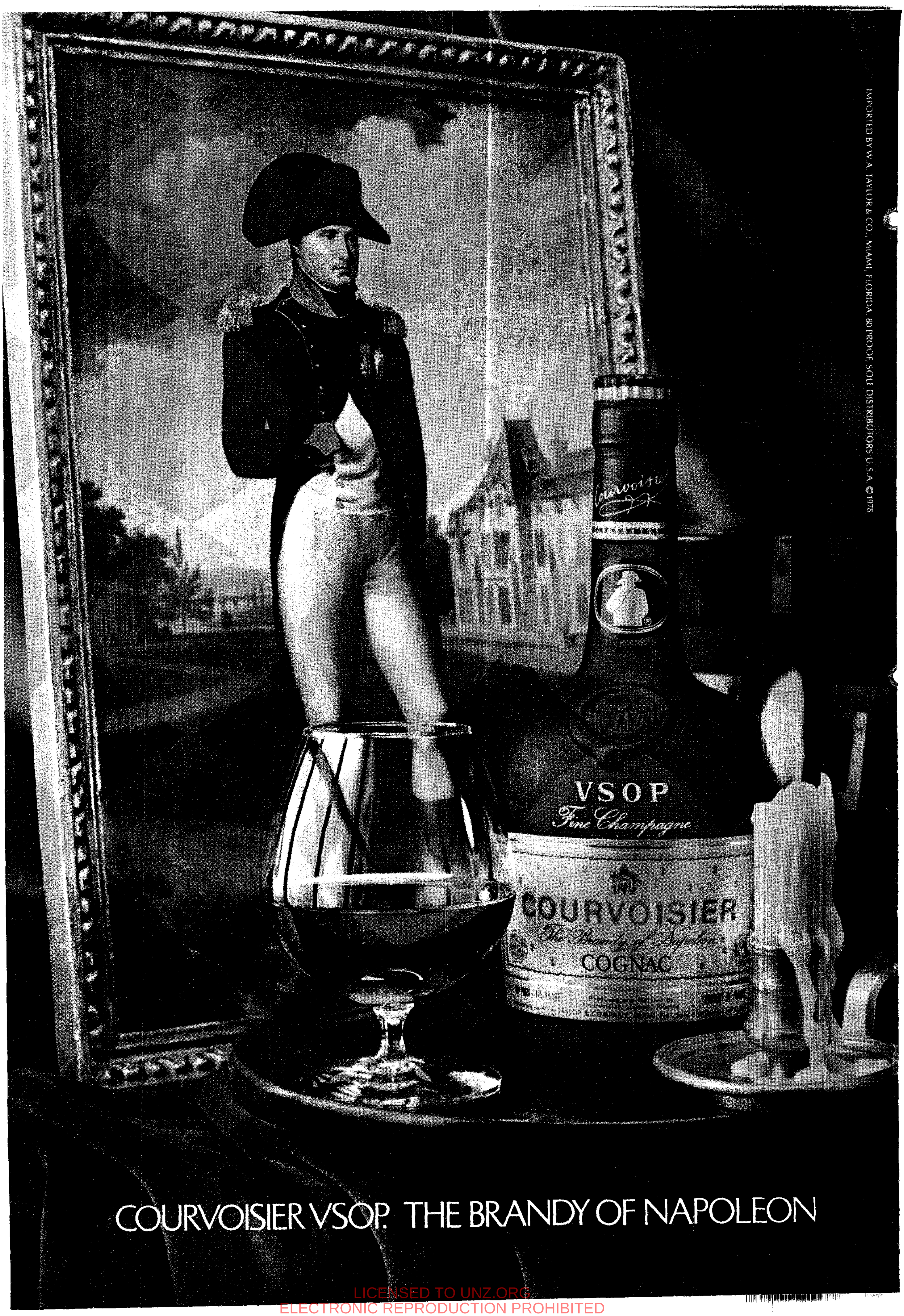

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WOMEN

APART from waves of fuchsia and purple and a tide of very fancy hand-knits, what's new in the world of fashion and adornment since this time a year ago? Prices are higher than ever, of course. But boutiques continue to open at a breakneck pace. If financial worry exists, it has so far brought little change in clothes-buying attitudes in this town. People go on spending money as long as the idea behind the wares is right. Customers snap up symbols of cosmopolitan sensibility, the illusion of historical rarity, textural experiments with natural fibres, and any fashion that can pass for art. Luxuries are there to be splurged on, but they're known as "collectibles"—or even "investments," if the price is high enough. In the context of fashion, the line between this kind of spending and utter folly is fine indeed. In one old-clothing store, we saw shabby Depression-era dresses for $500 and more; a department store is displaying a collection of old handkerchiefs for $250 apiece. In reconnoitring the city for our Christmas list, we've tried our best to stay within the bounds of good sense.

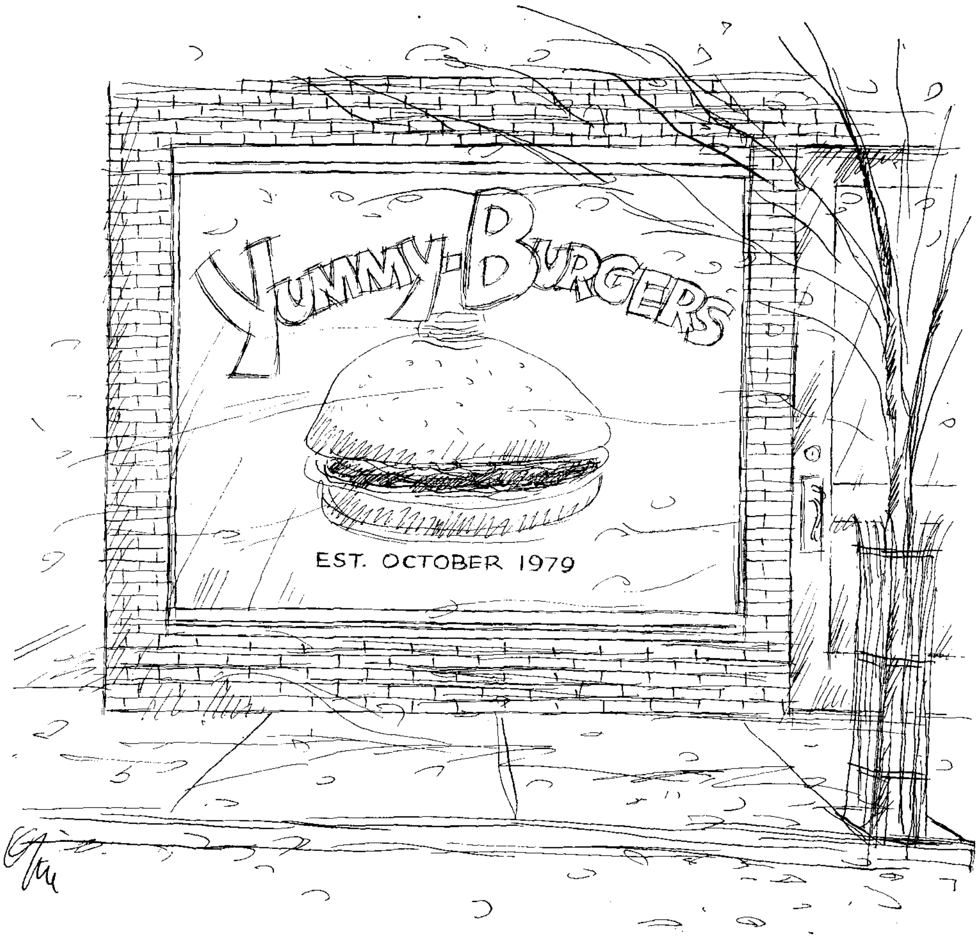
Downtown

IN the fashionable boutiques of SoHo, shoppers must often pay a premium for the surrounding aura of taste and art. Miya & Yoshi, 366 West Broadway (at Broome Street), takes a single idea—down-filled vests, jackets, and coats—to its ultimate, through integrity of ingredients and a Japanese sureness of design. The goose down is genuine and Chinese; the fabric is pure cotton, hand-dyed to soft colors by traditional Japanese techniques; quilting is also done by hand. Jackets ($275) and knee-length coats ($380) have high funnel collars, and such color schemes as black reversing to ivory, plum to beige, and silver-gray to jade. Linings are piped at the seams in the color of the outer shell. Even further from humble backpacking origins are down jackets and coats hand-quilted with rows of chevron patchwork in soft stained-glass hues. Jackets are $460 and coats $795.

Willow House, 475 Broome Street (between Wooster and Greene), is a lingerie boutique that displays its wisps of frippery in a cavernous, endearingly shabby SoHo space. Here is a good assortment of unusual stockings, each pair rolled and tied with ribbon. Cotton stockings, dyed in a choice of a dozen bird-of-paradise hues, are $7 a pair; fishnets in hot pink, turquoise, or orange—as well as predictable black—are $3 to $5.50 a pair; old but unused nylons, with seams and sometimes intricate dark clocks reaching up from the ankle, are $5; and silks in cherry, turquoise, gray, or black are $15. Much of this year's fashion runs to rich and varied color, and lingerie fashions often run to frivolous-looking garter belts. Both trends meet at Willow House in lace-trimmed satin belts in a choice of blue spruce, scarlet, Caribbean turquoise, Shocking pink, coral, or lavender; $12. A card of hand-painted bobby pins is $2.

Three Wishes, 355 West Broadway (between Grand and Broome), is a small boutique of a kind one would like to see more often in SoHo—a showcase for the taste and ideas of a single designer. Amanda DuBack is the designer here, and her hallmarks are ease of movement and natural fabrics. Pants in raw silk ($98), chalk-striped worsted ($98), or corduroy ($67) have slanting front pockets and a well-thought-out approach to the currently fashionable cut—baggy through the leg but tapering to the ankle. A kite-shaped cardigan coat in black, white, orange, or teal wool jersey is $54 in a thigh-high version, $90 in a knee-length one. A shoulder bag in very soft cowhide is roomy enough to hold the sketchbooks or ballet shoes one feels that everyone in SoHo is carrying. It has a drawstring top like a laundry bag's, but this top disappears into fluid folds when the bag is in use. In unusually rich coral, burgundy, or chestnut cowhide, and also in turquoise or celery suède; $110.

Macondo, 150 Spring Street (between West Broadway and Wooster), is a new boutique that takes its name from García-Márquez. In this and in its emphasis on "art to wear," it epitomizes the highfalutin end of SoHo style. Sweaters by Sara Sutton have a distinctive touch, and each is different from the next, but they are nonetheless representative of all the many spectacularly worked and often spectacularly priced hand-knitted sweaters around town this fall. Downy angora yarn and a skimpy silhouette ending just at the waist are merely the back-



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drop for a variety of imaginative experiments with textures and embroideries. A version in fairy-princess pink, sparkled up with silver threads, has a little collar whose starry points are lit with beads of pearl; $275. Alex & Lee are designers of the sort of jewelry that is known as body sculpture. By their own declaration, they are "into the African influence, color symbols, the Tutankhamun thing, Surrealism, and ancient/future concepts." Macondo has a selection of their conversation pieces, many of which are worn like talismans around the neck, for between $54 and $3,000. (Like most SoHo stores, Macondo keeps late hours: from noon to seven Tuesdays through Sundays, and until ten on Fridays and Saturdays.)

The jewelry designs in the gallery showcases at Artwear, 409 West Broadway (between Spring and Prince), often betray a sensibility similarly drawn to the ancient/future. The work of Robert Lee Morris, for example, combines sleek, ultra-modern geometric shapes and technical experiments in metal textures and oxidized coloring with styles that look like archeological finds. The designer's latest earrings are made to be worn singly, in the current Parisian style, and they are an uncoiling pig's-tail spiral in sterling silver, gold-plated brass, or oxidized copper. They vary in length from two to three inches, and in price from $40 to $60 apiece. Rings of varying width are shaped to echo the knuckle they cover, the way breastplates of antiquity echoed the chest. In a choice of metals, and also from $40 to $60. The designer Ted Muehling is working with translucent rainbow-colored acrylics on a silver-leaf backing that lends a mysterious iridescence to his pieces. "Sardine" earrings in this mode ($30 for each one) are like a fall of multicolored leaves in a magic forest. Long, thin, Popsicle-stick versions of the theme are for weaving through a chignon as Japanese-style hair ornaments or for threading in the interestingly loose weaves of this year's sweaters; $30.

Fantasy, especially the roller-disco version, is the idea at Barone, across from Artwear, at 414 West Broadway. A quilted satin "Hecate jacket" has a big collar that turns up to frame the head in Batman points. In either red or black, and $90. A matching dinosaur-style helmet with a crest of reptilian spikes is $25. A wide array of funny roller-skating accessories in padded lamé—in a choice of neon purple, pink, or green, as well as silver

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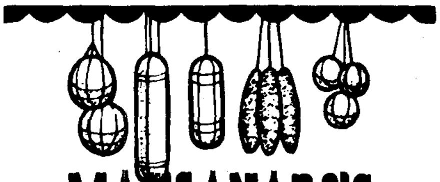

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and gold—includes a set of elbow- and kneepads ($18.75 and $25) and a pair of Mercury wings, to strap around the ankles ($27.50).

Le Grand Hotel—Tales of Hoffman, 471 West Broadway (between Prince and West Houston), has been providing unusual high style in SoHo for many years, since the days when warehouses down there were warehouses and not boutiques or restaurants. The owner herself, Jackie Lewis, has designed a group of beautiful (and expensive) coats, including a taupe melton with more than a touch of the nineteen-twenties to its side-wrapped, dolman-sleeved silhouette and its Persian-lamb shawl collar; $900. French sweaters, hand-knitted in poodle-texture wool-and-mohair, have fluffy strips of dyed sheepskin around elbows, wrists, hems, and necks, as well as in a deep V on the front and back. A black cardigan-jacket version is $548; a Beaujolais turtleneck is $448.

One block west, at 150 Thompson Street, is Fabric Scouts. Fabrics, mostly natural fibre and imported from Europe, are laid in bolts on uncluttered tables or hung like paintings on the walls. Italian silks with nineteen-thirties themes—cocktail glasses, ocean liners, and the like—are $25 a yard; Turnbull & Asser shirting cottons are $6 to $8 a yard; and a fifty-four-inch square of Liberty wool challis, enough to make a luxurious shawl, is $34.50.

Tony Bryant Designs, 137 Thompson Street, is a spot that manufactures and sells unpretentious, good-looking handbags at sensible prices. A big crescent-shaped pouch would be a yard wide at the top if it did not crumple softly when suspended from its shoulder strap. In rust, brown, black, or burgundy suède embossed to look like corduroy, the bag is $58; in ordinary suède and in a wider choice of colors, including purple and red, it is $52. A suède shoulder bag built like a large lunch bag, with a fold-over top, is $42.

F.D.R. Drive, 109 Thompson Street, has prewar clothing for men and women and also a collection of address books ($15), sketchbooks ($18), and eight-by-ten-inch notebooks ($25) covered in handmade papers. On backgrounds of muted blue, burgundy, or green, these have traditional comb patternings of swirls and fish scales. Hand-knitted wool gloves from Turkey are in eccentric color combinations; $12.

Palma, 90 Thompson Street, purveys styles by Yolanda, whose current preoccupation is with prints, points, and off-the-shoulder looks—sometimes

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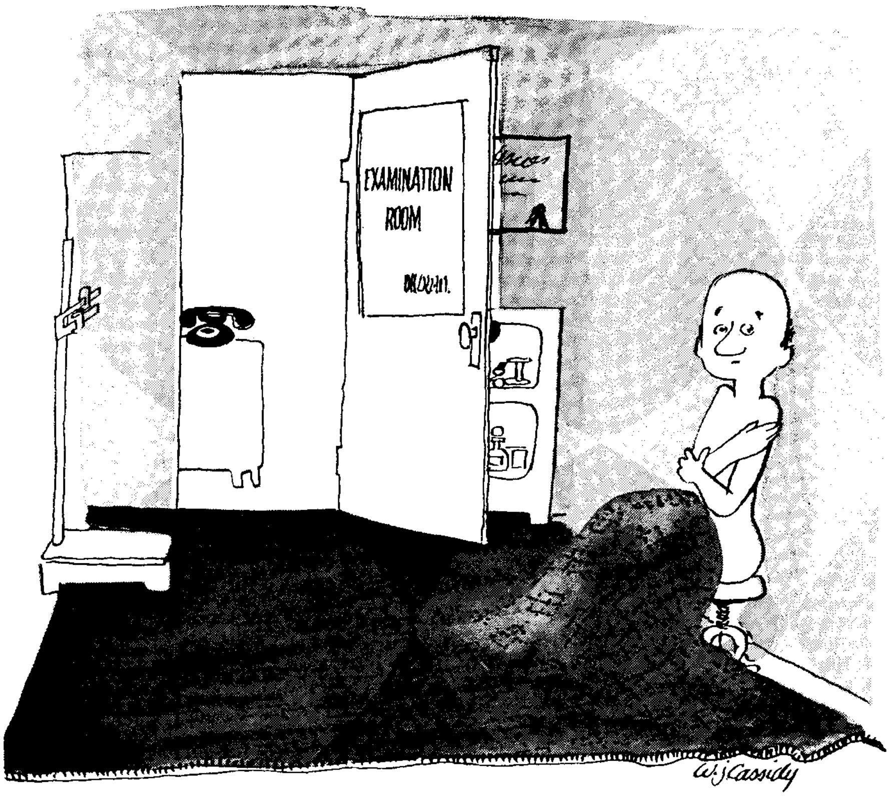

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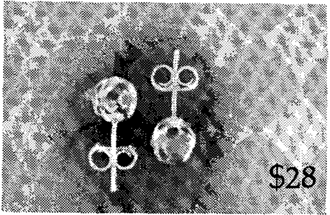

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combined in a single garment. Dinosaur pants, in pale-blue or rust Supersuède, have an elasticized waist and three points projecting from the side seam at the height of each knee; $55. With a matching padded-shoulder top that has points around a high neck, we've evolved beyond the prehistoric age to that of chivalry and the medieval page; $85. Linni Coe supplies the store with her hand-knitted hats in mohair or wool. A wool helmet with a flap to keep the wind from the nape of the neck is $45. A grape-colored mohair beret embroidered with leaf-shaped beads of antique glass is $48, and the matching muffler, with pockets at each end, is $50.

Nancy Wykstra, 285 Mercer Street, ninth floor (near 8th Street; hours are two to six Tuesdays through Fridays, and two to five on Saturdays), specializes in futons (Japanese sleeping mats) for all bed sizes; they cost from $60 to $80. This artisan makes them thicker than they are in the spartan Japanese tradition, with layers of pure-cotton batting covered with unbleached muslin. An exercise-mat size costs $40 and comes covered with cotton calico. The futons roll up and tie in a sausage shape when not in use. Colored cotton covers for the bed mattresses involve a small extra charge, as do little buckwheat-hull pillows.

OVER in the West Village, streets and stores get cozier and more domesticated. Matt McGhee, 18 Christopher Street, is a tiny, lamplit Victorian parlor, lovingly restored by its owner and filled to the bursting point with small Oriental antiques, curios, and bouquets of silk flowers. Antique Chinese teapots in terra-cotta-colored stoneware are $95 to $125; porcelain condiment dishes with pale leaf-and-flower patterns are $75 to $100; and Guatemalan terra-cotta Christmas-tree ornaments are $2 to $4.50.

Tantara is across Christopher Street, at No. 19. This useful little store can supply leotards and other dance clothes, shoes for ballet and tap, and confections from the most stylish of the lingerie manufacturers, including Christian Dior, Loré, and Ora Feder. Ora Feder takes satin Remarque in a pale violet (a hue much in evidence in the newest underwear) to make camisoles ($32) and tap pants ($34) enlivened by lacy openwork. A tailored half-slip in white polyester has more of the violet theme—this time, in appliqués representing sprigs of the flowers themselves, scattered together with green leaves above a scalloped hemline that

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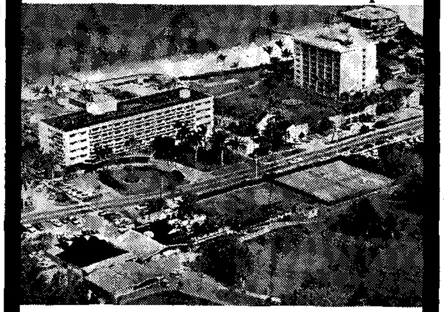

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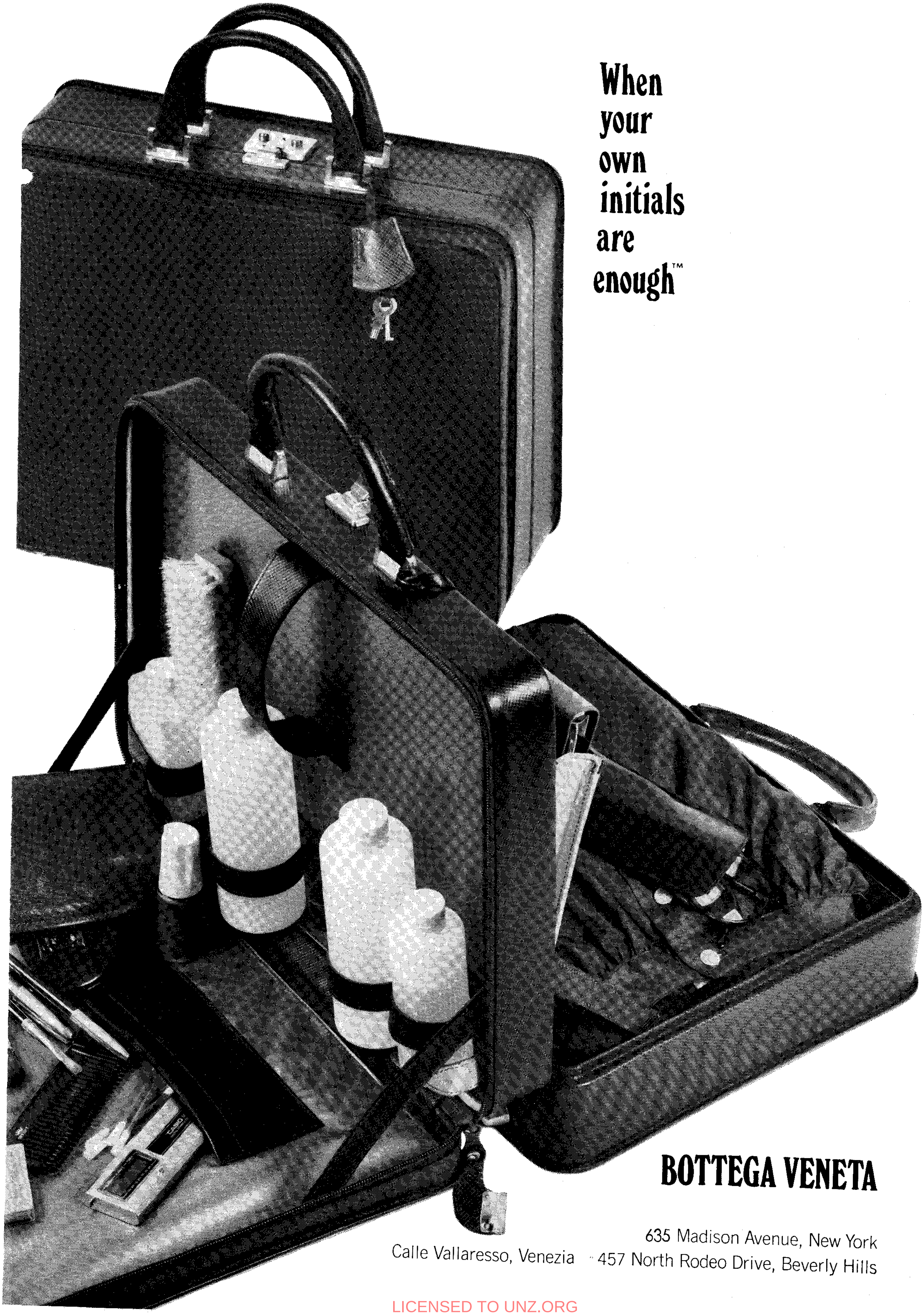
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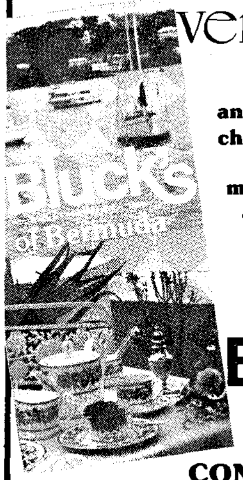

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is piped in green; $35. A mobcap of handkerchief organdie has pastel embroidery and a lace-trimmed frill; $15. Tantara also stocks the floral perfumes of Mary Chess.

At 161 Seventh Avenue South (between Waverly Place and Perry Street) is another lingerie boutique—this a frisky newcomer called Beneath It All. Here are a well-edited choice of gowns and robes and a selection of delightfully whimsical underclothing. Garter belts, girdled in hearts, come in either mauve or smoky-green satin and net, trimmed with lace; $18. Eight dollars is the price of lace-trimmed string-bikini pants in pure silk in a wide array of prints, including posies, candy stripes, and taffeta plaids. A spider's-web black lace teddy is $32; silk camisoles by Ria in black or white with pinwheel bursts of embroidered silver bugle-beading are $76 and matching tap pants are $54; boned Scarlett O'Hara corsets in black, trimmed with red, are $40.

Flowers on the Square, at 399 Bleecker Street (the square in question is Abingdon Square), is a small and very elegant florist, specializing in orchid sprays and Dutch hybrid cut flowers. Shoppers in search of a bunch of wilting daisies should hurry past the storefront, but the discerning may pause to peer into the black-painted interior (for maximum impact, in a winter dusk) and contemplate the pure, glowing color of perfect specimens growing in pots or arranged with an eye to the restrained principles of ikebana. A stem of oncidium orchids encased in a moss-topped bud vase of bamboo stalk costs from $20 to $30. Pottery vases by Beth Foley look like the rounded stones beside a shore and make it easy to show flowers at their simple best. A size with a slit for a single stem is $22; a twenty-inch "stone" is $75. An attractively potted amaryllis shoot is $20; a dense carpet of eighty paper-white narcissi in a moss-filled wooden flat, two feet by three feet, is $60; a lavishly planted flat of tulips is $80. Flowers on the Square delivers all over Manhattan, and will issue scroll-like gift certificates, rolled in a tube of bamboo.

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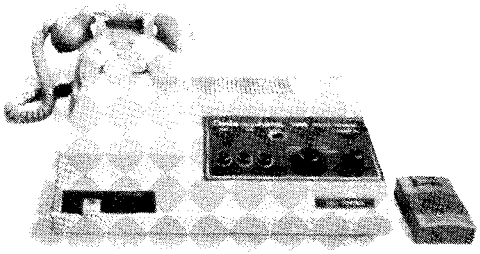

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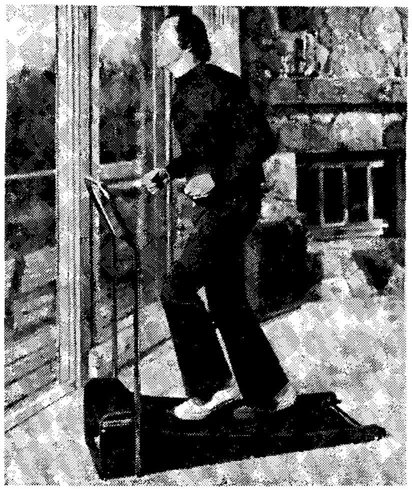

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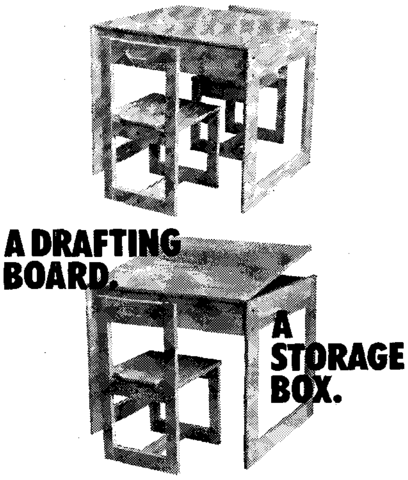

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THE PLAZA BAR
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newcomer is Benetton, 601 Madison Avenue (57th). This Italian sportswear manufacturer already has eight hundred shops around the world, emphasizing simplicity of style in a wide variety of cheerful colors. Cigarette-leg corduroy pants come in ten of those colors, including turquoise, red, and white; $49. Cotton-flannel shirts come in seven colors, including red, olive, yellow, and bright blue, for $32. Classic Shetland sweaters are $29.

Laura Ashley, 714 Madison (63rd), is a Welsh firm known for its crisp, countrified, doll-house-scale prints. A choice of typical Ashley printed cottons goes into long kimono-style robes that are lined with solid-color terry cloth; $85. Some corner of American lingerie stores (away from the displays of skimpy silk teddies) is generally being given over, these days, to clothes for thermostat-watchers to wear in bed, and a British firm like Laura Ashley might be expected to be years ahead in the cozy, energy-conscious game. Lace-trimmed granny-style nightgowns in printed cotton flannel are $85; nightshirts are $50 in the flannel and $35 in printed cotton.

Manolo Blahnik, 758 Madison (65th), is the new American showcase for the fanciful yet refined shoe styles of a Spanish-British designer well known to fashionable Londoners. The shoes often combine suède, leather, and bits of fur or feather, in bold and vibrant hues. A pair of evening sandals with a hot-pink suède toe have three-inch heels and ankle ribbons in gilded leather and a trim of purple-dyed possum; $160. Flat-heeled boots are sort of like riding boots, except that they're made of a suède so soft and thin that it can be crushed into fabriclike folds down the calf or rolled into several layers of cuff. In camel, black, burgundy, gray, or scarlet; $300.

Piero de Monzi, 824 Madison (69th), is another cosmopolitan newcomer who started out in London. The mood of his store is subdued international chic, with beautiful fabrics and craftsmanship. Examples are silk shirts by Cerruti Femme, including one in ivory, with a self-texture of ivory splotches. Shoulder pads, pearl buttons, a tuxedo-pleated front, and $395 constitute all other relevant details. A second Cerruti shirt is printed with a tiny dragon-rampant pattern, gray on gray. There is a very small wing collar, and the buttons are bronzed pearl balls; $245.

Nancy Pollock is an American designer and artisan (she has a studio in Brooklyn Heights) in a field—hand-

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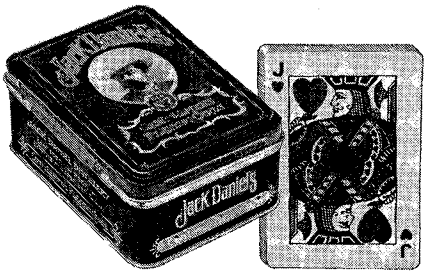

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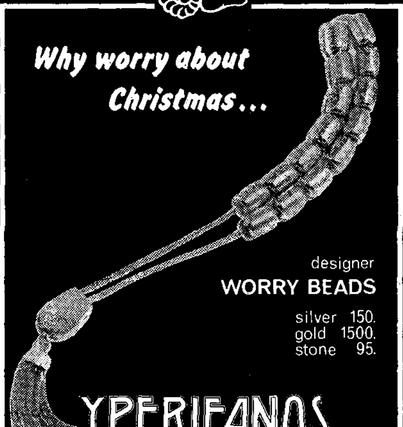

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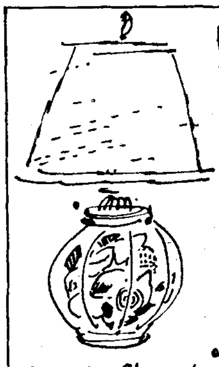

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knitting and weaving natural fibres—that often seems swamped by imports. Her sweaters and sweater-coats are richly textured and colored. They look seamless and feel comfortably so—indeed, they often are, being knitted on circular needles. Marsal, 831 Madison (69th), has Mrs. Pollock's V-necked, coat-of-many-colors sweater in hand-woven mohair. It has puffed sleeves and softly blended bands of tan, taupe, teal, rust, green, and plum; $350. A cowl-necked sweater knitted in ivory mohair has raglan sleeves that are striped in red and turquoise; $340.

Antartex, 903 Madison (73rd, and there is another branch at 14 West 55th Street), has curly-lamb chubby jackets in black, brown, gray, or white, for $365; colorful hand-knitted mittens from Maine, for $9 or $11, depending on size; and wool mufflers in tweeds, plaids, or solids, for $12.

Sharon Bovaird has a new store, at 927 Madison (73rd), as well as its original one, at 1116 Madison (83rd). For day, the helpful sales staff might guide customers to popcorn-stitched sweaters with Peter Pan collars, hand-knitted by a pair of Englishwomen named Edina and Lena. In red, black, or natural, and $140. For evening, there is a bias-cut slip-dress, in lavender, cerise, or royal-blue silk, for $300, and a matching notched-collar, padded-shoulder jacket, for $140. Trim-fitting hand-knitted angora evening sweaters have V necks and puffed shoulders, and nickel-size rhinestones are scattered over the shoulders. In burgundy, navy, or periwinkle blue, and $300.

Mayme Snyder, who designs for Horsefeathers, 41 East 78th Street, has given thought to making down-filled coats, jackets, and vests look flatteringly feminine. A slightly fitted princess coat is fastened with ties at the plump, rounded collar, the chest, and the waist. The quilting takes a scallop pattern, and scallops give their outline to the hem. In a taffeta version, which is $490, the colors are deep chocolate, black, red, hot pink, silver, or bronze. In cotton, for $460, the choice is raspberry, lavender, beige, gray, deep turquoise, or blue-gray.

Upper Mad, 1260 Madison (90th), has one-of-a-kind cardigan-style, hand-painted evening jackets of tubular-quilted and pastel-colored silk. On one example, mauve, peach, pink, lavender, and celery assemble soothingly in vertical, painterly strokes; $210.

MOVING farther eastward, to 1042 Lexington Avenue (74th), we arrive at a lingerie boutique new

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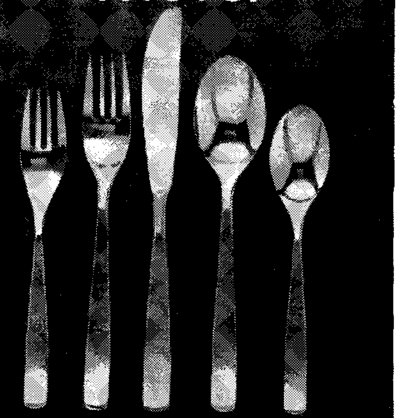

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enough to have been named after the movie “Wifemistress.” Like much of the store’s stock, some high-necked, long-sleeved granny nightgowns by the firm of Hanky Panky are made of natural-fibre fabric and fall far short of being risqué. The gowns are made of red-white-and-gray plaid cotton flannel, and have inserts of antique-style embroidered white cotton handkerchief at the yoke; $50. Pajamas with a roomy top ($34) and drawstring pants ($18) are on the same theme. White cotton batiste is much in vogue for nightgowns, even in winter, because it looks old-fashioned and because even when new it feels as comfortable as often-washed old favorites. Wifemistress stocks an array of simple white cottons, including another collection by Hanky Panky. Bras ($13), panties ($12), camisoles ($18), nightgowns ($32 and $50), bed jackets ($30), kimono robes ($52), and drawstring pajama pants ($18) in white cotton are all trimmed with inserts of pastel-embroidered handkerchief. Sleek versions of an old draft-beating idea—the feminine undershirt or vest—may be seen here in a choice of colors and in cotton knit, fine wool knit, pure-silk knit, or lacy-knit silk. Vests are from $12 to $45, matching bikini pants from $5 to $12.

My Rich Uncle Henry, 1452 Second Avenue (75th), has lots of light-hearted young styles, including cotton sweatshirts with boldly roller-printed strokes of contrasting color across the chest. Backgrounds are maroon, red, white, yellow, or gray; $26. Crew-necked wool-mix sweaters here have quilted patches of cotton chintz to trim the raglan sleeves. A burgundy sweater has jade and magenta chintz, beige has navy and jade, and brown has cinnamon and rose; $37.50. Transparent vinyl, either clear or tinted, shapes up for some very practical rainwear. Jackets ($6), and ponchos and coats ($22 and $20, together with a pouch to fold them into), come in a choice of bright purple, red, or yellow, pastel pink or blue, or clear vinyl. Uncle Henry’s store is rich in socks as well.

Sils Mara, 999 Lexington (72nd), is a welcome new boutique specializing in sportswear classics, often of the all-American, country-club variety but filtered through the fashionably ironic sensibilities of young European designers. Girls in Paris have discovered that old American favorite tartan pants and sport them in the ankle-grazing length that Brooks Brothers men wear without realizing that some fashion designers find it comic enough to look new. Sils Mara has such pants, replete with

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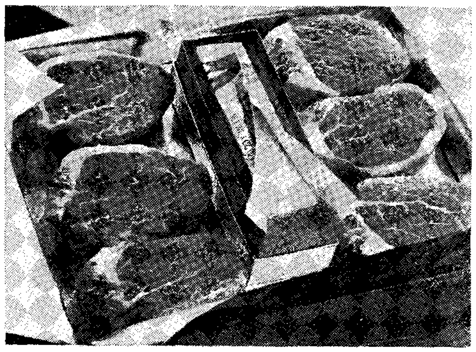

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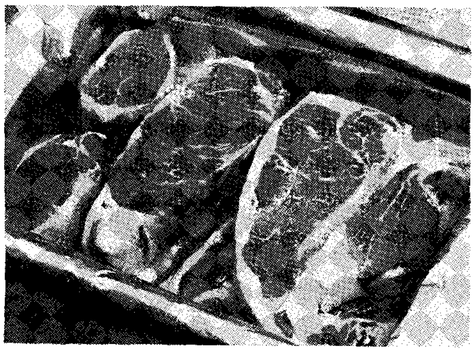

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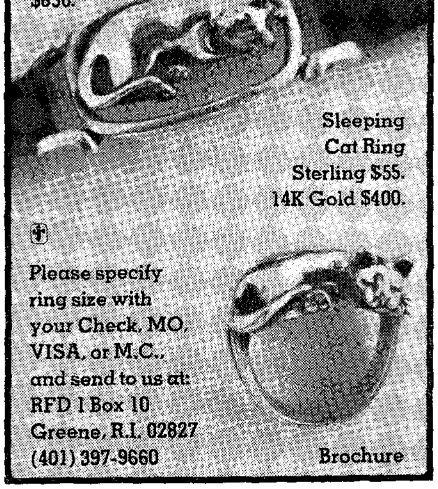

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new overtones and imported from France, for $108; equally new-looking pleated plaid skirts are $120. The English designer Paul Howie is represented by sweaters that are vaguely redolent of the college football season. A shoulder-padded cardigan of heavy purple wool has a red ring around each sleeve and its matching sleeveless sweater has a sweatshirt-style triangle of red on the chest; $245 the set. French jump suits include a shoulder-padded gray flannel, for $168, and a shawl-collared black wool jersey whose slim legs have the recently revived stirrup straps under the instep; $158. Half-moon clutch bags from the English firm of Mulberry have suède linings and painstaking details. In several leather finishes and in a choice of emerald, tan, pewter, rust, or burgundy; from $66 to $75.

San Francisco, 975 Lexington (71st), also gives a youthful and fashionably ironic twist to the classics—principally, in this case, those of the huntin'-shootin'-fishin' set of the English counties. Some charming knitted suits in either solid or striped wool mix are Miss Marple prim, with their notched collars and accordion-pleated skirts. In a choice of brown, gray, mauve, or garnet, and $250 to $275. Felt fedoras trimmed with grosgrain bands and brushes or plumes are $65 and $75. Man-tailored shirts come in muted-color cottons and unusual textures of bird's-eyes or Jacquards; $65 and $75.

Alice Maynard, 133 East 65th Street, can provide an afghan or lap-robe kit, to keep fingers busy and then knees warm on firelit winter evenings. The finished rug has a lacy openwork pattern in waves of brown, beige, gray, and ivory. The kit includes skeins of fluffy mohair and of natural silk, instructions for what is said to be the simple garter-stitch technique, and circular needles; $75.

Ashanti, 872 Lexington (65th), has shifted from the African fashions it used to sell to any clothing that is hand-woven, hand-dyed, hand-knitted, or otherwise hand-worked in natural fibres. An artisan in California is responsible for one-of-a-kind coats in padded and quilted assemblies of cotton chintz, velvet, hand-woven fabrics, and ribbons. In bright or pastel colors, and from $290 to $450.

Putumayo, 857 Lexington (65th), has sweaters—almost all hand-knitted—hailing from eleven countries. Uruguay contributes a heavy wool sweater in dark blue with a Fair Isle yoke of pale blue, raspberry, and tan;

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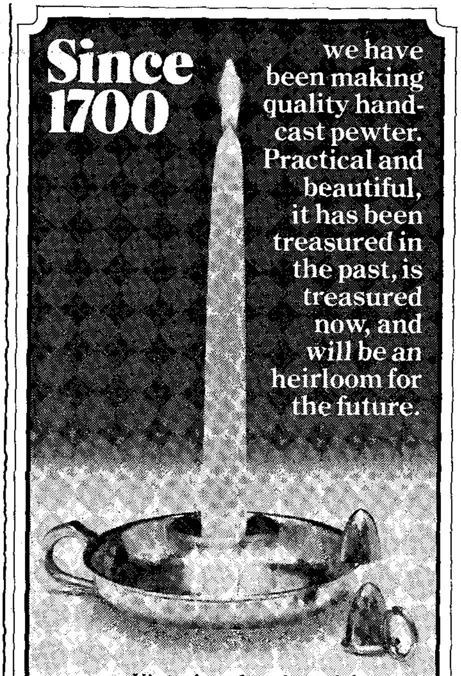

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$90. An earth-toned Chilean turtleneck has zigzags of gray, rust, black, and white; $85. The selection of warm socks is international, too. It includes Bolivian alpacas, for $24, and snowflake-patterned Afghan buzkashis, for $13.50.

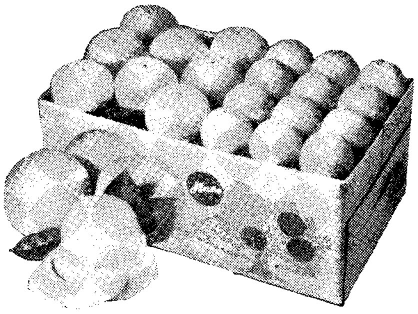
It would seem less than fair, now that so many whippersnapping young boutiques are selling craftwork, to omit the Elder Craftsmen, 850 Lexington (64th). The stock here is all handmade by the elderly. There are lacy boudoir pillows ($20 to $30); knitting bags in French cotton florals ($12.50); desk blotters and accessories covered in moiré (blotters are $19.50); lap robes for around $40; and many hand-knitted and crocheted tops, at reasonable prices.

De Noyer, 219 East 60th Street, is a French boutique too sleek to bother with the loving-hands-at-home look. But it suggests keeping a fortunate woman warm with a thigh-length coat, bearing some resemblance in its quilting and padding to the down-jacket style—except that the material is the finest and softest sort of leather. In a choice of brown or black, and $700.

WEST SIDE

HOWEVER chic the Columbus Avenue area gets—and, to the chagrin of longtime residents and storekeepers faced with rising rents, it gets more chic all the time—the shabby bustle of surrounding West Side existence prevents it from taking its fashionable life style too seriously.

Stone Free, 105 West 72nd Street, was an early pioneer among the neighborhood's boutiques. (Stewart Ross, the owner, opened his shop at 754 Madison Avenue, near 66th Street, only after his West Side venture was flourishing.) Here are classic tweeds, flannels, and woollies brought up-to-date by the fashionable twist of affection and humor. A fine stock of hand-knitted sweaters comes largely from England and includes examples by such popular designers as Patricia Roberts and Susan Duckworth. A Roberts cardigan in gray wool has a fitted, puffed-shoulder silhouette, and childish blue-flower embroideries are scattered all over it; $250. A matching knee-length skirt, without embroideries, is $150. Some very pretty sweater sets—they look like the latest thing precisely because of their old-fashioned air—include one delicate example in baby-fine white wool. On the V-necked cardigan, a line of antique frosty-glass buttons is framed by panels of lace-



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textured knitting, and the same stitch is used exclusively in the little short-sleeved sweater. The cardigan is $200, the sweater $150. Lacy textures and a very fine white cashmere yarn go into a vest that is dotted all over with seed-size pastel beads; $240. And a fluffy, featherweight mohair forms a cardigan with melting, melded ripples of coffee, peach, and pistachio ice; $225.

The Charivari stores operate exclusively on the West Side, and their fourth and fanciest branch, Charivari 72, has recently opened in the corner space at 58 West 72nd Street. That fashionably rich variety of color is, once again, strongly in evidence here. Some weatherproof poplin coats from France are redolent of the color schemes of the Ballets Russes as well as the drama of Diaghilev's personal style of dress. A choice of blue or black background is crossed with bands of scarlet and hot pink, and the lining and shawl collar are made of an opulent, totally convincing synthetic nutria; $750. Some unlined gloves of the softest Italian kidskin come in either bracelet or gauntlet length and in a choice of bright red, periwinkle, parrot, or canary, as well as black; $25. An interesting range of jewelry from Paris—it's by a Left Bank designer named Isadora—is vaguely Art Deco in inspiration and is made from a kind of lacquered plastic that takes on intense coloring, especially fuchsia and purple. A six-inch-long pin with a shape like an unfurling palm tree is $40. Earrings in the same sculptural shape are $50 for a pair with an inch-and-a-half drop, and $40 for a two-and-a-half-inch piece designed to be worn singly. Some very feminine-looking silk blouses have lines of tucking running across the shoulders and up into the ruffled frill of a high Edwardian collar. The colors are lilac, jade, raspberry, or turquoise, and the price is $75. Two well-made Italian handbag styles are in leather that has been stamped to create something like a snakeskin texture. The first is box-shaped, some seven inches square, with a three-inch gusset and narrow double-stranded shoulder straps, for $70. The second is a large, flattish, briefcase-size purse with three compartments and inch-wide shoulder straps; $90. Both styles come in a choice of burgundy, black, gray, or brown.

The Holding Company, 243-A Columbus Avenue (71st), is a closet-size store bulging with a stock that is mostly accessories. Large, square wool-challis scarves by Cacharel are $30; long, silky mufflers, like men's eve-

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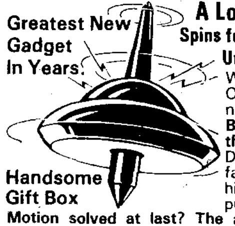

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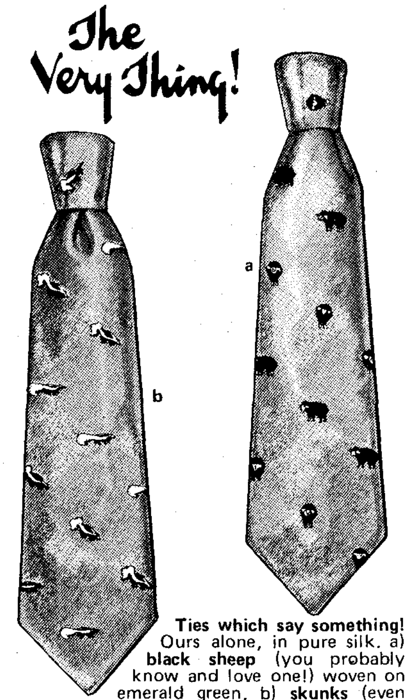

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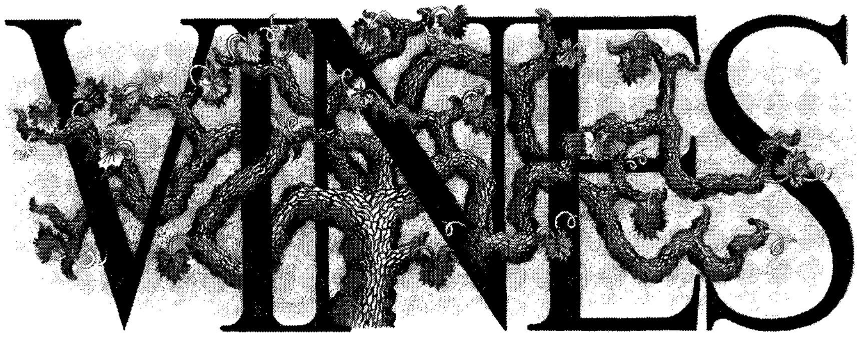
ning scarves, have pebble-dash textures and are in gray, burgundy, or black, as well as white, for $17. Glittery ankle socks by the firm of Electric Sok are $3 and $4. And the popular notion of tote and shoulder bags in strong, light parachute nylon, trimmed with webbing, is represented in ten different shapes, with varying zippers and compartments. From $20 to $28.

Only Hearts, 281 Columbus (73rd), is, predictably enough, involved solely with hearts. They show up as little boxes; as dishes; on jewelry (anything from a safety pin with a lacquer heart on it, for $2, to a gold-and-diamond bracelet, for $1,200); picked out in rhinestones on one leg of sheer black panty hose ($6.50); even in an iron for making heart-shaped waffles ($32). Long scarlet underwear, in two pieces, with a pattern of white batik hearts is $32. A paper jump suit (actually, the somewhat more durable Olefin, which the store proudly terms "a very high-tech fabric") painted with hearts and multicolored streamers costs $15. White track suits ($55) or sweatshirts ($27) are employed as the basic canvas for the hand painting of Victoria Chalk. One suit has a harlequin figure on the top half and pictures of beribboned ballet slippers on the pants. Others have themes of musical notes, roller-skating, the Manhattan skyline, cowboys, or roses.

Design Observations, 282 Columbus (73rd), holds a wide choice of small gifts. A manicure set in old-rose imitation suède is fitted with gold-metal implements and costs $12. A sturdy eight-by-ten-inch address book/calendar/notebook is bound in pewter-colored metal and has the fashionable industrial-practical look. The clips of the inside ring binder are of bright-red metal, as are the checks on the white paper; $26.50. White porcelain mugs for making individual cups of tea have lids and perforated strainers. They are decorated with the plants and flowers of orange pekoe, jasmine, or camomile; $6. The store also carries the latest issues of the fat, glossy European fashion magazines.

J. L. Leach, 326 Columbus (75th), has a range of silk accessories made by the firm of Gossamer Wing. A bag that converts at will from a clutch to a shoulder style is made of quilted China silk and has a black background hand-painted in a green-and-coral flower pattern; $85. A long hand-painted scarf of silk chiffon is a soft combination of pale blue, gray, and rose; $50. And two solid colors of China silk make up reversible obi-like



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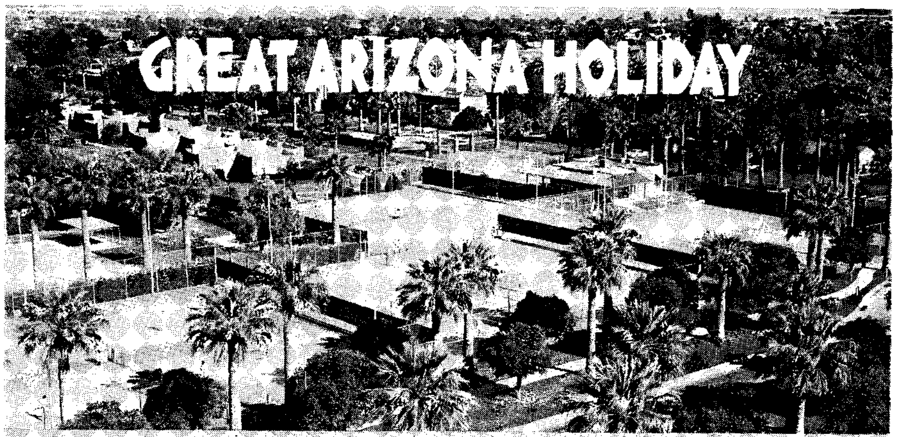

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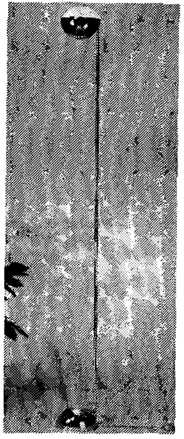

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belts, five inches wide. One side is tubular-quilted, and the belt ties in a knot after wrapping twice around the waist. Combinations are beige reversing to turquoise, Alice blue to beige, hot pink to turquoise, and purple to black; $50. Hosiery includes Electric Sok socks and the newest panty hose from the firm of Hot Sox. These are called "leg gloss" panty hose, and come in a choice of magenta, lemon, lilac, rose, light gray, blue, or Shocking; $13.

Mythology, 370 Columbus (77th), is like a little toy-filled playpen for the visually inclined. The colorful and eclectic stock abounds in conceptual-art jokes. A high-tech vest made from nylon-screen material is $55, and a fine lawn handkerchief typewritten with poetry described by the store as the "visceral, New York type" and color-Xeroxed with nuts and bolts is $50. Among a variety of things that are *not* what they seem are cameras made of soap ($5.50) and ball-point pens that look like cigars, baseball bats, or trains; seventy-five cents to $2.50. A wide choice of rubber stamps, with which people can play artistic games or simply decorate their stationery, ranges from Steinberg-intricate to child's-alphabet naïve. There are rubber stamps with musical, animal, and vehicle motifs, to name a few out of many; $2 and up, and mostly in the $5 range. Here, too, are unusual postcards and color-Xerox gift cards, and a number of beautiful catalogues of rarely reproduced drawings and portraits by David Hockney. These little books are from $6 to $20.

Sherman and Mixon, 404 Columbus (79th), is an attractive treasure trove of jewelry, boxes, baskets, picture frames, new and antique glassware, old lithographs, soaps, parasols, and fans. Antique silver-alloy Chinese hair ornaments in the shape of flowers, butterflies, or grasshoppers, some of them bobbing with kingfisher feathers, are from $40 to $60. Paper place cards with hand-painted and hand-cut stand-up figures of cancan girls, ballerinas, and society belles were probably designed for turn-of-the-century bachelor dinners, but the revolution in mores is such that they could serve as gift cards even for an aunt; $3 apiece. A Staffordshire cottage—thatched, rose-covered, and all of three inches high—comes as either a piggy bank or a potpourri; $15 and $16. Antique Chinese sauce dishes, three inches or so in diameter, make handy ashtrays or pin trays. They are hand-painted in thousand-flower patterns or in various com-

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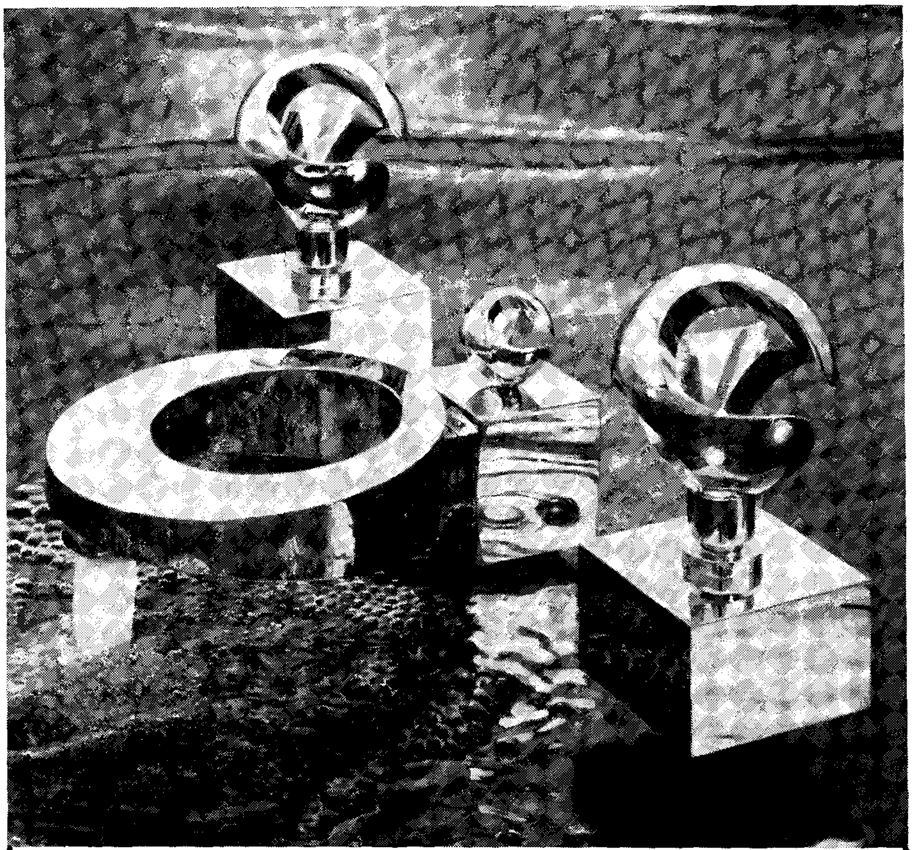
A few oddments: Fans of Marimekko prints who have felt deprived since the closing of D/R International may now repair contentedly to the new Marimekko, at 7 West 56th Street. In addition to attractively displayed fabrics and accessories for the house, shoppers will find clothing styles with simple, functional Scandinavian lines. Heavy hand-knitted wool sweaters, for example, have turtlenecks big enough to form hoods, and come in a choice of nine colors; $75. Dialling 874-7354 will connect callers with Untamed Yarns, and another Scandinavian approach to wool. The whispery ruggedness of Faroe Islands wool is available to knitters by the skein, either in naturals or organically dyed to soothing hints of misty lakes and rosy northern sunsets. Shoppers not adept at knit-and-purl may console themselves with garments already hand-knitted in this yarn. A well-priced collection includes a dolman-sleeved sweater in mauve trimmed at the V neck and wrists with pink or in two tints of lavender, for $130. Hats are from $26 to $32. A call to Trouvaille Française, at 737-6015, will lead one to a collection of old cotton and linen work smocks from Provence. These serve aptly as dresses, tops for pants, or nightshirts. From $45 to $90, depending on condition and embroidery.

The Department Stores

THE fifth floor of Saks Fifth Avenue has a number of suggestions for striking evening effects. Among a collection of jackets, there is a style by Krizia in fire-engine satin that is shirred into a chevron texture. The shoulders are puffed up and the narrow body closes with four covered buttons; $350. Evening designs by Michaele Vollbracht, while not for the fainthearted, have distinct elegance and impact. The designer keeps shapes simple and unconstructed, to balance a bold use of color and often large, highly stylized original prints. Among examples of the Vollbracht approach to fashion—clearly as a form of art that people happen to wear—is a square-necked dress in silk crêpe de Chine, with kimono sleeves and a dropped, elasticized waist. The print is of unabashed watermelons, edged in white and green and arrayed on a background of peacock blue; $550. In the fourth-floor lingerie department, Saks has silk nightshirts designed by John Yang in all the newest colors. An oversized men's-shirt



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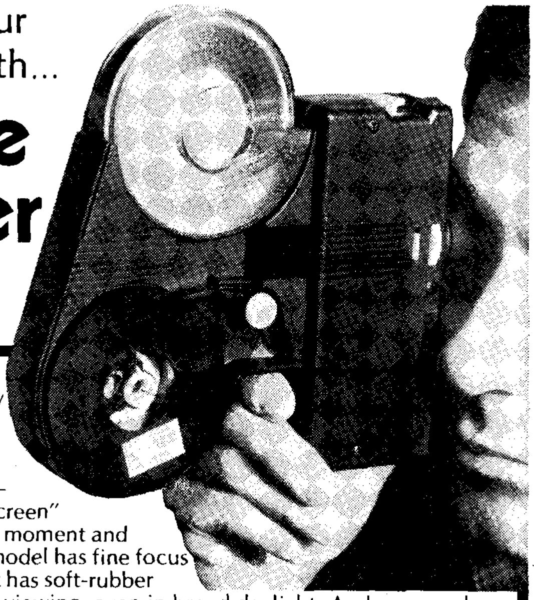

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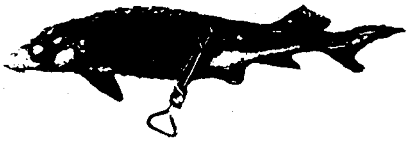
style has contrasting piping—fuchsia on ivory, aqua on turquoise, purple on lavender, and pink on fuchsia. Both this and a tuxedo-pleated style, in unpiped lavender, pale blue, white, or peach, cost $80. Eve Stillman makes lingerie in dobby-weave white cotton, trimmed with lace and pink ribbon. A camisole is $25 and so is a matching half-slip; bikini pants are $14. For going out on the town, the camisole is translated into spaghetti-strapped satin in a choice of taupe, plum, jade, purple, red, or ivory; $17.

Bloomingdale's first floor has a counter given over to the jewelry designs of Marcia Breslow. Most of these are drop earrings, in arrangements of semiprecious stones and often with a nineteen-thirties inspiration. All of them are for pierced ears. Seed-size beads of black onyx, green onyx, pearl, and carnelian are woven in lines to form a fluidly dangling triangle two inches high and wide; $325. In the belt department, there is a soft, oval-buckled snakeskin sash, two and a half inches wide. In purple, fuchsia, wine, black, or rust, and $60. The third-floor Young East Siders department has a selection of warm, lightweight, and remarkably convincing artificial-fur coats and jackets by the firm of Lifestyle 80's. They are an encouraging sign that fabric technology and fashion design are at last applying themselves to finding stylish substitutes for animal pelts. Perhaps the most effective of the Lifestyle designs, which are by Andrea Ungar, is a hooded, toggle-closed coat in shades of ivory-and-gray "coyote." The body of the coat is cut with chevron-patterned seaming; $240. (We saw this coat in Lord & Taylor's second-floor coat department, too.) There are also parkas, blazers, and casual sweater styles in imitations of nutria and Persian lamb.

Lord & Taylor's first floor has an array of chokers and dog-collar necklaces in rhinestones and in imitation jet and pearls. Four strands of jet beads linking inch-square rhinestones are $50. Ten strands of pearls rise up on the neck toward the ears; $100. And a two-inch collar of black lace set with glittering black paillettes is $20. A revived fifth-floor Country Clothes department has authentic kilts from Kinloch Anderson, the Scottish firm that makes them for the Queen of England. In either Black Watch or Royal Stewart, and $115. A formal white silk kilt blouse, with lace jabot and cuffs, is $155. Capes in misty, heathery tweeds are $280.

B. Altman's first-floor Collectibles



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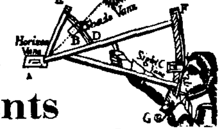

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department has an assortment of crocheted lace collars, to add to a sweater or a dress. They are made of a cotton mixture in a choice of white or the beige tint that people once gave to lace collars by dipping them in tea or coffee. They have a snap or ribbon-tied closing, and either Peter Pan or pointed collars; from $5 to $20. There are also lace jabots, and a group of collars, scarves, and belts in taffeta plaids. In the jewelry department, there is a collection of small Victorian and Edwardian pieces. Among other gold bar pins set with precious or semiprecious stones, there is a turn-of-the-century pin set with a small domed cluster of real pearls; $165. There are, in addition, watch fobs, stickpins, lockets, mesh evening bags, drop earrings, rings, and one or two hatpins. Also on Altman's first floor (as well as at Bloomingdale's, Macy's, and Crouch & Fitzgerald) are the newest bags by Coach Leatherware. These new styles are a small zippered shoulder bag ($36); a small zippered clutch ($36); and a larger zippered clutch ($50). They are made of the good-quality, glove-tanned cowhide this firm is known for, and come in many colors, including burgundy, putty, rust, sage, and tabac.

Bergdorf's main floor has a corner named Port of Call, with an absorbing medley of decorative jewelry and the like, often antique and mostly imported and one-of-a-kind. Sculptural minaudières from India, in brass, silver, or gold-washed silver, range in price from $95 to $950. One of these exotic evening purses—a reproduction of a Mogul's powder horn—is shaped like a spinning top, with two hollow cones of elaborately chased silver (the upper one a hinged lid) joined at their bases by a band of ivory. It's hung on a shoulder cord and has a tassel of silver threads dangling from the bottom; $150. An antique Chinese choker-length necklace is a delicate creation in pale pinks and greens, with winging blossoms of rose quartz, pale, translucent leaves of jade, and small gold beads; $360. The store's glove counter has Halston's rib-cuffed angoras in a choice of emerald, scarlet, blue, mustard, or fuchsia; $12. In Bergdorf's special shop for the Parisian shoe designer Maud Frizon is a graceful interpretation of the seven-league boot, shaped to go right over the knee. In either purple or black suède, with a three-and-a-half-inch cone-shaped heel, and $410.

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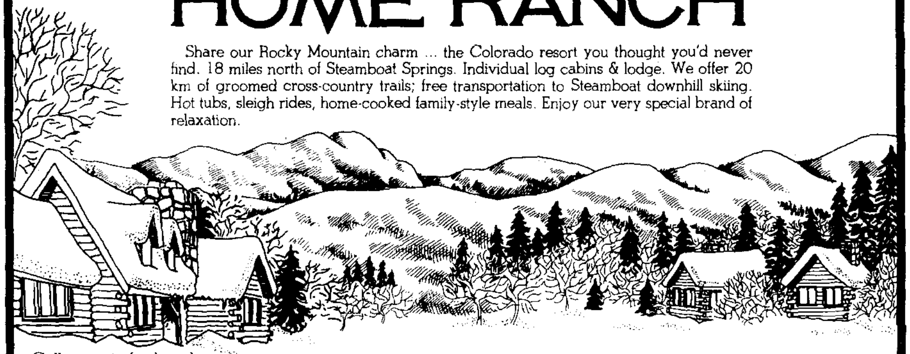

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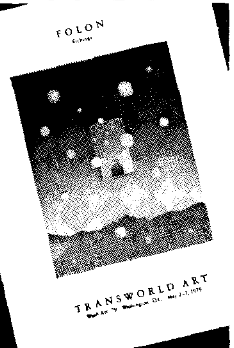

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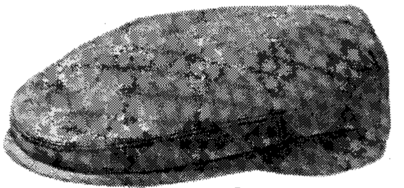

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for the shoes and accessories of Charles Jourdan. Gauntlet-length gloves in very fine kidskin play with color on color. A pair in gray, for example, has a V shape of burgundy piping running down the back of the hand; $70. Exquisitely made shoulder bags, something like a small (nine inches by six), flat Gladstone, come in a choice of vivid suèdes, including violet, turquoise, and jade, or in lustrous opalescent leathers, including bottle green and Shocking pink; $265. The third-floor Expressions department is also full of vibrant color. Waist-length sweater styles by Susan Toplitz are of hand-crocheted white silk ribbon brightened with trims of colored ribbon. A crew-necked version, with sunburst lines of fuchsia, lavender, yellow, and turquoise across the chest, is $174; a cardigan dotted with colored ribbon rosettes is $220. The American sportswear firm of Fenn, Wright & Manson makes no great claim to originality of design, but it approaches the classics with affection, an eye for detail, and an interesting color sense. Small-collared, man-tailored silk shirts come in a wide choice of colors, including pale blue, rose, periwinkle, and lavender; $60. Sweater sets of lamb's wool-and-cashmere are in red, royal blue, burgundy, navy, fuchsia, white, or black. The buttoned-to-the-neck cardigan is $60, the short-sleeved sweater $44. And crew-necked sweater-dresses of lamb's wool-and-angora, with side slits, depend for effect chiefly on a good figure and on color—red, navy, yellow, or the simplicity of black; $80. In the new luggage department, on the fifth floor, there are several groups of squashy and practical bags by the imaginative designer at the firm of Gear. A set made of a vinyl that looks just like the pitted leather that goes into footballs comes in either russet or beige, each piece trimmed and cornered in tan saddle leather and finished with real brass zippers and harness buckles. A women's-size garment bag, which folds over its own sturdy wooden pole, is $175; an enormous, chunky, square duffle is $135; and a Gladstone-style holdall is named the Kangaroo because of a six-inch-deep pouch of extra space that may be unzipped from the base; $135.

Henri Bendel's fifth-floor lingerie department can be counted on to illustrate the latest fashions in that field. Maribou and silks still have their place, but there is also a move toward the jokily snug. Natural-color union suits hand-painted with New Year's streamers are $54, and funny little shawl

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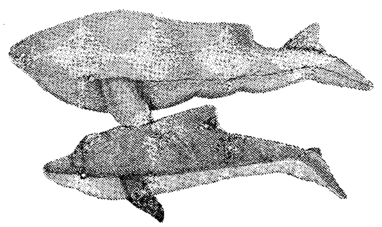

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bed jackets in hand-knitted lamb's wool-and-mohair are $78. They are in such unpredictable colors as raspberry, turquoise, royal blue, and purple, as are matching bootees, for $30. Comfortable robes include mid-calf kimonos of Scottish cashmere, in gold, chestnut, or navy, for $200. A long-sleeved caftan of very fine cotton makes an unassuming nightgown or beach coverup. In white, pink, gold, or apricot, and $18. Here, too, is the range of Fernando Sanchez's elegant designs in soft, snowy cotton batiste. A nightshirt trimmed with fine lace is $60. On the second floor, there is a range of styles in heavy cashmere, designed by Zoran—a fine idea for women who want to simplify their life while adding drama to it. A big-fitting, T-shirtlike sweater with boat neck and kimono sleeves is $225; elastic-waisted pants are $250; and a straight skirt with a small slit in back is $195. The pieces come in a handful of colors but are at their stylish best in black, white, or red.

Main-floor possibilities include gloves in black cotton knit embroidered with leaf patterns of fine black beading ($18); a Muppet-like muff of bright-blue curly lamb ($195); and hand-crocheted, gaily colored angora mittens that hang from strings like those of the sandbox set ($45). Shoe Biz has a pair of evening pumps in fuchsia suède, with an ancien-régime effect. The three-inch heels are in the Louis style, and ormolu bronze leather piping trims the fan-shaped ruffle on the toe; $125. Scentiments, just inside the front door, can supply a scented and padded coat hanger. Plumped beige satin rises from a frill of rose-trimmed lace like the perfumed alabaster shoulders of a Victorian belle; $10.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Lewiston (Maine) Daily Sun*]

Louisville, Ohio (AP)—"You start telling people you've got a casket in your house and you collect poison bottles, and they think you're nuts," says Philip Soehnlen.

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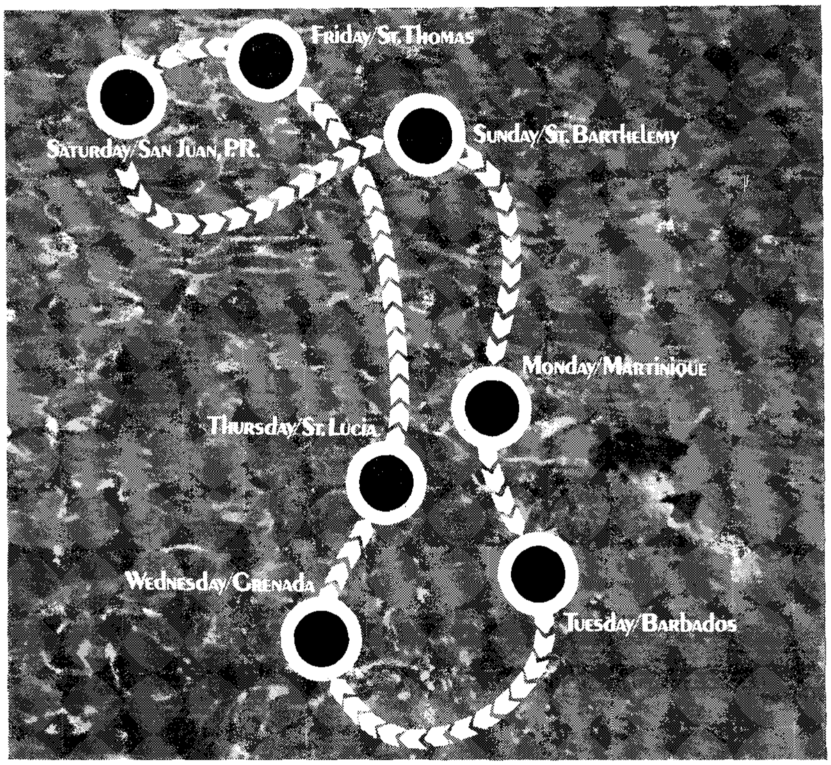

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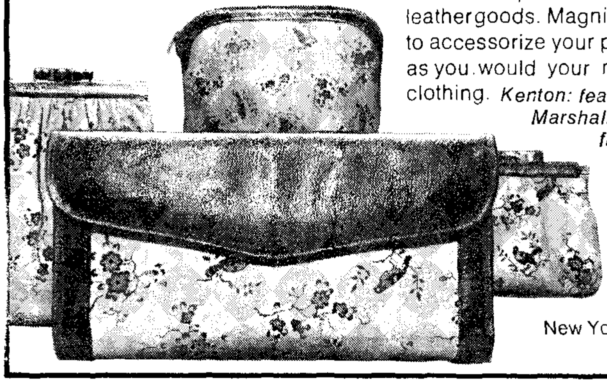

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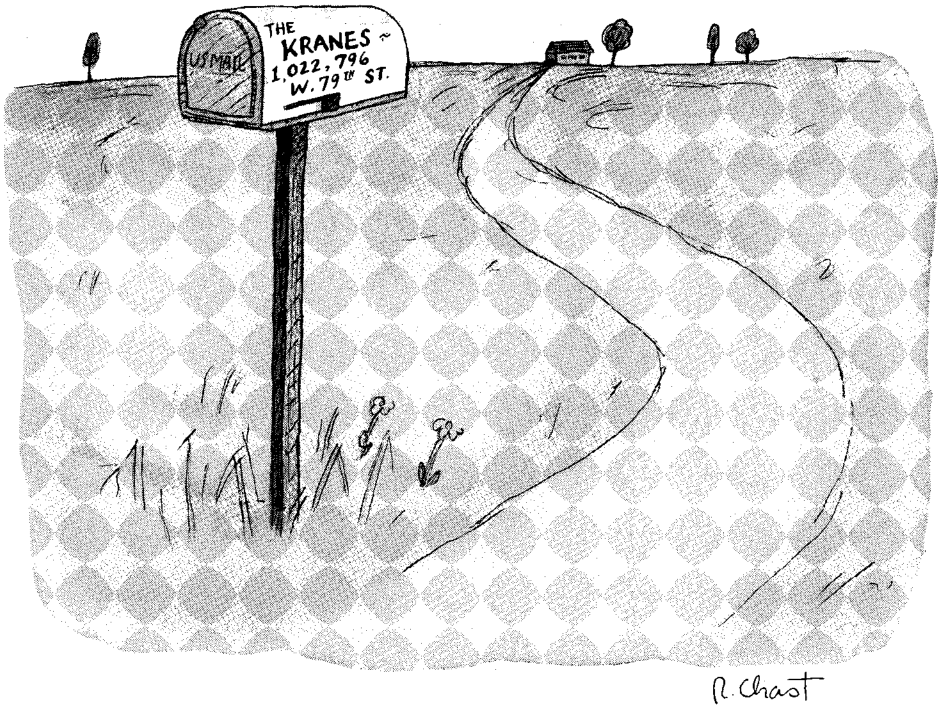
MUSICAL EVENTS

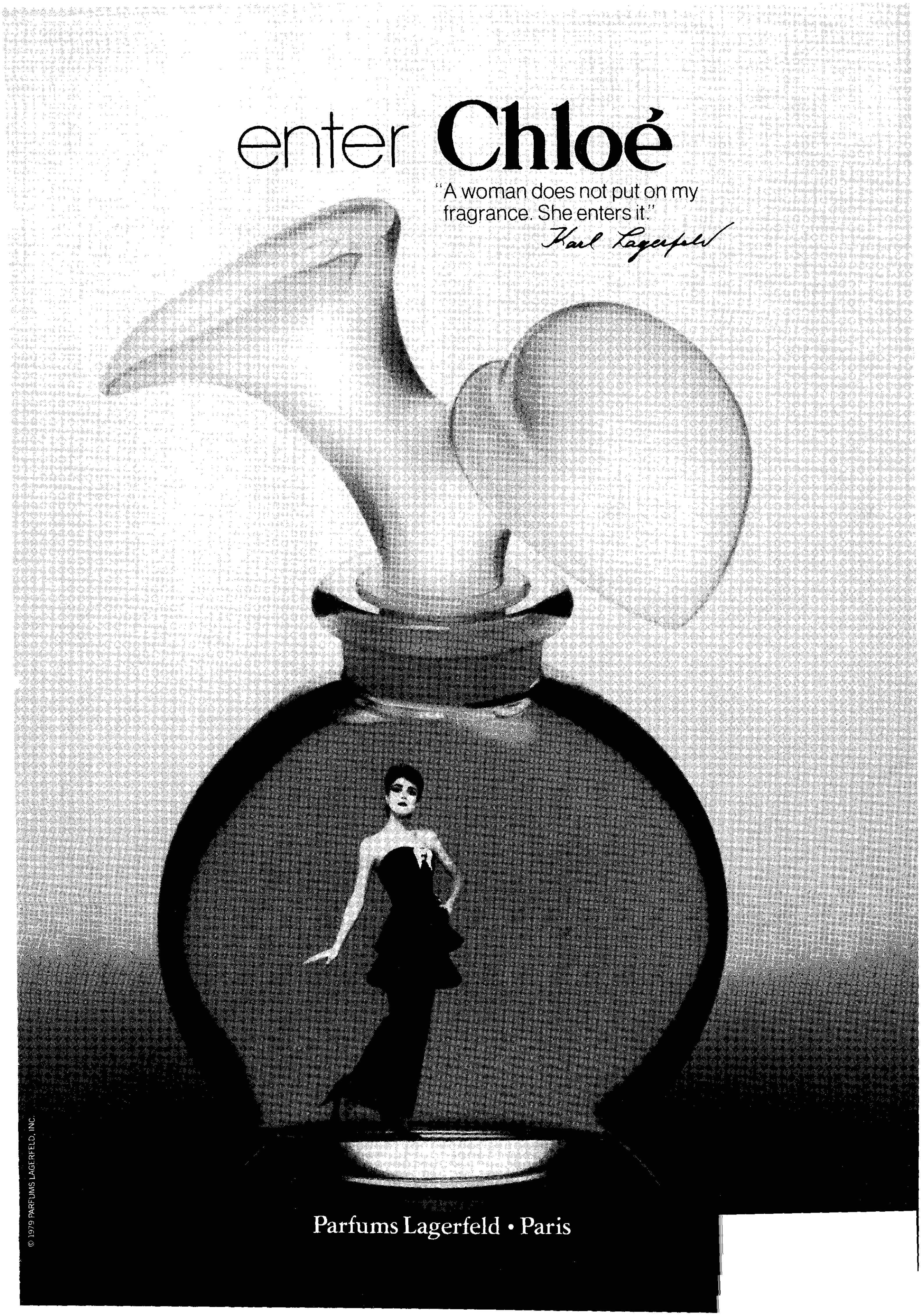
Varieties of Modern

ZUBIN MEHTA has conducted two first performances in his opening group of programs with the Philharmonic: the world première of Earl Kim's Violin Concerto and the United States première of Josef Tal's Third Symphony. (We were also to have had a revival of Howard Swanson's Short Symphony, but an unexplained switch of works delayed that.) Later in the season, there will be world premières of Krzysztof Penderecki's Second Symphony, a piece by William Schuman for French horn and orchestra, and "Gradations," by the Soviet composer Vladimir Zagortzev. Mehta will conduct all these performances himself, and will revive Samuel Barber's "Third Essay," with which he inaugurated his first Philharmonic season as music director, last year. On paper, this is a moderately impressive list. Can it be said to show a commitment on the part of the Philharmonic to contemporary orchestral music? The programming—particularly, the commissioning—of new works is inevitably a risk; within a subscription series, chances should perhaps be taken more freely than they can be when each event must stand or fall at the box office. It is easy to minimize the risk, of course, by tucking small pieces of new music into the corners of otherwise popular concerts in the hope that subscribers will not notice them, or, at least, will not be outraged by the demands made on their attention. "Short Symphony" has a reassuring look at the start of a concert; when will the Philharmonic, I wonder, program a work called Long Symphony?

Mehta's season as a whole does not have a very strong profile—nothing to match the early Boulez seasons, for instance. How do his new works compare with the Philharmonic tradition? Leafing back decade by decade, I rarely found that completely new works were the most important feature of past seasons. The outstanding crop of commissions which marked the orchestra's hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary, in 1967, is a fine exception. Ten seasons ago, Elliott Carter's Concerto for Orchestra and Leon Kirchner's Music for Orchestra, which had been intended for the anniversary, were premièred. There was a new work from William Schuman ("In Praise of Shahn," which later travelled to London, in an André Previn program) and a curious New York première, Three Pieces for blues band and orchestra, by William Russo. But these were set against a strong background of major twentieth-century works: Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" and Bartók's "Bluebeard's Castle," some Berg, Ligeti, Riegger, and Copland. Twenty seasons ago, when Bernstein was music director, a strong American bias in the programs showed up in new works by Gunther Schuller and Lukas Foss, New York premières by David Diamond, Howard Brubeck (another attempt at cross-fertilization, here for jazz combo and orchestra), and Bernstein himself, and pieces by Ives, Barber, Copland, and Virgil Thomson. But the season's most important work was European: the "Improvisation sur Mallarmé I," from Boulez's "Pli Selon Pli." A veil has fallen over the new works of thirty seasons ago (a season directed jointly by Stokowski and Mitropoulos): John Alden Carpenter's "Carmel Concerto," Richard Arnell's "Prelude 'Black Mountain,' " Arcady Dubensky's Concerto Grosso for three trombones, tuba, and orchestra. The longest-lived, ironically, were probably Stokowski's new Bach orchestrations. Once again, though, there were important recent products from abroad—Messiaen's "Trois Petites Liturgies," Prokofiev's Sixth Symphony, Britten's Piano Concerto—and belated first hearings at the Philharmonic of Mahler's Eighth Symphony and Webern's Opus 21 Symphony. A hundred seasons ago, under Theodore Thomas, the Philharmonic Society was introducing only Hugo Reinhold's Prelude, Minuet, and Fugue and—well, well—a couple of new Bach orchestrations, alongside generous portions of Wagner and Beethoven. Mehta's collection of new music appears, then, not untypical in its diversity. The commissions are unknown quantities, risks well worth taking. What is missing in this season is the introduction of large new works of proved importance from abroad (comparable to Peter Maxwell Davies' Symphony, which Mehta conducted during his more adventurous first season). The Josef Tal symphony is the only new import, and it is not on the level of past American premières.



Still, neither the Tal nor the Kim concerto can have alienated anyone in the Philharmonic's audience, and the works may well have charmed many, for they both turned out to be exceptionally pleasant. Kim and Tal have a little in common: they are both composers of the senior generation (Kim nearly sixty, Tal nearly seventy) whose work has arguably been played less often than it should have been; both came under Schoenberg's influence (Kim was his pupil in 1940 and 1941, Tal was educated in Berlin during the twenties and began studies at the Music Academy there in 1928); each has worked within a wide range of styles—Tal exploring electronic music and its combination with conventional forces (three of his piano concertos use electronics), Kim developing an individual approach to music-theatre (notably in two pieces to texts by Samuel Beckett). And both, in their new works, seem to have set out to write something as attractive as possible


enter Chloé
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to the untutored ear (both have said that they dislike program notes). Kim has succeeded. His concerto is an unashamed showpiece for a virtuoso soloist; it was written for Itzhak Perlman, who played it with brilliance and enthusiasm. It can be listened to simply as a succession of broodings, flashes of light, lyrical outpourings, swirling harps, and rumbustious climaxes, or one can attempt to find some logic in it. At the morning rehearsal, new to the piece, I jotted down nine distinct sections into which the music fell, and tentatively labelled them free variations on a theme presented after an introduction. In the evening, with the benefit of Kim's own reluctant program guide to the work, one could see how the composer had conceived it in *seven* sections, labelled Introduction, Variations, Episode, Cadenza, Interlude, Episode, Finale. (I'd counted his pair of linked Variations as two movements, and split his substantial Finale in two.) Many of the sounds were memorable: the opening whispering of muted strings; the lovely harp and violin exchange of the slow first episode; the sudden vulgar "wooosh" of an unexpected dominant-seventh chord; the distanced, Stravinskian winds that follow the cadenza; the solo violin's melody rising over a haze of string sound. The violin writing, idiomatic and well imagined, was effective. The plan of the work was easy to follow. The only question was whether there was any compelling reason for the sequence of events. A closer interweaving of the separate sections would surely be an advantage in a one-movement work—giving a sense of their growth from each other, rather than merely their juxtaposition. Kim's work is not moving, or even really exciting, but it is pleasing—and doubtless a pleasure for the performer. I hope other players take it up.

Josef Tal, on the other hand, has failed to produce in his Third Symphony any impression that will last longer than last night's TV movie; the piece filled a short space—about fifteen minutes—painlessly, and that was that. The performance may have been one of convenience, I suspect, for the symphony had been commissioned by Mehta's other orchestra, the Israel Philharmonic, and was toured extensively in September. (I heard it at the Promenade Concerts in London.) Appropriate, perhaps, for the Israel orchestra to play a piece by a composer who has made that country his; less so for the piece to be aired on a larger stage. There is an attractive sort of "Young Person's Guide to the Orches-

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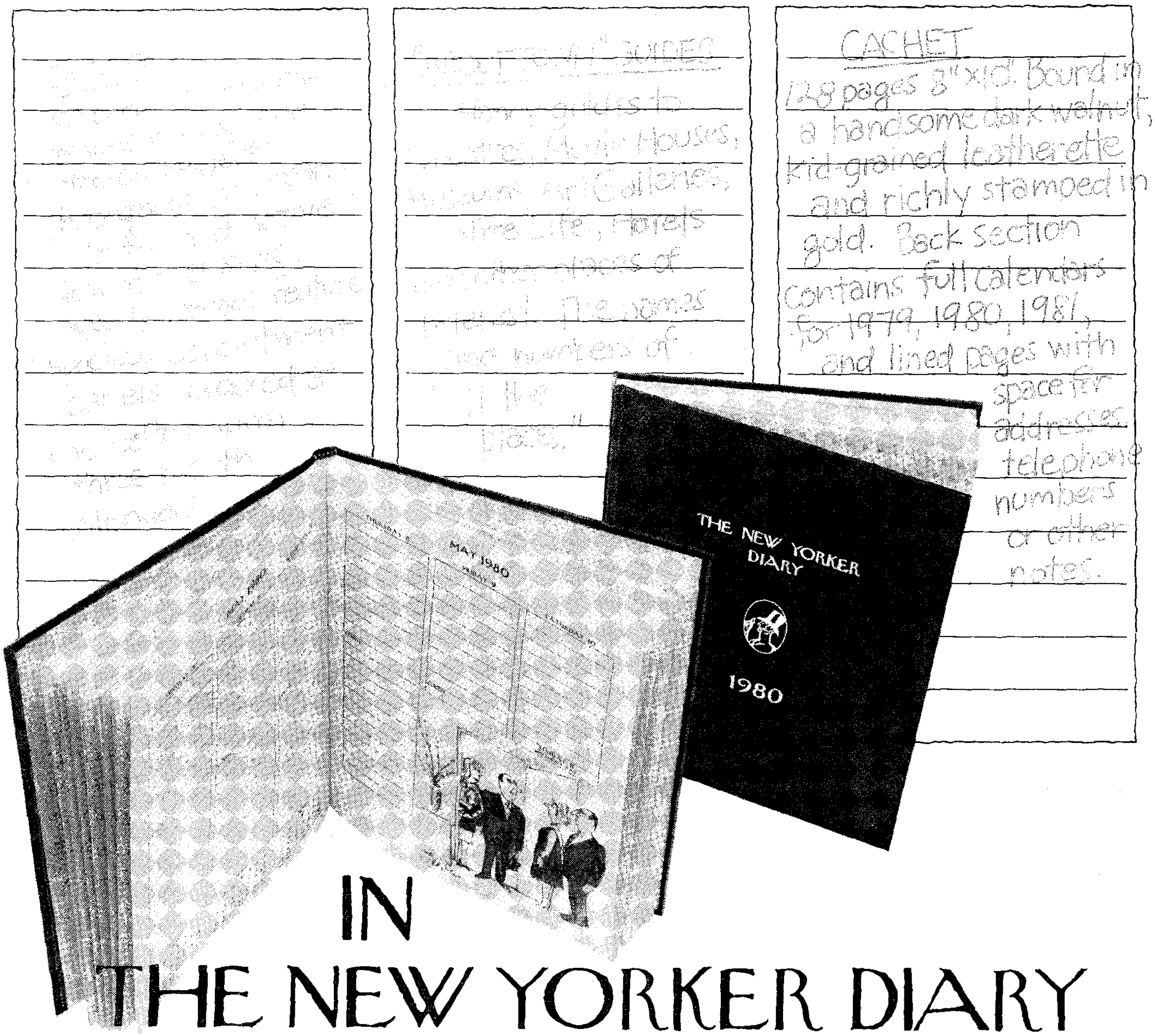

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tra" in some of its ideas: the buzzing string fugato with which it starts; separate writing for brass group and percussion; here a solo string quartet, there a marimba solo (in fact, almost everywhere a marimba solo); individual wind lines over strings; double basses grumbling away under the percussion. But of musical argument that might justify the work's title there is none. At the London Proms, Tal's work was heard in the same week as two other fifteen-minute symphonies, by Elliott Carter and by Oliver Knussen. I thought then that Tal suffered only by comparison, but last week the symphony sounded just as flimsy as before—just as pretty and just as pointless.

A MUCH more solid recent work by a composer who lived in Germany and then settled in Israel was a chamber piece for violin, viola, cello, and piano called "Beyond the Curtain," by Tzvi Avni. It was given its New York première by the Cantilena Chamber Players in the first of the Helena Rubinstein Concerts, held in the Guggenheim Museum's circular, sunken auditorium. Avni filled his program note with angst-ridden worries about turning back to romanticism from post-serialism (he felt that including a cadenza in D major was tantamount to "original sin"), but what I heard was a strong, deeply lyrical outpouring of darkly colored sounds, growing from a mournful viola solo to a furious climax of *col legno* bowing and piano-bashing, through some conventionally desiccated writing and some highly imaginative, almost folk-song-like melodies. There did not seem to be any stylistic uncertainty in the writing, and it was all underpinned by an obvious and direct emotional impulse.

FOR substance and a sense of purpose in a contemporary orchestral work, one had to turn to the concert given at (and televised from) the United Nations on United Nations Day: the Dresden State Orchestra, as part of its current tour, included in its program "Responso," by Siegfried Matthus. Matthus is forty-five, and has written a series of works for the Dresden orchestra; "Responso" dates from 1977. This might well have been, like the Tal, a worthy work undeserving of export. It turned out to be Germanic, sober, straight-faced, but also cogent and powerful. The first movement, Ostinato, is a little oppressive, with chanting brass and fierce percussion working to a hoarse climax for

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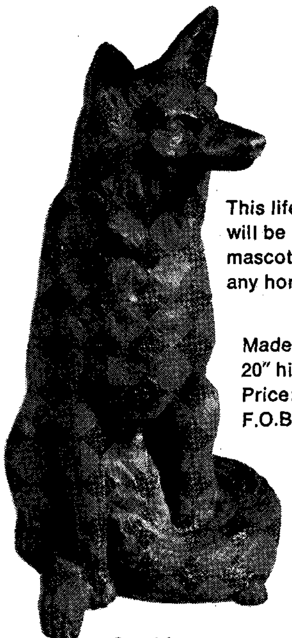

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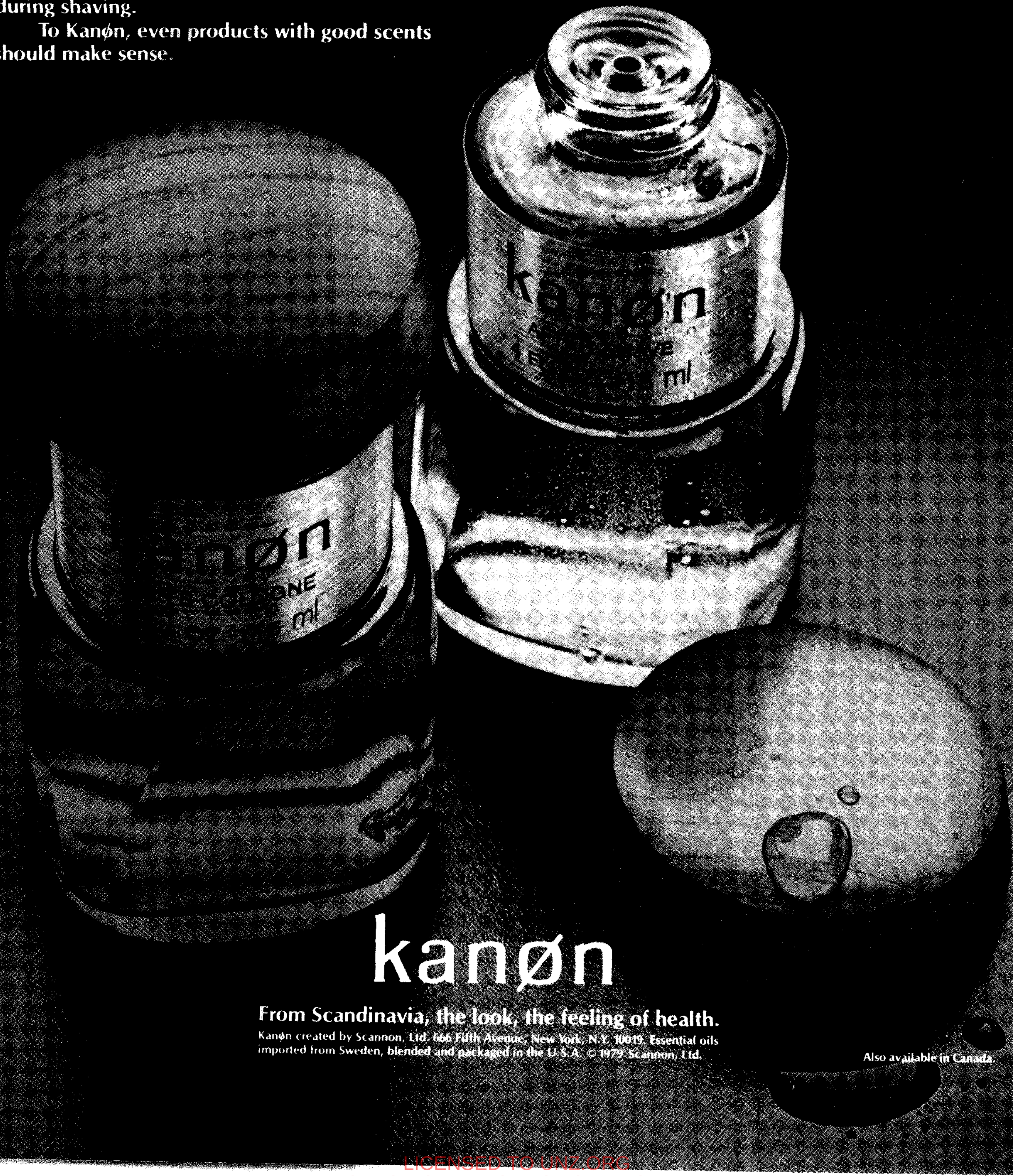

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full orchestra, but the second, Notturno, has depth and eloquence. The following Adagio has an unlikely pair of models: Mahler and Bartók. Mahler's breadth and endless melody, dug deep in the strings; Bartók's acerbic clashes and subtle unease; the pessimism and bitterness of both composers—all are brought together and reinterpreted. Suddenly, at the end of this movement, the oboe breaks into Bach—a fragment of recitative from the Matthew Passion, setting the words "And he went out and wept bitterly"—and the piece turns into a timeless lament. The assertiveness of the final Ciacona, with its obvious debt to the chaconne finale of Brahms' Fourth Symphony, does little to relieve the note of despair. There is not quite enough individuality in this piece to make it great, but it leaves a strong impression—one confirmed by the televised broadcast, a little later in the evening. The Dresden orchestra played splendidly; even though I was sitting three rows from the front, in the direct range of fire from the first violins, the ensemble sounded firm and the tuning precise.

SERIOUSNESS of purpose devoid of understandable emotional content is encountered all too often these days in new music. The Kim and Tal pieces were refreshing for their unpretentious sense of purpose, while the Avni and Matthus were impressive for their evident emotional commitment. But the new work I caught at the first concert of the twenty-fifth-anniversary season of the League of Composers and the ISCM (given in Carnegie Recital Hall)—"Firescreen," a trio for piano, cello, and flute, by Bruce Saylor—was opaque. Its title indicated, the composer wrote, that "a kind of smoldering activity lies below the surface." What, one longed to know, was the impulse that lit the fire behind the screen? Perhaps the performance, by the Contemporary Trio, was not as communicative as was necessary; it certainly seemed restrained, a little tentative. If there was passion at the heart of the music, we did not feel it. By contrast, there were well-defined sounds, put together with skill, in "Daysongs," a 1974 piece by Nancy Laird Chance. The juxtaposition of fluttering alto flute with sophisticated African-derived drumming patterns seemed precious, but vivid playing from James Preiss and Glen Velez on percussion and atmospheric virtuosity from flutist Susan Deaver helped to banish the thought that this was just another bit of cultural tourism. Miss Chance has something to say, though

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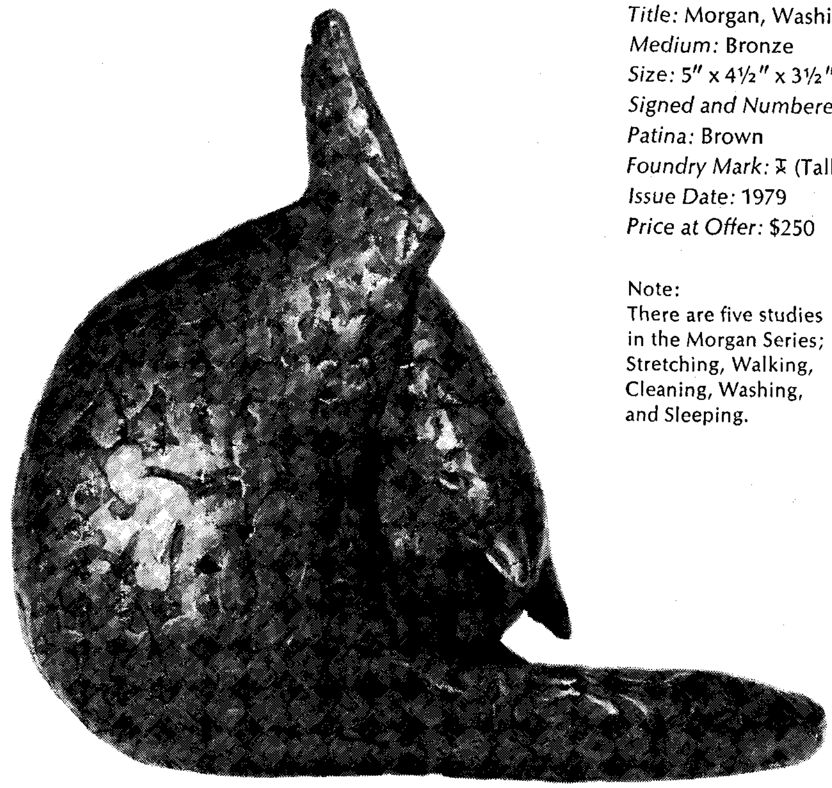

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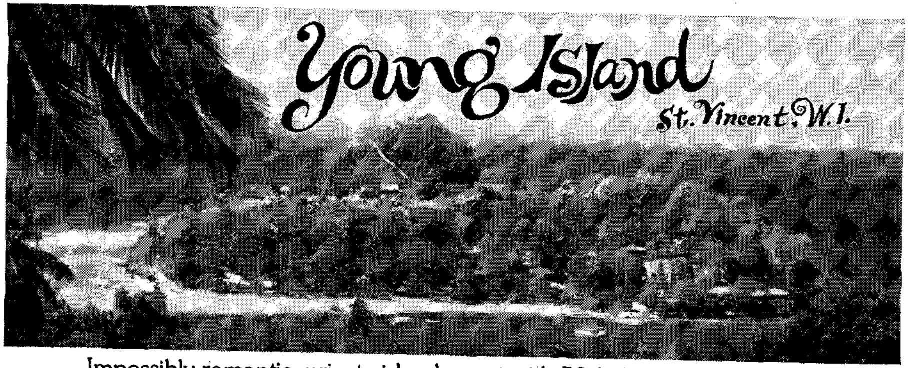

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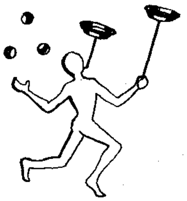

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I wish she would avoid movement titles like "sungreeting," "noonjoy," and "moonsoft" while saying it.

AN event that, for originality and inventiveness, left most of these far behind was more than an hour of continuous performance by Alvin Curran, at The Kitchen, called "The Works." The title promised something flamboyant; instead, from his bewildering entrance, carrying a couple of those little toys that when inverted sound like cows mooing, Curran was intent on hypnotizing us into a world of his own. A five-note phrase that he ruminated over incessantly at the keyboard would drive me mad in minutes, I thought. As the subtleties of electronic noise grew around it, however, patterning the notes into an infinity of shapes, diversifying them with all sorts of taped sounds, the experience became enthralling. Curran's vocal noises are less appealing than his electronic imagination—not just unmusical but dreary, like one of his toy cows in pain. Yet the performance gathered momentum in an extraordinary way. Impossible to tell where or how it would end, and then the tape suddenly whisked us aboard a subway train, we were off, and it was over. That's art, I think.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

FURTHER EVENTS

Heroine

JOANNA THE MAD, whose life was not uneventful, is a queen strangely neglected on the operatic stage. Her mother, Isabella, figures in various Columbus operas. Her sister, Catherine of Aragon, provided a star part for prima donnas at the Paris Opéra—Gabrielle Krauss, Rose Caron, Lucienne Bréval, Félia Litvinne—in Saint-Saëns's "Henry VIII." Her son, Charles V, appears in two Verdi operas, "Ernani" and "Don Carlos." Joanna herself makes a fleeting appearance in Donizetti and Verdi biographies. Scribe wrote a libretto about her, "Jeanne la Folle," intended for Donizetti. But Donizetti didn't set it. Later, Antoine Louis Clapisson did. It appeared at the Opéra in 1848; Verdi was in Paris, so presumably he heard it. In 1851, Verdi's pupil, Emanuele Muzio, brought out a "Giovanna la Pazza" in Brussels, and then tried in vain to get it staged in Italy. There have been no signs yet of a Clapisson or a Muzio revival, even in London, and Joanna makes only a brief appearance in Krenek's "Karl V." So Gian Carlo Menotti had an almost clear field when

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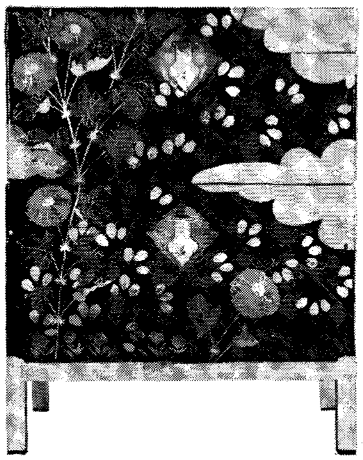

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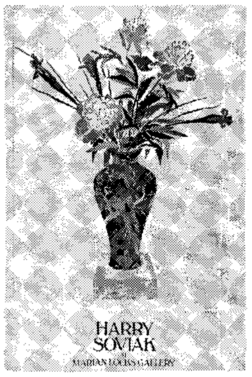

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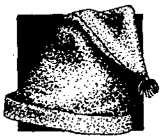

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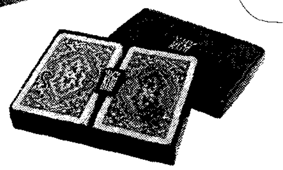
he chose her as the heroine of his tenth, and first grand, opera, "La Loca."

Scribe set his drama in 1506, in and around Granada. Philip the Handsome is two-timing Joanna with a Moorish girl; Joanna catches them, stabs him, and goes mad. As the curtain falls, his corpse is borne in triumph to its coronation. Plenty of librettist's license there! Menotti's version is closer to history, though not exact. The libretto, his own, traces Joanna's life from her marriage to Philip, in 1496, to her death, in 1555. When the opera opens, she is a brilliant, impetuous seventeen-year-old bride; when it closes, a deranged old woman of seventy-six. The piece was written to provide a virtuoso role for Beverly Sills, who paid her farewell to the New York stage with it, at the State Theatre, on November 1st. The work, commissioned by the San Diego Opera, was first performed by that company in June, nine days after Miss Sills' fiftieth birthday.

Miss Sills' farewell caught me, as it seems to have caught many people, by surprise, and I am not ready with the long, careful survey and estimate of her art which would be appropriate when America's most famous singer appears on her home stage for the last time. That must wait. But, in any case, it would not be altogether appropriate after this particular performance. There was no big buildup for the evening; it was not any kind of gala farewell but simply an extra "Loca" dropped into the repertory to replace one that was lost during the City Opera labor dispute. Miss Sills has a few dates to keep with other companies, and she will be singing with the City Opera in Los Angeles later this month. Moreover, so far from leaving the company, as its general director she is more closely associated with it than ever. Her curtain speech—the face young again through the gray makeup and beneath the wispy white wig—was brief: "Thank you for the marvellous love affair. The best is yet to come."

Joanna is one of her highest and finest performances. For me, it ranks with the Scala Pamira (in Rossini's "Siège de Corinthe") in 1969, the first time I heard her, and the Met Violetta in 1976. In recent years, Miss Sills has tended to play her sparkly, bubbly self as Rosina, Norina, the Merry Widow, Fiorilla in Rossini's "Turco in Italia." She was delightful but predictable in those parts; Pamira, Violetta, Gilda (in Boston's 1977 "Rigoletto"), and now Joanna the Mad have offered more of a challenge to her dramatic abilities as an actress and as a sing-



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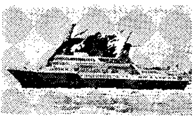

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er. Joanna most of all. Menotti may have planned the role as a composite of all the sparkly ingénues, lovelorn queens, and suffering heroines in the singer's life. What she gave was a gripping portrayal of an individual woman. She was in full, clear voice. Watching and listening to her, one didn't think, This is Sills' New York farewell, or How well Sills does the part; one thought only of the character she created. Within the variety and through the changing appearance there was consistency. It was a remarkable performance.

"La Loca" is perhaps Menotti's best opera. The dramatic structure is schematic, and history has been adjusted to create symmetries. In successive acts, Joanna confronts her husband, her father, and her son; the three men are played by the same singer. She loves them. From each she hopes, but in vain, for unselfish love; each of them is eager to gain for himself the crown she inherited from her mother. Unselfish love is offered by Don Miguel—a young courtier in the first two acts, in the final scene a priest who opens her heart to God's love. I've heard the piece described as a sung soap opera in Renaissance dress, but it's better than that. The historical setting has saved Menotti's text from the glibness that makes most of his earlier operas, for all their effectiveness, distasteful. His post-Puccinian musical idiom has been strengthened with bright, strong elements derived, it seems, from Prokofiev. He writes a scene for Joanna and her little daughter, Catalina, that is chaste, moving, unsentimental. The opera is not fully worked out, however. The finale, based on a saccharine Puccinian tune for Father Miguel, ends abruptly, as if unfinished. "La Loca" is no masterpiece, and no "Don Carlos." There is no depth or density in the drama, no sense of the wider world; it is narrowly focussed on Joanna's emotions—a monodrama in grand-opera décor. The chorus is merely decorative. But within those limitations "La Loca" is a decent and accomplished piece of work, and I imagine it will bear revival.

Around Miss Sills' incandescent heroine there was an admirable presentation of the piece. John Bröcheler was strong as Philip, Ferdinand, and Charles; Joseph Evans was lyrical as Miguel; the smaller parts were well taken. Tito Capobianco's direction was straightforward and capable, and so was Mario Vanarelli's décor—a handsome and practical series of satisfactory, old-fashioned box sets. John

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Mauceri was a colorful and ardent conductor.

NEW YORK's better full-time orchestra is that of the Metropolitan Opera, seldom heard in concert. Its warmth of tone, fullness, and unforced amplitude in climaxes were on show when it was lifted out of the pit for the Sunday-night Wagner-Strauss benefit concert James Levine conducted at the opera house last week. The program was the "Tannhäuser" overture-and-bacchanale and Elisabeth's greeting, the "Götterdämmerung" funeral march and immolation scene, and the "Salome" dance and finale. The vocalist was Birgit Nilsson; as an encore, she sang Brünnhilde's battle cry. Her voice has lost none of its heroic power, none of its stirring ability to ride a full-orchestra surge effortlessly, triumphantly. Since Flagstad, there has not been a soprano so loud. Although that's a blunt way of putting it, volume is a virtue, a necessary one, in the high-dramatic roles. There have been Brünnhildes and Isoldes more subtle and more intense (Astrid Varnay, Martha Mödl) but none with so directly exciting, secure, and commanding a voice. Where Flagstad shone like the sun, generously, warmly, Nilsson's radiance is on a narrower beam, its lustre that of burnished gunmetal. She roused the Metropolitan audience to unconstrained enthusiasm, and justly so, for she is unique. Nevertheless, it could not be ignored that her old failing, inaccuracy of pitch, had become less occasional.

For Wagner, Mr. Levine finds the long breath that often eludes him in Mozart and Verdi—though again I wished that in the "Tannhäuser" overture he would persuade his winds to hold their long notes to the full value. The funeral march had a weight and grandeur, and a vitality, to make one eager for the Metropolitan "Ring" under his baton which must surely be in preparation. The Dance of the Seven Veils was glittering, seductive, delicate. It may be tawdry music, but Mr. Levine and his splendid orchestra made it captivating.

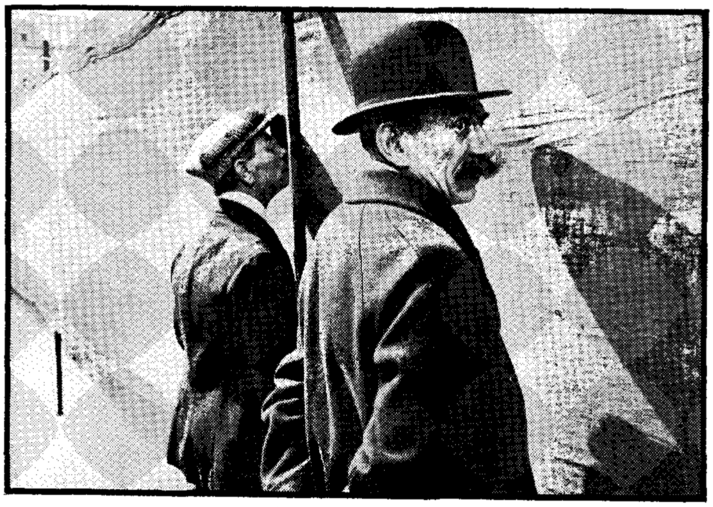
—ANDREW PORTER

•

STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT

[*From the Mobile (Ala.) Register*]

"Statistics show that if you put a newborn baby on an airplane and fly it continuously between Chicago and New York the chances are more than 50 percent that it will die of something other than a plane accident," says John Cook, an actuary at Metropolitan Life.



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Foreword by Yves Bonnefoy

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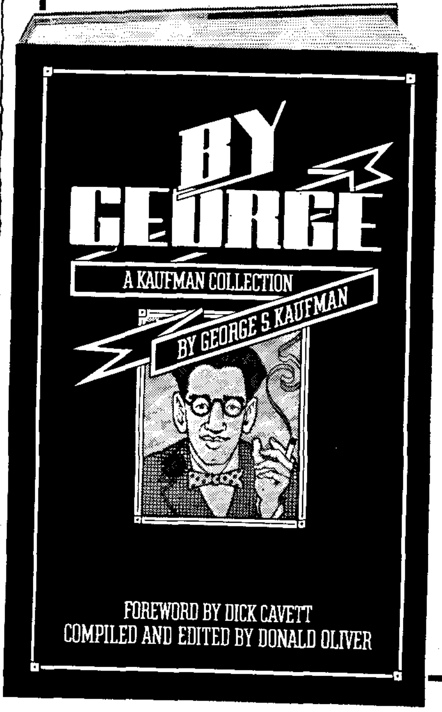

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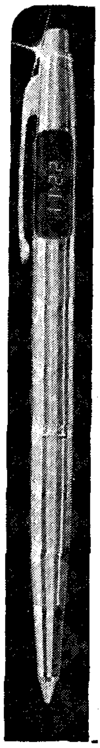

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FOOTBALL

Taking Pains

Marc Wilson, the compulsive passer who keeps Brigham Young University on top week after week, was throwing madly (though there was method in that madness) when this observer laid field glasses upon him a while ago on his native heath. In California, in the darkness of last Friday night, he still threw madly, and well, against Long Beach State, for three touchdowns and better than three hundred yards: Brigham Young 31, State 17. Other productions, which have been on the market years longer, are, on the contrary, hurting. The dingdong match between Yale and Cornell weekend before last boosted Cornell's roster of walking wounded so high that though it began picking off Columbia up at Ithaca on Saturday with expedition (24–7), in what seemed like no time at all, it looked rather less jaunty than it had against Yale. And Yale, taking over Princeton (and the Ivy League championship, for keeps) last Saturday, had suffered such damage to its running attack at Cornell that against Princeton only Hill, who on-field looks to be permanently beyond repair, functioned perfectly, by offering up some of the most dazzling galloping of this fall. Once again, it was Yale's defense, which substitutes for size and truculence a speed that matches Hill's and an intuitiveness almost unfailing, that carried the day, at 35–10. Next spring, Yale graduates some thirty of its football squad, and its freshman team, hitherto untrammelled, was topped off by its Princeton counterpart on Saturday (32–28, in a mud-bath encounter during which all the participating quarterbacks were trying to be Marc Wilsons), but the Yale defense should be just as pesky next fall. Princeton, often both pesky and perky against Yale, had nevertheless lost, seemingly for the season, its chief gunner, Reynolds, at quarter, in the brush with Harvard; and before his substitute, Holly, was knocked out of action against Yale, that Yale defense was making excellent use of his passes.

It is this commentator's odd feeling that as the enchantingly titled JoJo Jamiel goes, so goes Brown, which, until it slid to a halt against Dart-

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mouth, at 24–10, was a runner-up behind Yale for the Ivy League flag. Jamiel, a fantastic sprinter when he is in high health, has been of little use these past two seasons, and at times when Brown has been *in extremis* so has Jamiel. And when Villella, probably Brown's most serviceable still functioning galloper, had to be removed during the visit to Hanover, there, it could be said, went the ballgame. As for Pennsylvania and Harvard, this fall they have had nowhere to go but up, and on Saturday Harvard went up, at 41–26, over Pennsylvania. It is not casualties but shortages of manpower that have daunted these two old rivals, if one consents to overlook the series of events that reduced Harvard's stock of quarterbacks nearly to zero this autumn, and so Horner, the best roving end Harvard has had since McInally, and this season maybe the best the League has had, often wastes away, because no one can get the ball to him. Saturday, though, the repaired St. John, again at quarter for Harvard, could. In the five engagements during which Horner has been under the eye of this department, he has lost but one pass. That pass did not come from Hodakowski, who sat three seasons on the Harvard bench without ever once going onfield. He went in, to no great effect, against Pennsylvania after the game was in hand, but he did go in. To every player an award, however minute.

The Service teams hurt as much as anyone else. Army, whose list of enforced absentees is as long as Cornell's, was beaten out in the Jersey Meadows (why in that dreary wasteland instead of at West Point?) by a Rutgers that had unexpectedly overthrown Tennessee the week before: a Tennessee that on Saturday took out its frustrations by whopping Notre Dame—*really* whopping it—at 40–18. Army went down at 20–0, gasping. Navy, whose offensive backfield has been bulldozed time and again this fall, was simply and thoroughly overrun by Syracuse, at 30–14; and Georgia Tech picked up two touchdowns from Air Force in the first quarter hour and then drifted with ease to a count of 21–0. In the days when it was not easy to know which Air Force performers were hardworking undergraduates and which undergraduates who had just dropped in for a few quick ones, Air Force did superbly well; the statistics this year suggest that all the Air Force personnel are strictly hardworking undergraduates.

—J.W.L.

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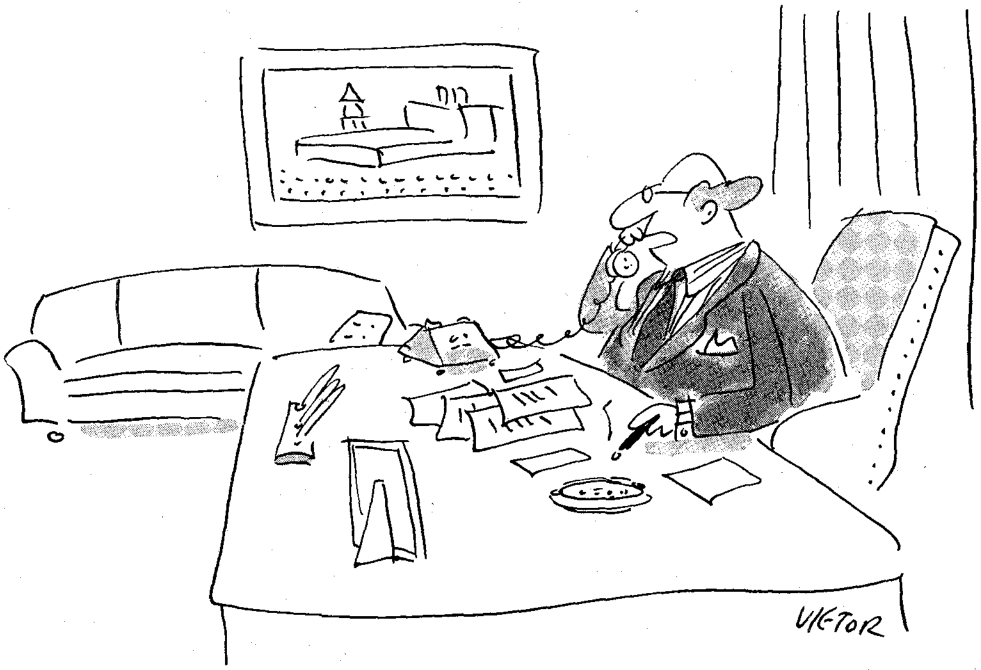
Dimensions

IT is not unusual in performance, or in the arts generally, to work to coerce a response in the members of an audience—to try, that is, to move them without their entirely conscious consent. You can get people to yawn by yawning at them, or by writing extensively about yawning. You can nauseate them with ghastly scenes or by the mere sound and spectacle of nausea. You can get them to laugh, eventually, with a laugh track. You can shock them with a sudden cruel scene or startle them with loud noise. But the arts are not normally a laboratory for totalitarian experiment. The problem is to move by some *aesthetic means*, to some purpose that is not trivial or malign. The art with the most direct and unarguable power to do this, to dominate people's mood, and even their will—as it were in spite of themselves—is music. Whether it is Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven, Purcell, or Charlie Parker, or the Who, music, of all the arts, has the most immediate access to the involuntary responses of an audience. Films theoretically can draw on all the powers and repertories of music—as well as the resources of theatre (from grandest spectacle to minutest nuance of facial expression), and even the resources of prose (with the exception of privacy and one's own pace at which to read). That combination of powers is extraordinary. A film you loathe and know to be utterly false can bring you to tears with a sad episode and a violin. A film with a mad laughing strangler and a horror track can override your reserve and unsettle your dreams. What has happened recently, however, particularly with the proliferation of movies recorded and played in Dolby Stereo, is that filmmakers have begun to abandon certain legitimate modes of access to an audience, and to rely increasingly for their effects on mechanical experiments with simple loudness—to try to overcome failures of craftsmanship, energy, and feeling in unendurable amplifications of sound. Dolby seems particularly to encourage a confusion of fidelity with volume. A hi-fi buff at home with his record collection turns the volume up for good reason. He wants an approximation of the sound of an orchestra or an instrument, at the center of his attention, in live performance; at low volume, he gets a species of background or dinner music. Even on records, however, the relation between volume and fidelity can be problematic—with the piano and the spoken voice, for example, which are hard to reproduce. When you get to the sounds of shaking sand out of a towel or making a bed, of walking upstairs or swallowing water, of puffing on a cigarette or munching a tomato, and you amplify them—as they are amplified in "The Shout," a film that virtually stars its Dolby—there can be no question of "fidelity" at all. There is no such sound in nature as a stereophonically munched tomato. To pretend there is, and amplify, is as aesthetically meaningless and clinically unpleasant as trying to dominate your audience by manipulation of the thermostat.

"The Shout," which won something called the Special Grand Jury Prize at the 1978 Cannes Film Festival, was directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, and stars Alan Bates as a psychopath whose shout can kill. There is a great deal of unfathomable plot development having to do with the occult, whittled bones ominously placed in toothbrush glasses, a rock that when it is banged against another rock appears to disable Bates and to topple a policeman far away. The acting, particularly by Bates—who has two expressions here, somewhat shifty and a bit less shifty—is solemn and amateurish. Susannah York plays a housewife who goes to bed with Bates, apparently under the spell of the buckle of a sandal he has stolen from her. The buckle squeaks electronically. The shout itself, when it comes, has all the magic and deadly properties of the sound an unstoic person might make upon stubbing his toe after studying voice in a school for braking 747s. The one place, in short, where one might have thought peak volume would serve the film's purpose it turns out to do no good at all.

"I DON'T. I don't have God. I've lost him. Don't you understand? I've lost him," Dick Van Dyke, playing a priest, says to Kathleen Quinlan, playing a nun, in Stanley Kramer's "The Runner Stumbles," a film that doesn't hesitate to boogie right on into the spiritual dimension—where it manages to be astonishingly offensive without generating feelings of any other kind. The priest is accused of having murdered the nun, with whom for most of the film he is in love. The story of a celibate priest in love with a bride of Christ might be counted on to create some erotic tension, a sense of religious crisis, even evoke a tear or two. Not here. One never believes that Van Dyke is a priest, or that Miss Quinlan is a nun. One doesn't believe that anybody murdered the nun, and wouldn't mind in the slightest if somebody had. She is so uncontagiously perky, the priest so unfascinatingly wooden, the whole film so appallingly unfelt and convolutedly inaccurate about church, courtroom, and life. "Strange hearing a Methodist defend a nun," a prosecutor says at a trial, having already



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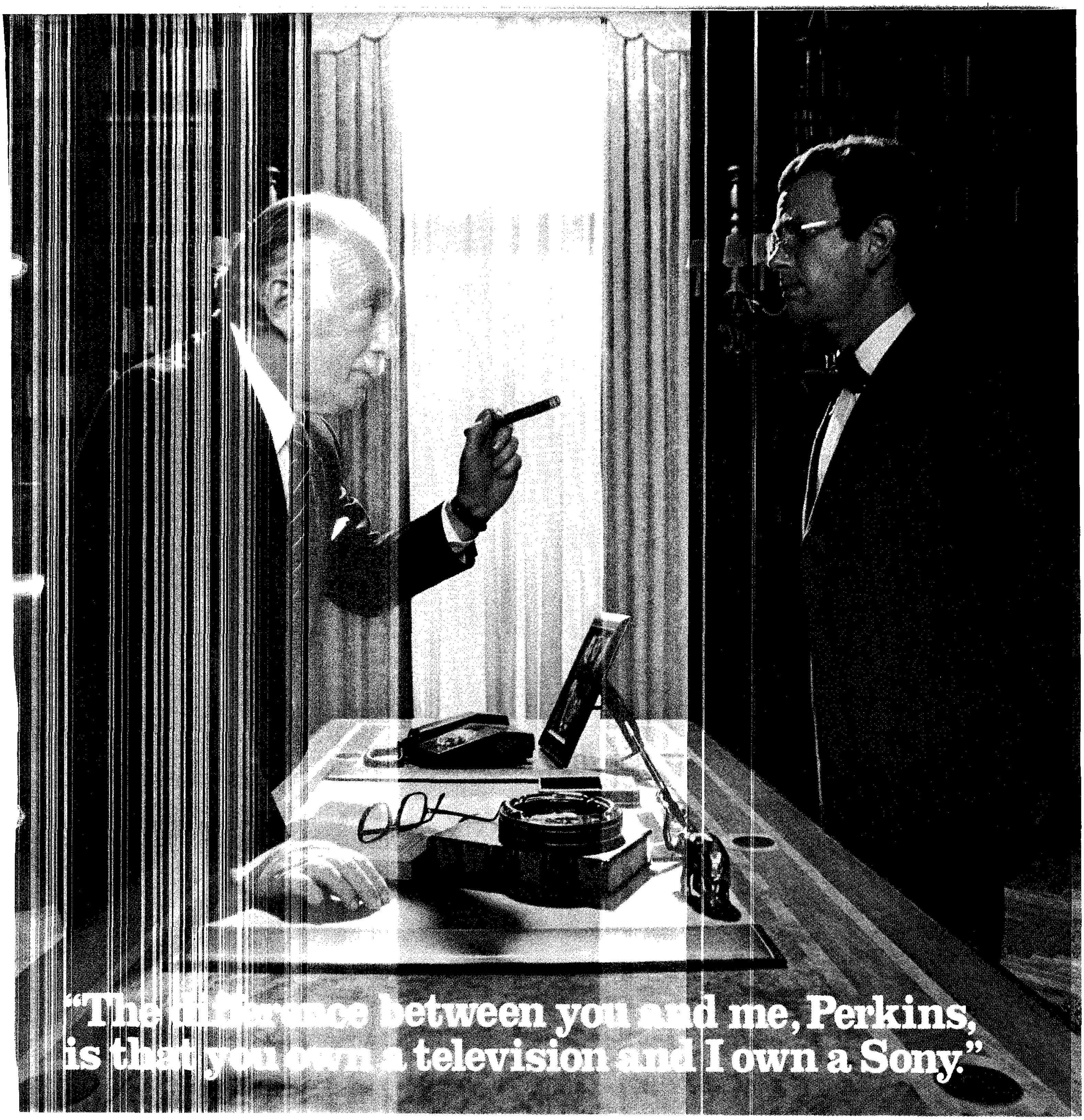

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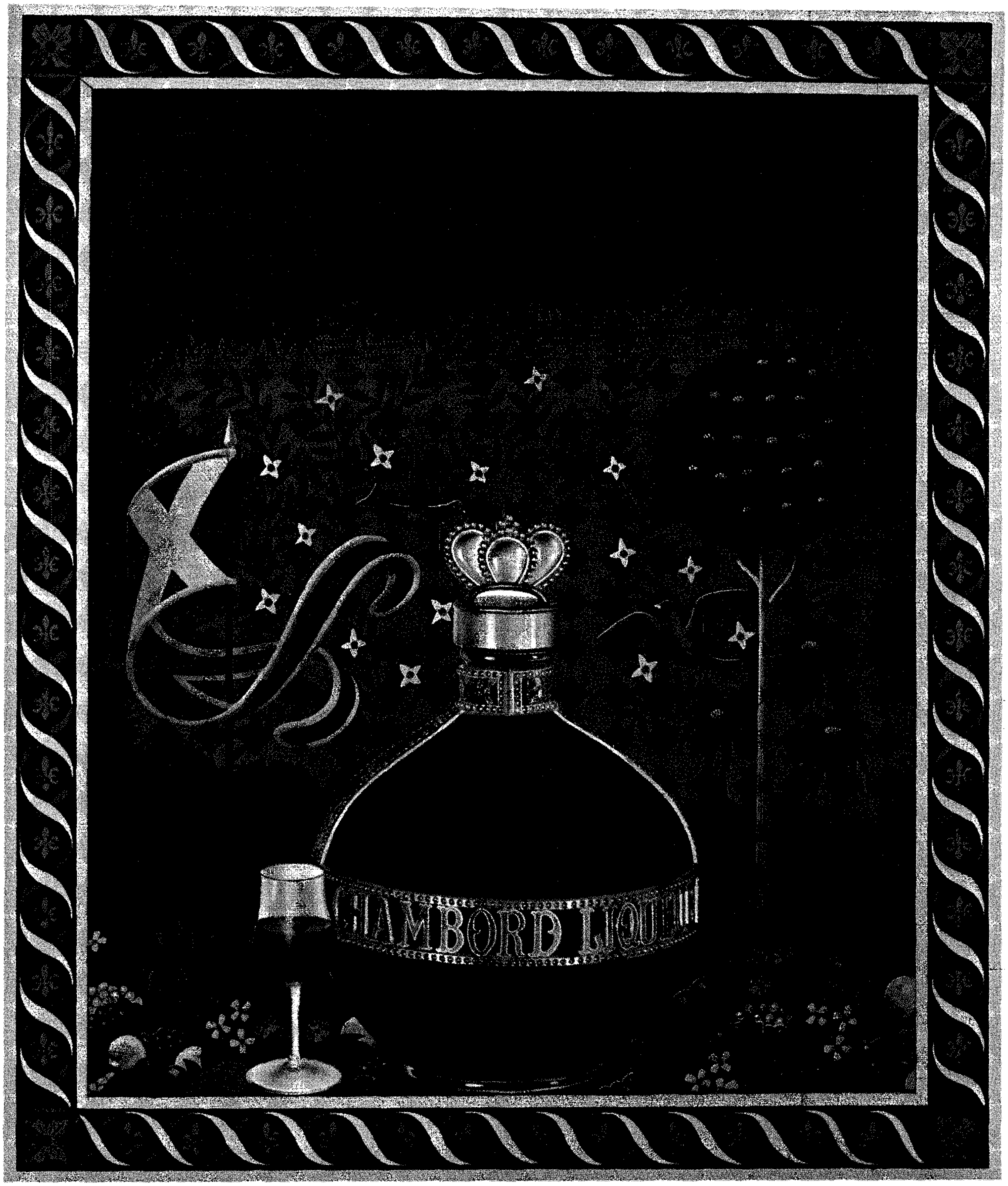

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induced a monsignor to testify as a character witness against his priest and forced another witness to swear to the content of her sexual fantasies. I have liked some Stanley Kramer films ("Home of the Brave," "Ship of Fools," even "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner"), by no means an élitist taste. But I am incapable of imagining a moviegoer who could voluntarily sit through this.

ALMOST all of "The Shout" and of "The Runner Stumbles" happens, for some reason, to take place in flashback. "Natural Enemies" moves repeatedly in flash-forward, to the moment when a suburban husband (Hal Holbrook) murders his wife (Louise Fletcher) and his children, and kills himself. The film somehow manages to devote more than an hour and forty minutes to the peculiar despair of couples and not hit on a single, familiar or unfamiliar, authentic note. "All men think of killing their families," Holbrook says, and "No one can really understand what happens between a man and his wife." Whatever else they are, these are not good lines. The film gives no sign of understanding what happens between a man and his wife, or any other couple, either. The screenplay relies heavily on the notion that its themes are universal, self-explanatory. "Muggings. Murders. Potholes," a cabdriver says—as though to mention a despair, a murder, a pothole were to evoke the banality or tragedy, or whatever, of the quotidian, at a stroke, entire. Holbrook plays the film with a single expression—thin lips resolutely, sadly downturned, eyes staring. The question with which the filmmakers began—what kind of lives lead up to the act in those headlines, "FATHER KILLS CHILDREN, WIFE, SELF"?—may have seemed to them such a good one that they forgot their own intention to begin to answer it. Or they may have thought the only honest and effective treatment of their subject was to leave it an enigma. It is rarely sufficient to rest a whole narrative on a failure of insight or on an enigma. "You make our life sound like something out of a bad novel," the wife says to her husband near the film's end. The film really tells less than a bad novel; and it is a line no writer ever ought to risk.

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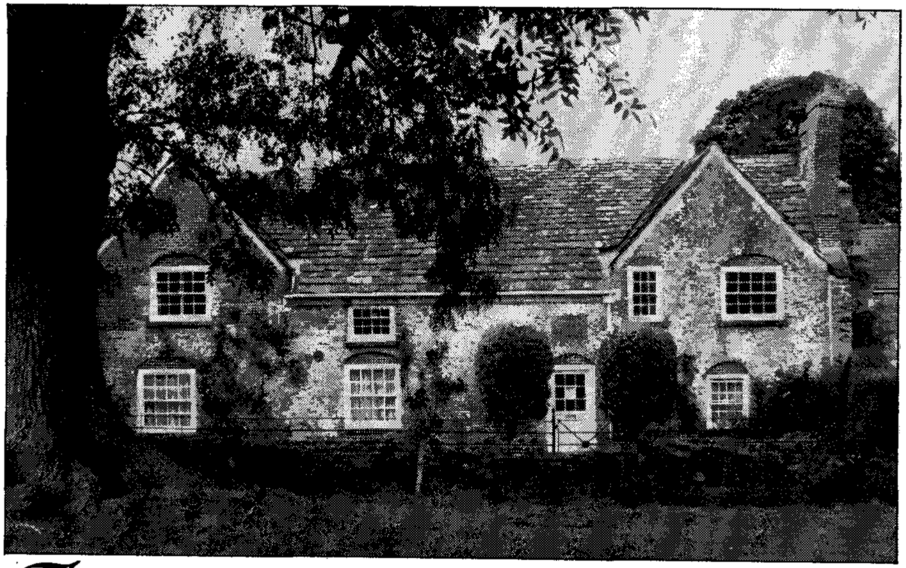

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it up with a black child from the studios' inexhaustible, now apparently integrated, reserve of meaching child actors, in an attempted variation on "The Bad News Bears." An astrologer, played not entirely without charm by Stockard Channing, guides a team of losers, all of whom are Pisces, to victory. "I wish they'd trade me out of this mess," Dr. J says early on. Even the scenes on the basketball court are terrible. Not the least of the mess is the music, by Thom Bell. Playing in the same theatre with "The Fish" is a short film produced by the Will Rogers Institute in coöperation with the National Institute on Drug Abuse. "Seven million Americans," the film warns, "have used angel dust." The audience mutters. "Ten million Americans have used cocaine." The audience cheers. "It's harder for a five-joint-a-week marijuana smoker to exhale air than it is for a sixteen-a-day cigarette smoker." The audience laughs and applauds. The taxpayer, who indirectly subsidizes this inaccurate, idiot piety, may need a drink.

Joseph Losey's "Don Giovanni" is not likely to be, musically, the best version of the opera you have ever heard. On the other hand, a random evening at a live opera is not likely to be the best version of any opera you have ever heard. It is surprising that there are no wonderful movie operas. One would have thought film particularly congenial to opera's dramatic machinery and populism, its affinity with the spectacular. This film is a fairly lovely effort at popularization. It's even nice to have the subtitles as a libretto. ("I'm dying." "Dissemble." "I can't endure." "Pretend.") The problem is that people who love their Mozart have a better "Don Giovanni" at home. And people who would love "Don Giovanni" but have never heard it are not likely to see this. There are some infelicitous conceits and misogynist flourishes—Leporello and Don Giovanni, for example, singing at each other while they lean on the body of a naked, sleeping girl. But the movie is certainly better than most other recent films. That, I'll admit, is not saying so very much.

—Renata Adler

•

About $3 million of the budget is paid to 715 National Guard and Reserve members around the country whose mission is to train one weekend a month and two summers a year to administer the draft if it ever is reinstated.—*Portland (Maine) Evening Express.*

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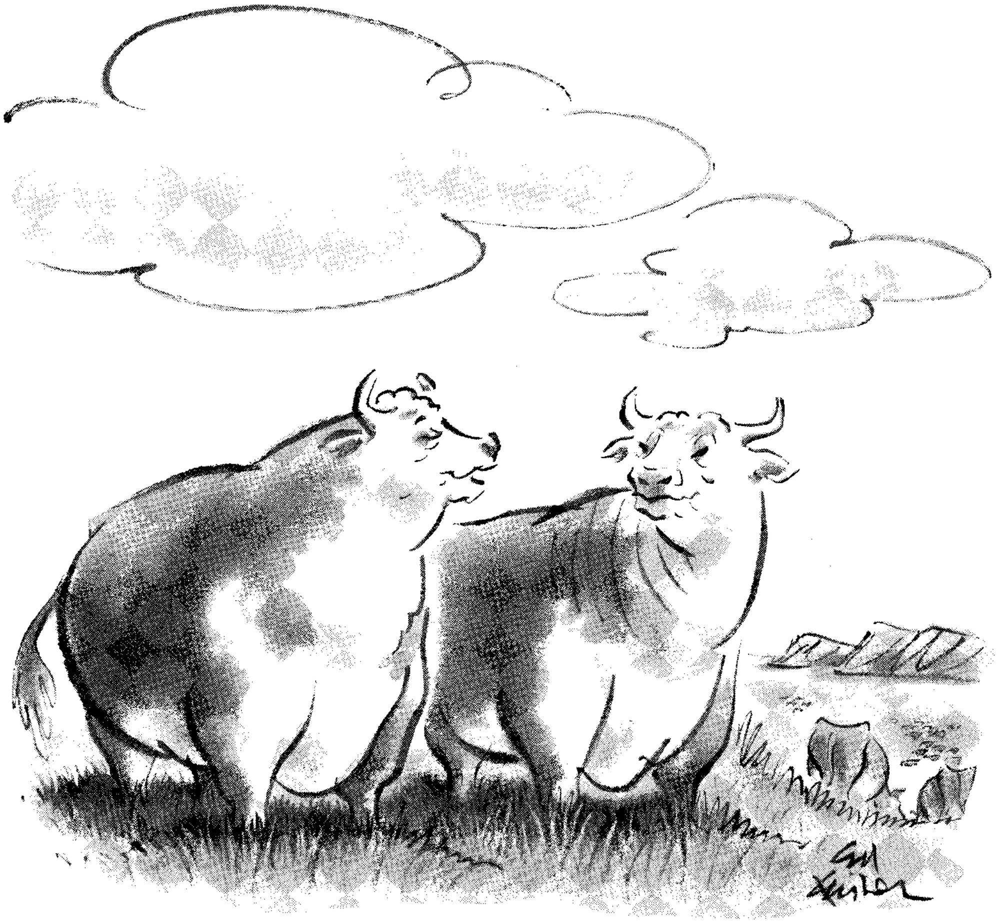
WHEN Winston Churchill, the young Liberal president of the Board of Trade, became engaged to Clementine Hozier, her grandmother, old Lady Airlie, discussed the surprising news in a family letter, adding a few high-minded Tennysonian reflections on the proper spheres of influence for a man and a woman: "Winston is his father over again, with the American driving force added. . . . Clementine is wise. She will follow him and, I hope, say little." It turned out to be one of the most strikingly wrong bits of grandmotherly diagnosis ever recorded. At their marriage, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in September, 1908, the bridegroom's former headmaster at Harrow, later Bishop Welldon, gave an address that prophesied more accurately along the same lines. An extract from it was read in January, 1978, at the Westminster Abbey service of thanksgiving for the life of Lady Spencer-Churchill by her grandson, the second Winston. "There must be in the statesman's life many times when he depends upon the love, the insight, the penetrating sympathy and devotion of his wife," Bishop Welldon reminded the couple. "The influence which the wives of our statesmen have exercised for good upon their husbands' lives is an unwritten chapter of English history, too sacred to be written in full." Now, in her long and splendid "Clementine Churchill" (Houghton Mifflin; $16.95), Mary Soames, the Churchills' youngest child, has written it firmly in full, and with love that never stops her from being scrupulously just. Every one of the items in the catalogue of necessary virtues that sustained the devoted partnership is there, but she also shows us the unexpected, infinitely sharper and more interesting, passionately committed and often anxiously tormented private being who moved with such unshakable public serenity at Winston's side. The prodigious task of being her mother's biographer was begun with the staunch encouragement of Mary Soames' husband, Sir Christopher—in disregard of any possible disruption that the literary life might make in their official round in Brussels, where he was then the first British vice-president of the European Commission—and with the interested approval of the subject, who, having agreed that the book should not be published in her lifetime, sent along all her archives and lived long enough to enjoy its early chapters.

Clementine's childhood and precarious, needy girlhood almost persuade one that some marriages, at least, are made in Heaven, for seldom can two people apparently set on entirely different courses in life have been brought together so implacably that when the first shot at making their lines converge was a comical failure, a second chance was provided four years later. Her upbringing was the perfect hard academy in which to learn to be Winston's wife. Her mother, Lady Blanche Ogilvy, had a ravishing, amorous face and a roving eye to match. The austere Lord and Lady Airlie were only too relieved to hand her over, at twenty-six, to Colonel Henry Hozier—a brilliant soldier who had just begun a new career as secretary of Lloyd's—even though he was considerably older than she, and a divorced man. The marriage lasted thirteen stormy years and produced four children, of whom Clementine was the second. Blanche's wayward eye then roved to someone else (name undisclosed). Her husband, taking a somewhat forgetfully virtuous line, forthwith expunged all mention of her and her brood from his entry in Who's Who, and flatly refused to support them on more than a shabby shoestring. Finally, Lady Blanche, struggling with debts, whisked the delighted children off to Dieppe—a traditional escape route for English who have been exiled for one reason or another—where she gracefully lived the life of a remittance woman, gambled obsessively at the casino, and established a little salon that the local artists' colony, including Walter Sickert and Jacques Émile Blanche, found agreeable. In the up-and-down years in the Rue du Faubourg de la Barre, Clementine acquired her lifelong horror of exceeding Mr. Micawber's formula for financial solvency, her mother's knack of producing delicious food on very little money, and the beautiful classic French in which, at lunch in Downing Street during a searing crisis of wartime Anglo-French relations, she gave General de Gaulle such a magnificent



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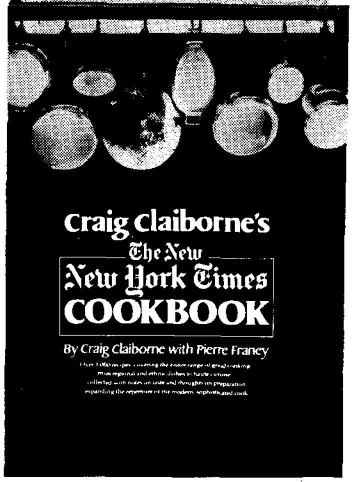

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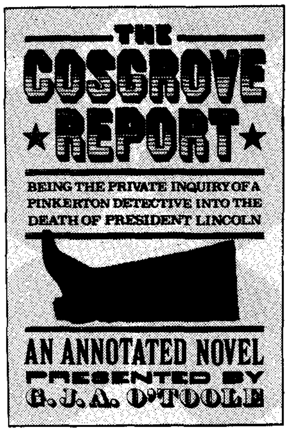
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dressing down for insufferable behavior that Winston tried unsuccessfully to make peace by saying, "You must forgive my wife. *Elle parle trop bien le français*." (The General later apologized handsomely, sent along an enormous basket of flowers, and remained a friend and admirer for life.)

It was due to Lady Blanche that her daughter married Winston Churchill and did not disappear out of his and Heaven's reach by becoming Mistress of Girton College, as might have happened. When Clementine's education was being completed, after the family's return to England, her much loved headmistress at Berkhamsted High School urged that, with her excellent brains, she be allowed to work to go to a university. She would have set her beautiful, strong face firmly toward the academic life if Lady Blanche had not vetoed the idea of a bluestocking in the family with such curious vehemence that Clementine and her younger sister often had to sneak out of the house and spread their homework on the conveniently flat tombstones of a neighboring graveyard. A flanking movement was planned. A warmhearted aunt by marriage, Lady St. Helier, was appealed to, and she promised to help the returned black sheep by inviting the penniless great-niece to a taste of the London season now and then. The scholastic dream faded. By giving French lessons at half a crown an hour and working for another friendly relative, who ran a dressmaking business, Clementine managed to scratch together the wardrobe—the most fearful problem was the "absolute necessity of long, spotless white kid gloves," fresh every evening—for the occasional ball or dinner party at which the exquisite Miss Hozier began to be remarked. Winston Churchill, a recent, sensational convert to the Liberal Party and a rare bird in a ballroom, asked to be introduced one night at Crewe House, a great Liberal stronghold. For once totally bereft of words, he stood staring at the vision until another, spryer young man whirled it away. The scenario languishes. Four years later, now Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, he arrived bored, and typically unpunctual, to dinner at Lady St. Helier's and found himself next to Clementine, who had been roped in at the last moment—also reluctant after a hard day's teaching—to prevent an unlucky thirteen at table.

Though Mary Soames tells us that before tackling her mother's life she had not written so much as a pamph-

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Imported by Schenley Imports Co., N.Y., N.Y. 80° ©1979 let, she has arranged with Churchillian ease and delightful naturalness the enormous wealth of family papers contained in Clementine's tin boxes. The letters between her parents were so disconcertingly abundant that large cuts had to be made (and how we regret them) to whittle the narrative down to its six hundred and ninety-six pages. They wrote to each other faithfully when they were parted, and even when they were not. Before breakfast on the morning after they became engaged, the tender notes began to fly back and forth down the corridors of Blenheim, where they were staying. ("My dearest, How are you?" "My dearest, I am very well.") Early in their marriage, they began signing their letters with pet names—"the Cat" or "Kat" for her, "Pug" or "Pig" for him—and adding little drawings of matching creatures, which conveyed all shades of emotion in the curl of a tail or the cock of an ear. Each needed to hear the sound of the other's voice, and they were frantic when there was an unexplained silence. Their thoughts, whether in Winston's triumphs or in his disasters, turned instantly toward one another. "When do you think you will return, my dear one?" he asked anxiously in 1925, when she was staying with friends in the South of France, "re-charging her batteries" from a bout of the frequent nervous exhaustion of which he ruefully knew the cause. "Do not abridge yr holiday if it is doing you good—But of course I feel far safer from worry and depressions when you are with me & when I can confide in yr sweet soul. . . .The most precious thing I have in life is yr love for me. I reproach myself for many shortcomings. You are a rock & I depend on you & rest on you." If there were sparks and explosions between them—their daughter describes how Clementine, goaded to fury by Winston's airy attitude toward the appalling money worries of running their country house, Chartwell, once hurled a dish of spinach at his head, luckily with poor aim—they hastened to make up the quarrel. From Clementine to Winston, on another recuperative holiday, two years later: "My dearest Love I hope you have forgiven me for being such a scold when you were here. When I arrived & saw you a flood of happiness spread through my being. It is a great fault in me that small things should have the power to harass & agonise me." From Winston to Clementine, in his second term of office, which she had never desired or approved, and which was

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full of nagging anxieties over his rapidly failing health—a touching note, probably pushed under her bedroom door:

> Darling
> Fondest love. I am so sorry I was awkward at dinner. My heart was full of nothing but love, but my thoughts were wayward. Your ever devoted
> W.

On his wartime journeys, the correspondence was carried on in cables and long dictated letters, to which, knowing that she resented a typewriter's coming between them, he added loving postscripts "in my own paw," often signing off with a charming "Pig" drawing.

Brought up with such durable family affections always before them, Clementine's children, with the happy exception of the beloved Mary, made marriages that came noisily apart. Perhaps it was a kind of subconscious protest. The early letters are full of fond references to "the Kittens" (though when Winston was in the trenches for six months in 1915-16, following the Gallipoli fiasco and his resignation from the Government, it is noticeable that nursery reports hardly figure in their almost daily exchanges), and their father would give luncheon invitations to Chartwell with the cheerful warning, "You'll find us all bunged up with brats." As soon as they got their heads over the dining-room table, where at an early age they were allowed to dip into the fascinating bowl of adult conversation, the children must have understood very clearly that they were only bit players to their parents' unending, concentrated duologue. "I feel there is no room for anyone but you in my heart—you fill every corner," Clementine had written before they were married. "It took me all my time and strength just to keep up with him," she told Mary long afterward. "I never had anything left over."

From the beginning, he confided in her absolutely, and she never hesitated to tell him plainly what she feared that his impetuosity and, sometimes, his taste in boon companions would do to harm the great future she believed in absolutely. When he fretted to cut short his military service in 1916 and get back to his own warfare in the House of Commons, she was distraught at the damage that a premature return might do to his image with the British public, which had always loved him, if it was put about by his many enemies that he was opting out because of disappointment over speedy promotion. "My Darling own Dear Winston," she

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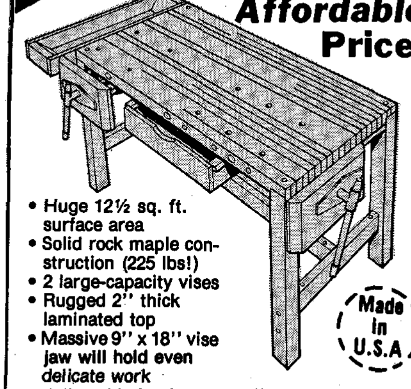

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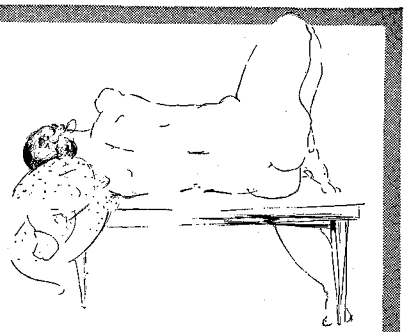

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wrote. "I am so torn and lacerated over you. . . . If you will only listen a tiny bit to me, I know (barring all tragic accidents) that you will prevail & that some day, perhaps soon, perhaps not for 5 years, you will have a great & commanding position in this country, you will be held in the people's hearts and in their respect." The sagacity of his beloved Cat's political counsels delighted him, and he knew that he ought to have followed them more often, but "I shd have made nothing if I had not made mistakes," he wrote endearingly. One wonders what the result would have been if he had listened in 1940, when she was passionately opposed to his accepting the leadership of the Tory Party after the dying Neville Chamberlain's resignation. She never altered her conviction, Mary Soames tells us, that it was a fatal mistake to accept a party label when he had been called by the whole country to lead a united coalition Government into the struggle. She insisted that his working-class supporters would not forget or forgive, and the rejection of 1945 proved her right. But once he had made a decision she supported it unswervingly. Though her own party label seemed clearly as Tory blue as a cornflower, it was not. She had loyally followed Winston's move back to the Conservatives in 1924, but she remained at heart an undying Liberal radical. The spectacle of a too complacent high-Tory guest, especially if rich, could provoke an embarrassingly savage outburst. "She dropped on him like a jaguar out of a tree," Winston reported with rueful admiration of one of "Clemmie's maulings." When, after his death, she became Baroness Spencer-Churchill for life, many people—though not her family—were surprised that she took her seat in the House of Lords on the cross-benches, where the independent members sit.

The pressures of keeping up with Winston were heightened by financial worries for a great part of their lives until after the war, when his books made him a rich man. In the twenties and thirties, he kept the family fortunes floating aloft, though often with alarming downward spins, by his writing and his prodigious industry. Chartwell, the longed-for "country basket" for Cat and Pug, which he had bought against Clementine's prudent objections, soaked up money faster than he could make it. To him, brought up to the life of the great country houses, a modest little establishment required nine indoor servants, a nurse, a chauffeur, three gardeners, a groom, and a

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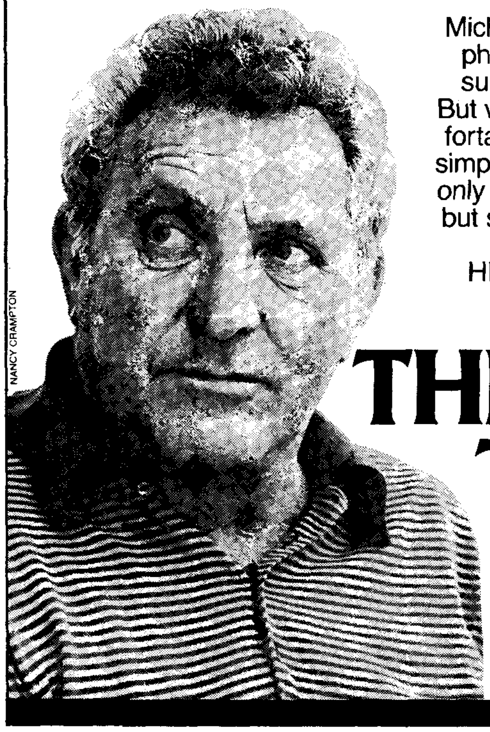
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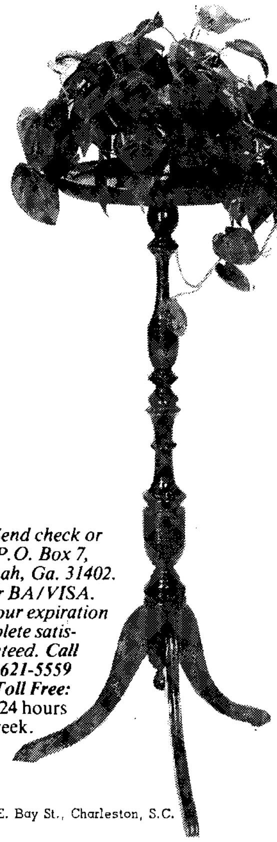

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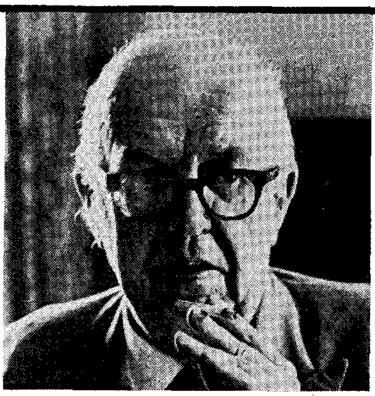

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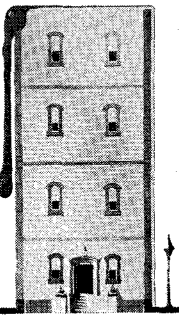
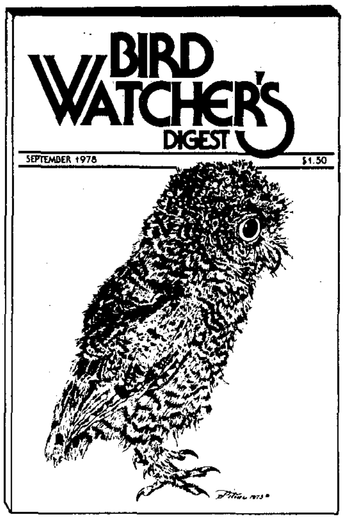


working bailiff to oversee his expensive, patriarchal, and invariably disastrous attempts to keep livestock, which sickened and died. Chartwell was always Winston's paradise and purgatory for Clementine, who dreaded being in debt with such puritanical loathing—the Rue du Faubourg de la Barre still haunted—that early in their marriage she sold the diamond-and-ruby necklace he had given her as a wedding present to settle the clamoring tradesmen. (He rushed off to retrieve it, but it was too late.) No wonder that her health and her spirits frequently took a battering. A surprisingly frequent number of falls and small mishaps in which she cracked various bones were maybe her exhausted body's efforts to register its opinion that too crushing a load was being put upon it. Even in the darkest days after Winston's defeat in 1945, and during the still more harrowing time of his second term as Prime Minister, when his gradually failing powers had to be kept secret from the press and the public, Clementine's daughter remembers affectionately the glorious family gatherings her mother always made for them, whether at Chartwell or Chequers—the Christmases, with huge log fires, mysterious rustling paper, and the smell of fresh-cut ivy and laurel; Winston's birthday parties, with champagne, hugs, and some happy Churchillian shedding of tears. It was all done at a price. Clementine's smiling public appearances after his 1945 overthrow, when European and English cities were loading him with grateful honors and tributes, hid a vast misery, which Mary tried to comfort in a compassionate, discerning letter: "It seems to me such a triumph that after so many events . . . you and Papa should have come through still loving each other and still together. To me it is one of the most wonderful and admirable rocks to which I cling amid the daily evidences of shipwrecked marriages. . . . One of the ingredients of your long life with Papa is the equality of your temperaments. You are both 'noble beasts.' "

The only disappointment of this warm, perceptive family chronicle is the photographs, which do not give any real idea of Clementine's noble beauty. Particularly, the hideous garments of the twenties obscure the form that made Neville Lytton, the artist, think at a 1911 bathing party of "the reincarnation of Venus re-entering the sea." The tennis-playing rig at Cannes in 1923—stockinged, hatted, long-skirted—conceals, and so do the extinguishing cloche and the thickening



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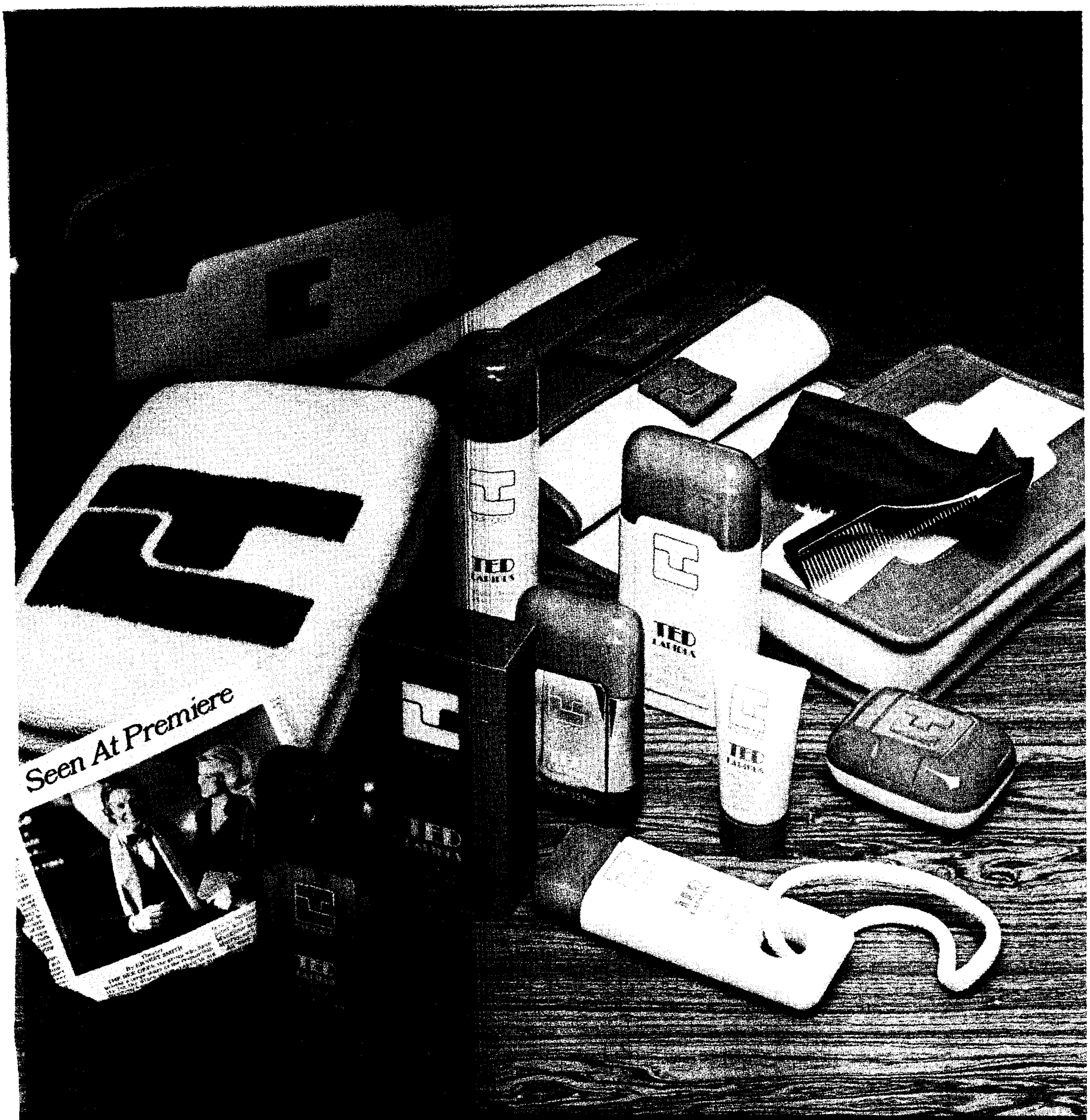

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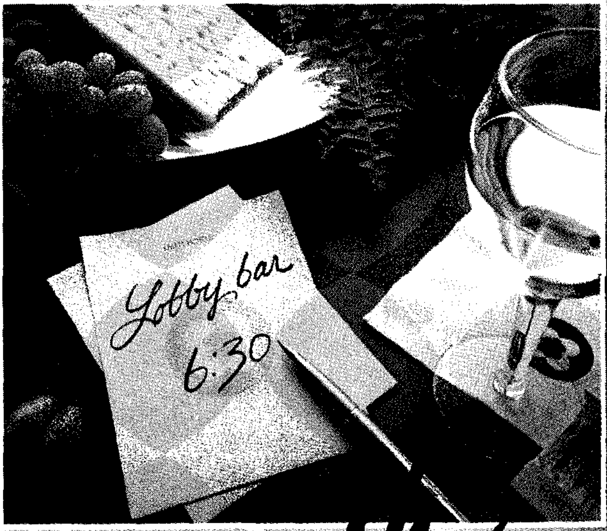

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coat that she wore, and doubtless looked lovely in, walking beside a proud Randolph at a Fourth of June at Eton. Venus is not perceived. In the war, she set the austerity fashion of wearing a scarf twisted around her head into a wonderfully chic turban. It suited her fine-boned face to perfection; on others, the effect was sometimes depressingly like wholesome puddings tied up for boiling. Easily the best of the photographs is Lord Snowdon's portrait of her at the age of ninety. It is the essence of the authentic radiant vision recollected in tranquillity, which at last had become as real as people had always supposed it to be.

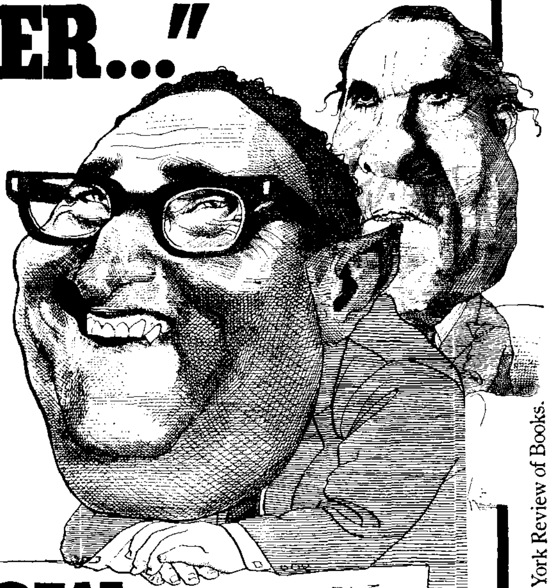
—Mollie Panter-Downes

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Short Walk, by Alice Childress (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $9.95). By her fifth birthday, in 1905, Cora James, born of a rich white boy (who he was she never finds out) and a poor black girl (who dies in childbirth) and raised by a loving couple (black) in Charleston, South Carolina, has learned some important rules: that whites bully blacks, that men bully women, that there are a few exceptions to these rules, and that (as her adoptive father says) it is a short walk from the cradle to the grave. In her search for those exceptions, Cora never hesitates to choose a new route to walk; when the sweet talker she has married treats her like dirt, she runs off to Harlem, becomes a stylish card dealer, falls for a man whose heart and soul belong to Marcus Garvey's United Negro Improvement Association, hits the road with a black vaudeville actor, and bears a child. Cora's life ends on a bittersweet note in Harlem just after the war: despite the multiple frustrations that she has endured as a black woman, she has had good times in good company and has never disguised her contempt for tyrants and idolaters. Alice Childress is in full command of her material, and her way of shifting, from chapter to chapter, between the third and first persons (and from there into dialect when Cora becomes excited) keeps the story spirited and fresh.

Note: "The Apathetic Bookie Joint," a collection of stories by Daniel Fuchs, many of which originally ap-



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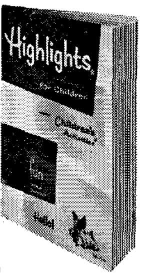

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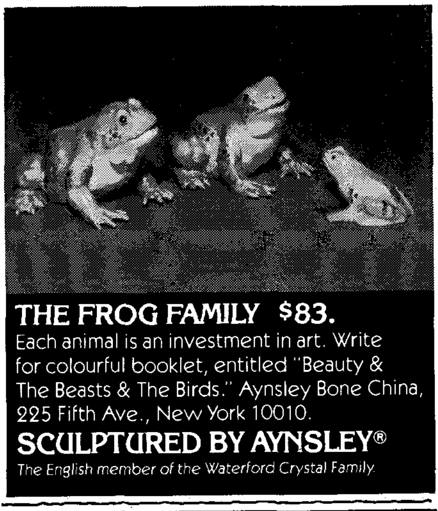

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peared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Methuen ($10).

GENERAL

THE MAN WHO KEPT THE SECRETS: RICHARD HELMS AND THE C.I.A., by Thomas Powers (Knopf; $12.95). This intelligent and persuasive book gets to the heart of the United States' problems with the Central Intelligence Agency by the excellent device of a biography of one of the agency's most plausible directors. Helms, a newspaperman who was recruited for the O.S.S. during the Second World War, became an intelligence professional, and served as head of the C.I.A. from 1966 to 1972. He was a prudent man who rejected the violent and the flamboyant but believed that it was his duty to obey the President, and therefore carried out programs of which he—and the country, when it learned of them—disapproved. Our Presidents have been willing to promote assassination, the overthrow of foreign governments, and the violation of our own Constitution, but until Watergate—which may, in retrospect, turn out to have been a blessing in disguise—brought these facts to light, nobody in the executive branch ever spoke out in opposition. Powers' absorbing study clarifies the unavoidable intricacies of covert work. As for Helms, he appears not pathetic and not villainous but, like all too many government insiders, confused by the personalizing of the Presidency to the point of forgetting that the United States is supposed to be a government of laws, not men.

DAGUERREOTYPES AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Isak Dinesen, translated from the Danish by P. M. Mitchell and W. D. Paden, with a foreword by Hannah Arendt (University of Chicago; $12.95). Isak Dinesen (she died in 1962) had an original approach to life that permeated all her work. She loved storytelling, with the result that most of her essays are quasi-narratives, which proceed not from major to minor premise but from one anecdote to another as the way of making concrete whatever idea she is considering. Her work is a delight and at times a marvel. For instance, her report from Germany during the first year of the Second World War: as a noble visitor from a neutral country, she was showered with attention by the Third Reich establish-

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ment, yet somehow, having observed and weighed all the German successes and achievements, she seems to have foreseen Germany's defeat.

ARAB POLITICS IN PALESTINE, 1917-39: THE FRUSTRATION OF A NATIONALIST MOVEMENT, by Ann Mosely Lesch (Cornell; $17.50). This book asks why the Arabs of Palestine, despite their numerical preponderance, were not able to reverse the Balfour Declaration and make all Palestine an Arab nation. Miss Lesch's answer is that nobody can create a modern political system on the basis of a traditional society: though there was a handful of educated modern Arabs, most Arabs still lived, thought, felt, and dealt with one another in terms of families and clans, patrons and clients. The feuds among the Palestinian grandees were purposeless, unideological, and devastating, and the divergence of Arab movements, combined with their lack of concrete social efforts, may be a reason that Palestinian Arabs quickly turned to violence: assassination and guerrilla action provided the illusion, at least, of effectiveness.

THE PURSUIT OF PERFECTION: A LIFE OF MAGGIE TEYTE, by Garry O'Connor (Atheneum; $15.95). Most American music lovers recall this superb English soprano (1888-1976) as a concert, broadcasting, and recording artist who was the greatest interpreter of French song of her day; an earlier generation heard her as a nonpareil opera star (in France, Great Britain, and this country), singing roles as diverse as Butterfly and Hänsel—and, of course, Mélisande, having been coached by Debussy himself and then sent forth to rival Mary Garden. The author of this biography, a grandnephew of his subject, tells us that her private life was as stormy as her art was controlled; an idol of the public, the friend of aristocrats and celebrities, the pupil, mistress, and colleague of musical greats, and twice married, she found in mid-life that working at singing afforded her her only guarantee of happiness.

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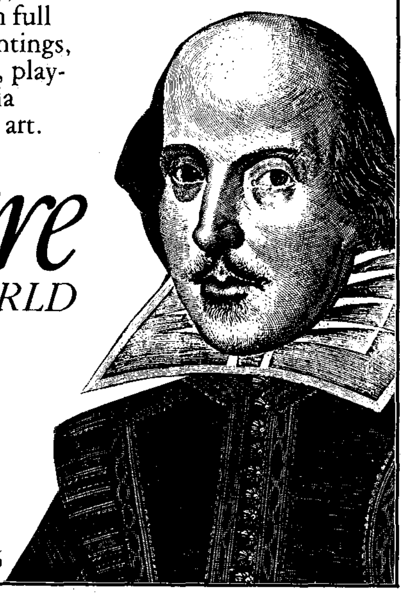

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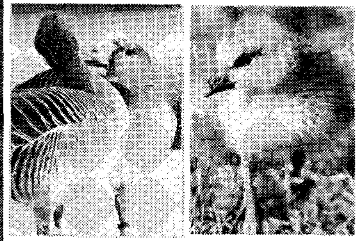

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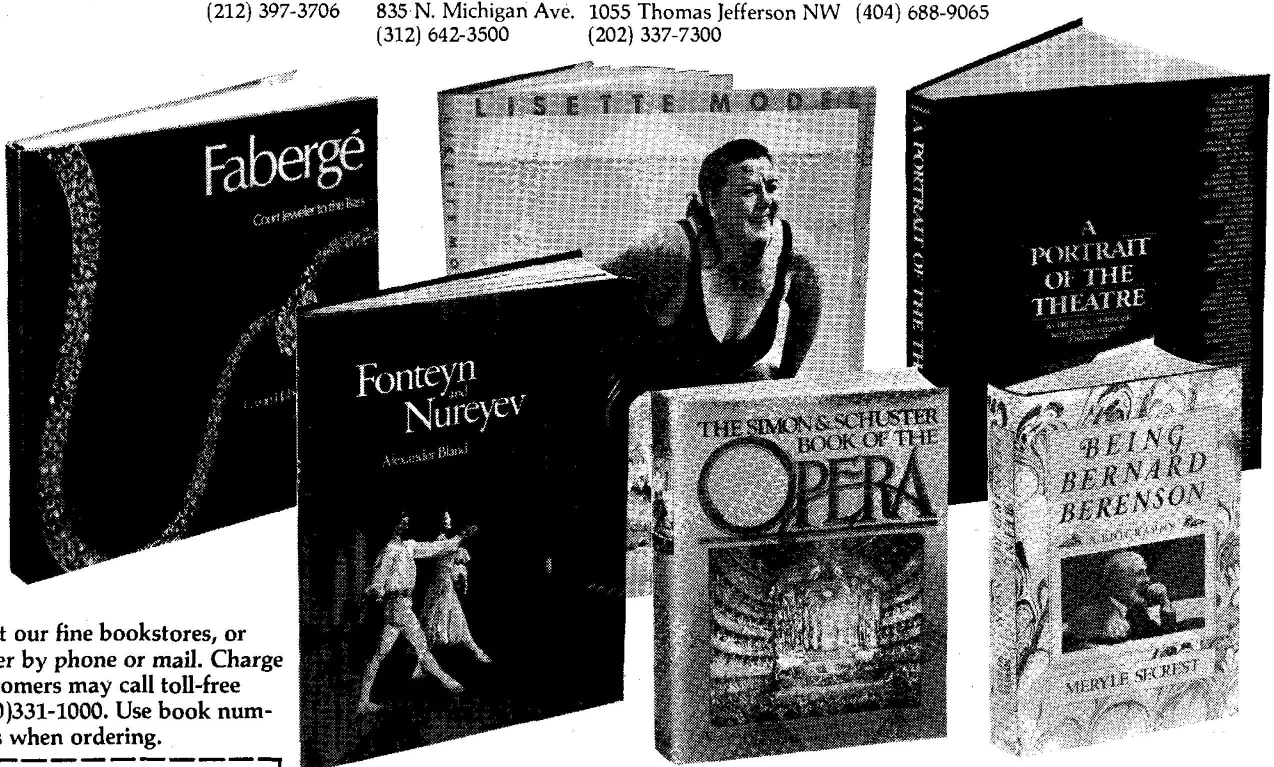

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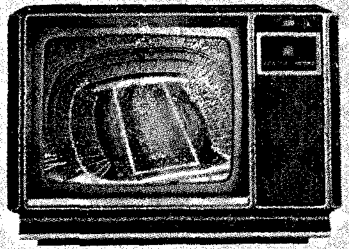

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